

MAHER-SHALAL-HASH-BAZ

OR

Rural Life in
Old Virginia

BRITA ELIZABETH JOHNSON

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OR
RURAL LIFE IN OLD VIRGINIA

BY
BRITA ELIZABETH JOHNSON

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PREFACE.

This work is not written to please the wise, rich or great, but to lend a ray of light to cloudy minds—a sun-beam of hope to those who are nearing the night of despair, something like midnight sun, or aurora borealis to the arctic traveler.

EXPLANATION OF THE TITLE

Before writing this book, the author for several mornings on awakening saw what appeared to be a printed page on the ceiling. Thinking something was wrong with her eyes she shut them, and when she again looked the page had disappeared. Each day it returned, until she took courage and looked. The letters were large, illuminated, and covered the whole ceiling. She took up a Bible, opened it to the eighth chapter of Isaiah, and there were the same words she had seen on the ceiling. MAHER-SHALAL-HASH-BAZ are the opening words in the English version, meaning "Rob soon, hasten to the prey." The Christian religion is founded on the prophecy in this chapter.

The first year of her married life, the author united with the American Lutheran church, but the last fifty years of her life was not a member of any church or religious society.

SIGFRID OLSON.

MAHER-SHALAL-HASH-BAZ

OR

RURAL LIFE IN OLD VIRGINIA

CRYSTAL SPRINGS IN 1886.

Our little village is situated about five miles from James river, on its southern side, on a lumber and wood road. It has two stores of general merchandise—postoffice in one of them. It can boast of two bar-rooms well patronized by all colored citizens, white or black have equal rights there. Two churches, two school-houses—one for white and one for all other shades of color—none well attended. Two fine residences and a number of cottages and hovels. Two blacksmith shops and a small depot building. Dead trees lie on the common; others stand like giant spectres swinging their bare arms over their prostrate companions; hogs root up the grass and after showers of rain geese and ducks try to swim in yellow water in hog wallows vying with the children of many colors, sizes and costumes who together make the woods ring with sounds of their combined merriment. Rows of cordwood obstruct the view of the railroad from every side, so no one can see the crossing until on it. Here and there along the great woodrows are seen ox teams panting while the driver unloads wood from two-wheel carts with as much noise as though he had two or more men to talk to. The noise and fumes from the bar-rooms advertise them. "Men of the white race drink with negroes at the bar without being disgraced, but if those men should eat together they would both be disgraced." Morally the white men are as low as the colored, in some things lower—for instance race mingling comes generally by white men over-stepping the bounds of decency. Custom or fashion is law and good sense must keep silence, or withdraw with wounds or lose life for a word of protest, but loud is the talk if a white woman marries a colored man—though he is morally, spiritually or so-

cially her superior. Very few full-blooded negroes are left, but mixed with white or red so that they are not negroes but more properly named "colored people," increasing in number and intelligence rapidly, having white enough in them to have a love of self—of possession; patriotism or inhabitiveness—are frugal in their habits of living, owning homes, taking pride in having their homes comfortable if not beautiful to look at. The white people are good looking when dressed and clean, but when chewing, smoking and dipping is indulged, they become stained, a dirty complexion extending even to the white of their eyes.

Rural life has many phases; yes, many scenes, some of which need the genius of an artist of no small executive ability, to give them all the right proportions and coloring.

We will give the reader a short description of the four farms where our story of rural life is placed.

Maple Ridge must have been a fine plantation a hundred years ago, but now it looks dilapidated and forsaken, though some one has tried to keep a few acres around the buildings open for cultivation. Bushes and briars have overgrown orchard and vineyard; pines have grown up so close together in the fields that a man can scarce walk between their trunks in any direction—and scarce a sunbeam can penetrate their dense shade. In front of the mansion on a sloping lawn in the shade of majestic trees are several springs whose water forms a pond, the water so clear that although grand old beeches, mulberries, elms, maples and catalpas cast their shadows or leaves in it, yet pebbles glisten like pearls on its bottom. The old mansion is like many others of its kind anywhere in the south, built of brick, two stories with attic and basement; side front with veranda—the columns reaching to the roof. The hall extending through the center of the side between the doors, and one stairway beneath the other side between the doors, and one stairway beneath the other to basement floor, or above to the attic, whose dormer windows ventilate the house; each gable has two chimneys like towers built outside on the walls; rooms high, windows large, reaching nearly to the top of the rooms but far above the floors, and though large seem to create a feeling of loneli-

ness in the mind, which is not pleasant to those who must inhabit the house.

While looking up at the grand old buildings among the beautiful trees the question suggests itself: Who were the builders and where are they now,—or who are now the owners, or heirs to this once lovely retreat? Is there not one yet in the land of the living, though unable to return, or are they all happy spirits in the land of the blessed?

Glenwood farm, several miles farther from the river, is situated in a shady valley not far from a fast-running brook. The road between the village and Glenwood farm is lined on either side by beautiful trees,—cedar, holly, beech, oak, elm, tulip, pine, and magnolias and around the mansion are grand old lindens and tamarinds, myrtle, mimosa, locust and many other kinds. The house is covered by vines, not on the boards but on wire netting so that it looks like a great bower. It is a lovely old place, so well preserved, and a charming nest near a clear, cool spring in the fragrant whispering solitude. The inside is arranged like the other we have described except there are folding doors between rooms, and a southeast porch inclosed with glass, for plants.

The next farm is a hilly or broken place called Tipsico. A common two-story farm house with its offices and servants' quarters all around it, on the narrow strip of ground between two deep washouts, one with a splendid spring that formed a mill pond. Rowland mill farm also at this time belonging to the same farmer, lower down on the creek, formed by springs headed by the Tipsico spring with its little grist mill so mossy and old. Tipsico house had sometime in the past been painted white with green blinds.

Rowland mill was very old—not in running order. The house is not so old as the mill, nor so well built, but added to time after time and altered to suit those who have owned and lived there, until no one can tell how it might have been when first erected.

RURAL LIFE IN OLD VIRGINIA.

It was a bright warm day when Dr. Duben bid wife and daughter farewell at the depot in Washington, D. C., he

going south to seek a home. He had many circulars and descriptions of property for sale cheap around Richmond, and he went to see them; but he found one in a newspaper which he wished to look at. He wrote to the agent that he was coming on the boat (from Richmond) a certain day to see Maple Ridge farm, and if it suited him would pay the agent's price. The agent sent a boy with a conveyance to meet him at the landing and take him to the place. The place looked like a wilderness to him, but hope whispered perhaps the resinous laden air will be good for our health, perhaps it will lengthen our time in this life, or perhaps we can help these poor, ignorant people.

He looked admiringly at the great trees, and the glistening water of the pond whose surface was almost covered by geese and ducks. He stepped out of the buggy and ascended the veranda steps, seating himself on a bench to wait for someone to show him the house. The mocking bird sang close by, his merry little medleys. As he sat looking up at the singer, he heard the sound of swift riding, and looked in the direction of the sound, seeing a horse and rider coming toward the house. The gentleman dismounted from a beautiful little horse, coming up to the doctor he addressed him thus:

"Good morning, Dr. Duben, I believe," reaching his hand to be taken by the doctor, saying, "My name is John Alvin of Glenwood farm." "I am glad to meet you, and hope to become neighbors in the true sense of the word," said the doctor rising and firmly grasping Mr. Alvin's hand. "I do sincerely hope you will become permanent settlers on this fine old place," said Mr. Alvin. "I have had the place in my care so long that it has become dear to me. I love to come here often and shall be glad to visit here in the future. You like the place well enough for the price, do you not?" asked Mr. Alvin. "Yes, but it will be quite a high priced place by the time I can get anything to pay for my trouble," answered the doctor. "What a pity to let the fields grow pines to impoverish the soil so that it cannot be reclaimed in a lifetime." The gentlemen went into the house, going from room to room to see how many repairs were needed;

that done, they seated themselves by an open fire-place in which a log lay smoldering in a pile of ashes. Mr. Alvin told the doctor the history of the place, and of those who were born, lived and died there, but we can not give it. It is enough if we can rightly portray the present while anticipating the future.

The two old men seemed to enjoy each other's society from the first moment, and when Mr. Alvin came home he was eager to speak as though he had found a rich treasure, saying to his wife, "If you find in the ladies of the Duben family what I have found in the old gentleman, you will have pleasure in their society. I am so glad of society, that is of the regenerated or perfected type. We have lived here by ourselves so long that we have become like some of the trees, mossy, and need something to brush it off. William, too, will find in them the society he needs; it is lonely in these woods. I remember how lonely I felt in the solitudes where now I love to dwell. Nature and myself are at one now. Ambition's candle has burned down in the socket and gone out, and I have gone to rest."

Let us follow the reverend gentleman of sixty years into his home, Glenwood farm, and learn something of order, neatness and harmony of coloring; mingling of the useful and ornamental. The spacious hall takes up the center of the house, is painted blue-tinted white, on plastered walls, oak finished baseboards and door and window casing, mahogany finished doors, cherry wood floors oiled, stairs of oiled black walnut, banisters the same. A shelf has a clock on it; a stand beneath has a glass pitcher of water and goblets. A map of the United States hangs on the wall; a lamp and reflector is also fastened to the wall. Over the back door hang grand old antlers, swords, guns, and other relics, and near these were racks for wraps, hats, and umbrellas; a willow lounge and chairs of delicate workmanship finished the furnishing, except buff linen curtains. Mrs. Alvin is a comely matron of fifty-five, and her son William twenty-three or twenty-four years, handsome as Apollo, tall and singularly graceful in action and speech; a natural student, college bred some call him, and like his

mother a natural musician. A happy family. Mr. Alvin's father was a slave owner and lived to see his slaves set free; he did not complain but hired his former slaves to work, telling them they were free to go when or where they pleased; he taught them to be good, honest, truthful people so that he would not be ashamed of them wherever he might meet them. John Alvin when young did not like rural life, and when his regular course at college was ended he studied Theology, and served the church for many years or until he began to see religion in a different light; it being too early to speak of it, he felt it to be best to retire and wait for the sunrise of the new dispensation, feeling sure that day is dawning. Mrs. Martha Alvin was also of southern birth, though educated abroad, a woman of superior mental as well as physical power, a kind neighbor, a loving wife and mother. The son is much interested in agriculture, spending much time and means on new methods, experiments, and improvement of implements and work on the soil, and cultivation of crops, teaching other farmers what he has learned by study and experiment on the farm.

Mr. Randolph Elliott of Tipsico place is their neighbor, a jovial bachelor of about forty years; a man who has never been out of the State, never traveled over sixty miles from his own home; he is by nature endowed with a ready wit, a fun-loving spirit; his home is as it was in anti-bellum days, only older, dirtier. Even the negroes are the same. He cannot do without them, nor can they do without him; he speaks like the negroes. They do the farming in the old way, working and singing. He plays the fiddle for them while they dance and enjoy themselves. The barrel of apple brandy is never allowed to get dry, or the whiskey lose its strength. These are the characters of the people in their homes when our story commenced, but others work themselves into it as time goes by.

At Maple Ridge was much noise and seeming disorder. The oldest negroes could not remember when so much work had been done. Masons, painters, decorators, and upholsterers from the cities around were busy repairing, remodeling, and beautifying every room in the house. What showed

most, both in and outside, was the new windows of plate glass. "Clear as spring water," Cassy said. Cassy is a large mulatto woman who was born on the place and had lived there the most of her life, though she often boasted of when she lived in "de city." She was cook and house-keeper though her daughters did the work. She was one day asked by one of the workmen how old she was. She answered, "Sah, I feel mighty ole sometimes, an' I reckon I is ole, foh I was a grown woman w'en de stahs fell, an' dat am a long time ago, sah."

The doctor was there superintending and planning every improvement to suit his own taste or convenience, and when the work was nearing completion he wrote to his family that he had found a home for them, and that he would meet them in Richmond a day before Thanksgiving, hoping to find them there to meet him in time for the boat. "Come so you can have a day or two to see the city. I cannot leave the work here so long."

It was a lovely day, calm and sunny as a May day, though the last week of November. The ride down the river was delightful and they were happy in each other's society. Both Alma and her mother told him that he had grown thin in flesh since they parted, but he seemed to be well and in hopeful mood, for happiness shone in his countenance. At the landing they found a carriage waiting, and teams for their trunks and freight. All was quiet at the landing, though a few schooners lay waiting to be filled with lumber or wood for northern markets. Not a white person was to be seen; but a few colored men and boys lay asleep on piles of lumber or bark; dead leaves and bark covered the ground except at the water's edge. The drive through the woods was monotonous, not even the chirp of birds disturbed the stillness, we cannot call it silence in the pine forest, for the sound of whisperings is ever there, saying, "hush!" The rustle of dead leaves under the horses' feet, the creaking of a bolt in the carriage were startling noises, until a clearing appeared; then children's voices at their play mingled with geese, turkeys and other domestic fowls, as well as grunting of starving hogs working up the road-

side, broke the stillness. When they came to Crystal Springs they stopped for the mail. "This is our postoffice," said the doctor. The mail was brought out and they continued their ride. After a few minutes they heard a bell ring clear and beautiful; echo reverberating through the vast multitudes of trees. "That is our bell calling the men to work at the clearing," said the doctor. Cedars had grown up along the fence and pines in the field, so nothing could be seen until they arrived at the gate, which was opened for them by a pleasant little brown boy who had been waiting there to do it.

"At home," said the doctor, "Maple Ridge farm." The ladies looked at the house, trees and pond but did not speak until the horses stopped at the steps. Then, as if to break the spell which seemed to have come over them, he said, "Ruth, how does it look?" "Like a poet's dream," she answered. Alma said not a word. Then came the teams with their baggage. The ladies went up to get ready for dinner, and, while waiting, the doctor read letters. One of them was from his friend, Joseph Krantz, who wrote that he would come to make them a visit on his way south to spend the winter. "Hoping to be in time to eat Thanksgiving dinner with you." The ladies could not be contented with new things in the house, they loved balmy air and sunshine more than smell of paint and varnish, so they went to the springs, and beyond into shades where ferns and mosses clothed the brakes beautifully, bringing home all they were able to carry, to help cheer up the lofty rooms and halls which seemed to them so cold, so grand.

"Tomorrow I expect the Alvins to dinner, and one old friend beside, but we are not expected to receive anyone in grand style; for they are plain farmers and kind neighbors and friends," said the doctor (while they were at dinner). He had so much to look after that he had scarce time to eat, while it was daylight, but when night came, he rested in a reclining chair by an open fire, talking and listening to talk, or songs, or instrumental music.

Thanksgiving day was clear, and the doctor went early to meet his friend at the boat landing, and when he came

back the ladies were delighted to see their old loved and honored friend, Joseph Krantz. The reception made him feel his welcome was genuine. While the doctor was with Mr. Krantz arranging things and talking, Alvin's carriage came up toward the house, and all went out to meet them. "Not strangers but neighbors and friends," said Mrs. Alvin, and embraced them like old friends. Mr. Alvin, more reserved, shook their hands, and stepped aside to present their son, William. "We are here to bid you welcome," said Mrs. Alvin. "Yes," said Mr. Alvin, "may you live long and happily in this quiet retreat." "Thanks," said the doctor, and led the way to the parlor, where a warm fire glowed on the hearth. mistletoe, holly, laurel and ferns lent freshness and fragrance, and bright-colored leaves, broke the cold look of white polished walls. The dining room was beautifully decorated with cedar vine and red creeper vine around the whole room, and a bright fire and steaming viands were a pleasant sight, and dinner much appreciated by all.

Mr. Krantz asked if there were services of Thanksgiving at the church at the village. "I think not," answered Mr. Alvin, "though they have regular services once in two weeks, very few attend." "Do they have Sunday-school," continued Mr. Krantz. "No; there are no children in the village who wish to attend, parts of families are gone to earn a living for those left here, and they often have to suffer from neglect of support from those who should provide a living for them. Most of the men work at lumber mills because they can get wages, and leave their farms to grow pines and their families grow up in idleness and ignorance because the land is too poor to raise anything but pine." "I do not understand how land can be so poor where bushes, vines and trees luxuriate as they seem to here," said Mr. Krantz. "Pines have absorbed all the sweetness or fertility out of it, and it takes several years of culture and application of fertilizer to get it to bear even a crop of clover," said Mr. Alvin. "It is impossible for a poor man to clear up a farm here. Co-operation if rightly understood,

and honestly administered, and superintended intelligently would help this State and society greatly."

"We need agitators of such subjects because we will need the change before many years," he continued. "Poverty will drive people out of the cities, and if farmers here cannot support their families decently now, how can they help others? The wage worker cannot live without an employer, and when the employer ceases to employ, they are helpless, adrift on a social wreck, which will cause destruction and death to millions of people in our beautiful country. The men who worship only gold have set up the calf for us to bow ourselves to, and are heating the furnace of torture for those who protest, seven times hotter than it has ever been. We hope Infinite love, wisdom and Truth will sing and preach so loud in the ears of our executive officials that they shall have no rest night or day until the idol is dethroned and the temple of Justice built in its place." "Amen," said the doctor. The time was spent singing and talking on various subjects until time to return to Glenwood. The Dubens with Mr. Krantz promised to come to spend the day at Glenwood soon.

A couple of weeks after Thanksgiving the Dubens and Mr. Krantz started one fine morning for Glenwood farm. The road there had been so well described to them, they could not go wrong. They drove, as Mrs. Duben said, "through thick and thin," until they came to an old saw mill and could get no farther because there was no road. They turned and thought they were on the road home, when by and by they came to a clearing where men were hauling railroad ties, and seeing a white man among them they asked, "How far do you call it to Crystal Springs?" "Ten miles, I reckon." "Which is the right road there?" asked the doctor. "Keep straight ahead," said the man. And they did so, but as the day wore away, the horses were tired, and they did not get there, but they began to hear the jingle of cow and sheep bells and thought the road must lead somewhere. As the sun was sinking behind the trees, they heard someone calling home the cattle and sheep, and they were glad they were approaching human habitation.

In a few moments farm buildings came into view, and they drove up and told the man of the house they were lost, and asked if they could stay until morning. "I reckon ye can," said he. "But where were ye going to?" "We started this morning for Glenwood farm," said the doctor, "but we went wrong at first and could not even get back home." "Come in and try to make yerselves to home and I will carry you'ens there in the mornning. It's some less than a thousand miles." "Where are we now?" said Alma. "The place is called Tipsico, but I wasn't along when it was christened. My name is Randolph Elliott, a bachelor, bohn and bred on the place, and so were my father, and mother not far away." Then the doctor told him who they were, and where they came from. The next morning Randolph Elliott took them across lots of his one thousand acres to Glenwood farm and after joking about their drive through the forest, he bid them a kind farewell.

"The Alvins were much surprised to see us coming up the back way so early in the morning," said Mrs. Duben, when speaking of their adventure, "but we enjoyed our visit and found other friends at the same time." When they went home William Alvin saw them safe there. And next day when he went home, he promised to bring his parents to spend Christmas at Maple Ridge. And when Christmas came they fulfilled their promise.

The house and grounds were brilliantly lighted, and a few other guests were there. They indulged in many kinds of games, songs, recitations and speeches, some of which I will give the reader. All the children in the village, with their parents, were invited to the Christmas tree in the evening and were made glad and Mrs. Duben told them the meaning of the tree. Here I give it:

"An emblem of life eternal is this tree in its changeless verdure. Human life is often likened to a tree. Childhood the plant. Youth the sapling. Manhood the sturdy oak or straight and lofty pine, while age is likened to a tree laden with fruit, some good, some evil. This tree, we say, is an emblem of eternal spring or eternal life. Is it not beautiful? Such grace, flexibility and color in a season which has

brought death to every green herb. It has battled with death dealing blasts of winter without turning pale. This tree is of very ancient origin. Ygnafil was its name before it was Christmas tree. It was at first set up during the twelve nights in honor of the goddess of spring. The lights are emblems of divine love and wisdom. The gifts are emblems of charity, or love to the neighbor. Hope seems to whisper through its swaying branches a promise of future life and enjoyment. The twinkling lights seem to say: 'fear not.' The smiling rainbow, the tears of April, and the love-light of May, will restore to forsaken earth her verdant mantle, and all her lovely bloom. Sunshine and prosperity cannot always be ours. Sorrow will sometimes come and death, like winter winds and snow, cover our cherished loves and hopes. Time does not stop his car for us, but carries us along whether the way is rough or smooth until we arrive at the river which carries every weary wanderer to a haven of rest, or we may some day, like this tree, be cut off at the root by the order of the Great Architect for some use in the building of infinite perfection.

"As this tree is laden with tokens of charity and esteem, so is providence lading the tree of our lives with remembrances of mercy and love. Let us, therefore, with cheerful hearts receive whatever time and circumstances may bring, whether joy or sorrow, riches or poverty, life or death, for they are all the same in the order of the universe. They are methods used in the plan of perfection. The light of winter lacks heat, so faith without love of usefulness lacks spiritual life, that life which manifests itself in deeds of kindness and love, words of comfort and good cheer to the sorrowing; help to the needy, to the repentant sinner, the intemperate, the criminal. Good counsels and deeds of mercy are like spring sunshine and showers, warming, cleansing, reviving and bringing back the sense of right, and affection once frozen, covered by vice and evil association. May love ever be the ruling element in and through our life, shedding its light impartially on all around us, helping us to remember that whatever we do to one of the least of these, we do it to the Christ-child. Every pure

heart or mind is a Christ-child, every gift to such is an offering most acceptable in the sight of infinite Love. The incense from such offerings rises before the throne of Perfection as a grateful odor, a sweet perfume. May the remembrance of the lights, gifts and pleasures of this evening help us to cultivate the love of use. May it shed a light on the paths of duty, making them seem like highways strewn with leaves and flowers, and when the shadows of life's evening grow long, we may rest by the river of our lives in love's sunshine, looking back at the tree of our lives rejoicing, seeing its branches bowed by the weight of glorious fruit."

After a Christmas song the villagers went home, leaving the Dubens and Alvins with a couple of country neighbors who could not find their way in the dark. The lanterns in the trees were taken down when all had gone—and while looking out they felt snow falling, beautiful snow. Songs were sung and stories told, some sad, others full of good cheer with lessons of charity in them. Thus ended the first Christmas of the Dubens at Maple Ridge.

The next day the Alvins went home, the Dubens promising to come to Glenwood farm early as possible the sixth of January, it being John Alvin's birthday. A few days after Christmas came the expected guest, Miss Delia Kendall, a friend, and daughter of Mrs. Alvin's favorite school-mate. She had spent several winters in the south. A liberal-minded, well-read woman of thirty, older in experience than in years. Tall and straight, a figure well developed. A fine expressive countenance, and gifted with a sweet, melodious voice.

The new year came and flitted by like a bird, leaving nothing to tell of its flight, but the Dubens were happy in trying to be useful in more than one sense. They had taken Krantz to meeting at Crystal Springs and found the Alvins there, and the Yankee school-ma'am with them. They all stayed to Sunday-school, not because it was a pleasure, but because they hoped to be able to do good by organizing a union school. The minister stated that it was his belief that the conference would not allow such to be held in their

house of worship. "Then," said Dr. Duben, "I will give the use of our hall at Maple Ridge for a union Sunday-school, or reading circle, at four o'clock every Sunday. Everybody welcome, young and old come to organize next Sunday." Furniture for the hall was bought and everything was in order waiting, but no one came. "That minister is a stumbling block in the way of progress," said the doctor.

The morning of the sixth was bright and clear and the Dubens and Mr. Krantz were early on the road to Glenwood, and they arrived there as soon as any of the guests. Each of them wished Mr. Alvin many more such beautiful and happy anniversaries. At dinner Dr. Duben said he should like to have the oldest person ask, or as Americans say, propose a toast. "Who is the oldest?" asked William Alvin. "Here are three old men." Then each gave his age, Krantz being eldest, "The pulpit," by Rev. John Alvin, and all wished to hear. "Let us go up to the parlor," said Mrs. Alvin. When all were seated, Mr. Alvin spoke thus:

"For generations the pulpit was honored, even idolized. No departure from its traditional dignity could be permitted. No colloquial easiness or impassioned outbursts, no tricks of argument, could be allowed in such a sacred place. Is it the pulpit, or man and mind or both, which has changed? Where is now the awe-inspiring stateliness in ministerial attire or appearance? Where is the priestly robe, silver-spangled and trailing? The holy baptismal font? The waxen candles? The golden censer? Where are liturgies and confessions? One by one they have disappeared and the holy of holies are desecrated. Form and ritual recitation are giving away to spirituality and truth. Love has taken the place of fear, knowledge and principle the place of superstition and vice. The mind is growing faster each day and before long mankind will rise to such a height and greatness as is impossible for us to imagine. When the masses have put away the cloak of bigotry and clothed themselves with the mantle of peace and good will to men, then shall we see the dawn of a beautiful era. Even now we get glimpses through the departing fog, and the faint light we have makes us hope for more of divine illumi-

nation in the future. Where are now the lessons we learned in childhood, the meaning of which we never knew? Who catechises his children for isms now? As we look around us we can once in a while see a person whose very look says, 'I am better than thou; I am regenerated, thou art not, I am justified, thou art not; sanctification is mine but never can be thine. Even in family circles we can find one whose manners seem to say: 'I pray, I worship God, I have privileges which thou hast not, therefore I can tell thee thy faults and upbraid thee, I partake of the sacrament of the Lord's body and blood four times a year, therefore I am dearer to him than thou, and when he comes to make up the jewels for his crown he will take me, but not thee.' When I see such persons I feel like saying the words of the wise man of old, 'Be not overmuch righteous nor overmuch wicked lest thou die before thy time.'

"If we are infidels to our own household we are infidels to God. We are not finding fault with church organizations. No, we wish them prosperity and everlasting continuance, growing wiser and better every day, and if they really are so much better because they are church men and pray loud, they must show us that they are superior in moral character and in knowledge of the true and living God. The church has done good in the past, is doing good now, but it has outgrown its old clothes and feels uncomfortable, and does not like to adopt garments in the latest style. The free thinking mind is outgrowing theories and, like new wine, they will burst the old leather creeds. Theories, like man himself, are imperfect. History has been colored by the age, ignorance and superstition of its writers. Biographies of men have been changed now and then to make them more readable. Truth has become fiction and fiction has become truth. The pulpit is cheerful now; the music is in the major key. Poets have become our theologians, religion, art and literature are like pleasant landscapes and blue skies. Theologians have used the pulpit to force their damnable theories on the common mind, but man can face his brother now without the pulpit to lean upon, thank God."

The guests looked at one another. Mr. Krantz arose quick as a youth, crossing the room to Mr. Alvin, who stood leaning on the corner of the mantle-piece, reached his hand to him, saying, "Thank you, thank you." After a season of chat and other recreations Mr. Alvin asked the doctor to tell a story. After a pause of a few minutes he began thus:

"I have seen many hard trials and much suffering in my day. I have tried to do right as far as I understood what was right. I have had some very strange dreams. One in particular was remarkable. It was during my first year of practice. I had some patients—cases that tried all my skill and patience. I came home more tired and discouraged than usual. My room was comfortless and cold, but I must make the best of it. I took a book from the shelf and seated myself at the table, opened the book and began to read. I rested my left elbow on the table and my head in the palm of my hand. Ere I knew it I was in dreamland, and time went fast. In a few minutes I was an old man, and all my friends had gone before me to the spirit land. I thought it was my turn to go, and while I thought about it, Death came and told me I must go with him to the spirit land. I was ready. We descended through a dark, narrow tunnel in the damp earth. We seemed to go at least twenty feet at a leap, and I felt astonished because it did not seem to jar me in the least. At last the tunnel ended and we stopped. In the twilight I could see figures or persons moving about. My guide had left me, and feeling cold, and seeing a fire in the distance I went to warm myself. On the way I met a man who seemed to recognize me, and said, 'You are the man we have been waiting for; you deserve to be kept here forever in this disorder and darkness to repent of your carelessness in handling poisonous drugs.' While he was speaking, the persons that I saw in the twilight came close to me, and I recognized father, mother, and many friends who were then living, but were with me in my dream in the spirit land, with hundreds of people I had never seen. All were gesticulating wildly, but were not allowed to speak to me. Then came a person who

seemed to know everything; the moment he saw me he said, 'Ah! you here? We have been looking for you this many a year. Look here, these persons flitting around are the record of mistakes you have made in your profession. Look at this youth you killed while he was suffering from jaundice; this maid you killed while her friends believe she died of consumption. Here is a man you killed with a dose of ether while you sawed off his leg. Here is a woman whose nerves you forever stilled with a dose of morphine. Here are hundreds of records of your mistakes in form of, or spirits of children, whose cries you forever quieted with opiates. Look about, and your eyes shall never rest on anything but records of your careless dealings.' I thought the earth was giving away under me; unearthly sounds came to me from every side. I was terror struck, while he poured out the most terrific curses on me. Those ghostly figures picked up mud to throw at me; I was greatly troubled and looked about for some chance of escape, when an opening in the earth let me down a great many feet, landing me on the stone floor of a large room or hall where sat on hard benches many old men like myself. The air of the room seemed like a dissecting room, and my hair seemed to stand on end when I saw a living person who was to be the subject, and I was told to take the knife that lay before me. I had not spoken a word. I looked around hoping to see a door, when all rose to their feet coming toward me. I can almost see their wild looks yet. Just then the door of my room opened and my landlady called me to supper. I gave such a start that I upset the table, breaking the lamp and inkstand, ruining books as well as my clothes and carpet. Can you wonder I was glad it was only a dream, except the last scene, which was a hard pull on my slender purse strings. My landlady thought I had gone mad and refused to board me any longer. As there is a Providence in all things, there was in that. I was compelled to move to better quarters, and from that day I had better luck in my practice, and in everything, and soon afterward I became acquainted with the woman I call wife."

There was general applause. Mr. Alvin brought in keepsakes as he called them: a gold watch and chain and a cane of fine workmanship with a golden head, and his study chair; all had been gifts from his congregations when he served the church. He loved to show them because they were tokens of friendship. Books and pictures also, some whose donors can never more appear except to memory's eye and in the album. The library was well filled with good, sound reading. Choice plants stood on the veranda,—it having been enclosed with glass for that purpose. While looking and inhaling all seemed to forget the season, and betrayed it, which caused merriment.

They returned to the parlor, and the company asked Mrs. Duben to tell them a story. She began by saying, "The doctor told you his professional dream. His was early manhood, mine in childhood. I had been playing by and in the lake all day, throwing pebbles, making the water sing and watching the rings and ripples. I sang, and listened to hear the trees echo my songs after me, but when the shadows of the hemlocks and spruces, on the west of the lake, had grown long I returned home. That night I dreamed that our family with me were floating in water, holding to pieces of a loom, the pulleys and ropes bobbing around among tangled warp, beams and shreds of cloth hanging to it. We all called for help. I called so loud that it awoke father and mother. They told me not to fear but to go to sleep, but my dream had made me sick. I could not help thinking I had been in water. I shivered with cold and was sick for some days. I told my dream to the whole family; they thought it a strange dream and warned me not to plague Necken in Tarnen; if you do, he will send his green-haired maid to take you to his castle at the bottom of the lake. Years went, and I played on the shore of the beautiful little lake but never saw Necken or his green-haired maid. One day, when I was nearly ten years old father said we should go to a free country, where they cannot condemn us because we do not believe their confession of faith, and as soon as we could get sold, we went to the city to wait for a ship, but there were so many emi-

grants that we could not get room. We found a brig loaded with iron, bound for New York, in which rooms were fitted up for us. It was a beautiful morning when we went on board the handsome little ship *Carolina*. I had hardly set foot on deck when reminded of my dream. I burst into tears. On being asked why I wept, I told my dream: the loom, the pulleys, cordage and cloth. 'They are all strong and good, and the little ship is as perfectly sound as beautiful,' said the captain, hearing our conversation,—patting me, saying, 'You need have no fear, little one,' giving me candies. The sun shone, the water glistened, sparkled and waved, the air cool and pure,—forgetting sorrow and dreams I was as happy as the birds in my native woods. While on land I had not grown as fast, or felt as well as most children. I had sometimes heard people call me little dwarf. Now, I was in health, while everyone was sick. The cabin boy and I were nurses. Week after week we sailed and yet not through the English Channel, and we had counted twelve weeks before the great storm came and tore the heavily laden brig, so that there was neither railing, mast, nor rudder,—seamen all hurt, crawling, holding to rings on deck, or rolling timbers or spars.

"Three days the storm roared and tossed us, and we waited death and a watery grave each moment. The fourth morning, a Sunday, was calm as a Sabbath morning could be. Hope rose with the sun, though we were sinking. We had not tasted food for three days and four nights and were faint, bruised and suffering. Hearing guns everyone who had power to crawl upon deck, saw a ship with five hundred people go down. Our captain spoke through his trumpet and the answer came, name of ship, and number of souls. Next moment all hands raised above their heads. Their screams tore our ears. A great, round wave came between us and all was still, except a spot of dancing foam. O God! we must go next! How long shall we look at the sunny waves ere they become our grave? Sometimes we rolled high as on a mountain, again a deep valley inclosed us with mountains all around, threatening to roll over us. While on the crest of a billow we saw a white speck in the

distance. Some of our men saw it, held counsel about it, and the only strong men took the last little boat to ask help. We feared we could not hold out till help came. The men at the pumps were bleeding at the nose when our men came, bringing a fishing schooner with them. They had already thrown out the cargo of fish to make room for us, and we were taken in on the salt, fifty persons in all, crowded together—not room to lie down. The wounded must have place, so we sat back to back in rows so close that some could not straighten their limbs. Thus we lived, on one biscuit a day and a cup of water for thirteen days, landing in St. Pierre, Newfoundland. The French Catholics at the nunnery and monk cloister cared for us, and buried my grandmother, who died of injuries received in the storm. A warship took us to New York. While on it, I asked father if my dream was true. He said, ‘Yes, but we are saved.’ In youth we dream; in middle age we are reminded of our idle dreams; in old age we know that life is a reality, and death is rest.”

Mr. Krantz, said Mrs. Alvin, I understand you have been a traveler for many years; do you ever tell your adventures? Sometimes I remember amusing incidents; at such times if I have listeners, it comes natural to repeat; if not, they are pictures on the many pages of memory’s scrap-book. Your colored people seem to be superstitious and fear spiritual phenomena greatly, and go so far as to say they have seen ghosts here in this charming retreat. I hope they do not disturb your slumbers?” said he. “Oh, no, indeed, they have never disturbed us,” said Mrs. Alvin. “That is, perhaps because you do not fear them nor set traps to catch them. I mean a certain kind that visits around of nights to get something fresh for breakfast; the most common ghosts.”

“That puts me in mind of a little incident that happened nearly fifty years ago. I had business to transact on the west side of the Mississippi. There being no railroads, I traveled by stage. It was in the fall of the year and the mud was deep, so we could not get far in a day. We had got about forty miles to the Father of Waters when we

stopped over Sunday in the little town of H—; here all was excitement, because railroad ties were hewn there by the hundreds of thousands. Many foreigners were there to do the work, felling trees, and building bridges. They were generally rough, but some were broken-spirited, thread-bare gentlemen trying to handle axe and saw, instead of pen and books. The young men seemed to feel sorry for them, speaking very respectfully when addressing them. That spoke well for the hard-working class of various nationalities of Europe. One evening the conversation centered on ghosts, and some stories told which would frighten your colored youths out of their wits for an hour.

"There came into the room a girl of twelve or thirteen years, leading a child just learning to walk, guiding it to its mother. When turning to leave the room an old gentleman thus addressed her, 'Celesta, what do you think of ghosts?' 'I don't think anything of them. Why?' 'Because they are bad.' 'What can they do that is bad?' 'Steal, murder and many things. Have you seen any such ghosts?' 'Yes, sir. At the sawmill.' 'How did they look?' 'Like anybody that wears hat and boots.' 'Who told you they were ghosts?' 'Mr. H.' 'Why did he say so?' 'Because when they knocked I heard and asked, "Who is there?" Mr. H. said in a whisper as he went to the door, "You hush, they are ghosts." I hardly dared to breathe but listened while they told him what they had done, and wanted him to help color the horses and take them off next day.' 'Did they stay until morning?' 'No, sir. Mr. H. gave them some cold food and filled some flat tin bottles with whiskey and they went—and then he came into my room with the light and I was afraid and shut my eyes, and he left, thinking I slept. But you know the house is built of rough boards and between my room and the buttery there are knot-holes, so I both saw and heard everything they done and said. Next morning Mr. H. went away from home with a fine black team as slick as they could be and he said to me, 'If anyone comes tell them I am gone to Knoxville.'

"When he was gone his wife came down and showed traces of tears. I asked her if she was afraid of the ghosts?

She said, 'If they were only spirits I should not be afraid, but they are men and are governed by evil passions only.' 'The next day Mr. H. came home with a beautiful roan team, but that night the ghosts took them and many more, even the hired man was taken by the ghosts. One day the lady said, "We are going away after midnight to stay a few days and though I need you if I come back, you had better try to get away or the ghosts may take you too. I shall not come back if I can help it. But do not say anything about it for they may hear of it, and they will know it was you who told and do to you as they did to the hired man."

"When she had told her story she was evidently frightened, for she trembled and looked around, her eyes glistening, her face very pale. The old gentleman sat on a sofa by the door and as she was leaving the room he drew her to him, saying, 'You stray lamb! you need not fear; we will protect you. Such ghosts never come here.' The child burst into tears and could say no more. I left next morning in the stage. I spent the winter on the west side of the Mississippi. When spring came I started on my homeward journey. I shall always remember it was first of April when I jumped out of the stage tired and hungry. Thinking of the kindly faces I had seen there a few months before, I walked into the sitting room. It looked natural; little Celesta sat before a pleasant wood fire rocking the baby to sleep, singing a soothing melody which the child appreciated; she soon laid it in its crib and tripped gaily away. After a few minutes came the wood cutters. One came into the room where I was sitting. Just then came also Celesta with a large dishpan and spoke to him so low I could not hear, but he took the pan and went upstairs, leaving the door open. I sat looking after him. He opened a door and staggered back, dropping the pan; Celesta ran up, saying, 'April fool.' The young man said, 'Confound that ghost story; if it had not been for that I would not have made a fool of myself.' 'Don't be angry, but get some of the others to get the flour; they dare not refuse for fear of being laughed at,' said the girl. He shut the door of the

dark chamber and came down stairs, the girl coming after, shutting the door, blushing and smiling. In a little while another and still others were fooled in like manner until all had seen the ghost in the dark chamber. All had heard noises in the dark chamber many a time.

"The sun had gone down as the old folks came in saying, 'Let us go up and see the ghost.' 'Yes,' said the landlady, 'it is getting dark, let us light a candle,' and they laughed, saying she feared the ghost would wink or stretch out its arms to her. When they saw it they shouted and laughed, some coming down holding their sides. I asked if I might see it and was told to go right up and I did so and there stood a gray-bearded old gentleman leaning on his umbrella, spectacles on his aquiline nose, holding in his left hand a well-worn silk plush hat. So true to life was it that even I was startled. Then the gong sounded and all went in to supper. The landlord and lady presided at table and the old gentleman boarder asked the blessing. The viands were well prepared and delicately served. When the meal was nearly finished Celesta came in with splendid looking fritters and warm maple syrup, each one took a brown ball, thinking they were good as they looked, but when pressed the crust came off revealing the cotton as white as when picked; some tossed them up in anger, others laughed; some threw theirs at the girl who appeared in the kitchen door just then, saying, 'That's what you got for fooling me to get breakfast for the traveler who wasn't here!'

"That evening I asked the host what the ghost story was. He answered, 'Before we came here this house was the one bandits put up at. It was found out and they were watched. The landlord ran away and his wife went to her friends. I came and found the house ready for me. Some years afterward the widow came and sold it to me. But some things were found here that give people the idea that a man was murdered in the dark chamber. Rats had eaten the flesh but the bones were there. We buried them, but the noises were rats and a loose sheathing board which was warped, and when the wind blew hard it moved up

and down on a nail, making a screeching sound. Celesta discovered it, but did not tell of it until today."

Thus ended the ghost story. All agreed it was an amusing little story.

Mrs. Alvin left the company a few minutes, returning with a basket of fruit, a maid following with dishes and fruit knives. All tasted Virginia fruit, apple, pear, and peach, but northern people do not think the fruit so juicy as northern fruit. Brandy pickles of several kinds, with sponge cake, was passed around. The cake was splendid, but the pickled fruit was too strong, yet some enjoyed it. Canned grape juice was passed to all as a token of love. The room soon seemed full of the aroma of crushed grapes, so pure, so sweet and rich. All drank to the old gentleman's health. Mother and son were not forgotten. All stood while drinking. Mr. Alvin stood in the sun holding the glass full of dark red juice as if admiring its rich color, saying. "A beautiful symbol of life and love is the blood of grapes. Is it any wonder that the church caused it to become a sacrament?" "Oh, no," said the doctor, "it is both food and drink, but not the blood of gods nor men. Human life is the highest form of life which we know; human love is divine in its perfection, rich, like the blood of grapes. Human degradation is the soured or fermented juice. Wine, which makes man a swine, is the spoiled blood or perverted good. All good can be perverted and become evil but only with perverted man."

William Alvin had been visiting around among the farmers of the county, and found poverty, shiftlessness, ignorance and folly everywhere, but industry and thrift scarce. An idea presented itself to him to invite all these farmers to Glenwood farm a certain day in March to a lecture and lunch, to see the farm and learn to do better farming. When the day came there was quite a crowd. William and his father met and welcomed each one showing them all around. I know some of you have seen better farms and farming in other countries, but not here, perhaps not in the State single handed. I have tried to put into practice what I have learned in school.

The dooryard and lawn are green with blue grass and white clover; fine soft and fragrant. Garden, orchard and vineyard thrifty and orderly, showing good taste as a landscape gardener, Mr. Krantz remarked. We will now visit our best and most faithful servants, said William, leading the way into the horse barn. Work was suspended for the day, because it was the gentlemen's reception, and all were celebrating by resting and eating. I can talk to my horses and shake hands with the young ones, as I will show you, said William; and he spoke and they answered and nodded their heads, and the young horses lifted their right fore-foot to be taken in hand, speaking and nodding as a person might. These good servants deserve the best of care. Here is a hay lifter and cutter; fodder crusher; feed grinder by horse power. Here is running water through the barn so that the horses can drink at will. Here is the harness room, light, roomy and orderly. Here is the boys' room—comfortably furnished. A bell on the wall had a wire attached, having a similar bell in the master's room in the mansion. Carriage, wagon and implement house, with all the machinery in perfect order. Carpenters' tools, turning lathe, blacksmith tools and forge. Gardening tools of every description. Slaughter house with every convenience for curing and smoking meat. The apiary like a fairy city with its streets named in the clerk's book. Each house its individually shaded tint and trimming, water works also in its central park, and gigantic lindens for shade. The spring house of stone vaulted and smooth within and white, ventilated and lighted by small windows high up. The water came rushing in through or between great stones in the wall, forming a pool on the white stone floor, flowing out like a brook beneath the stone door sill; stone steps led down a few feet to the heavy old door; ivy covered its roof and walls, and grand beeches and cherry trees stood close around casting their shadows over it; from this spring came the water to every house on the farm through pipes. Also to the little fountain in the city of honey. The next was the wood-house with its circular and jig saws, wheels, belts and shaft—horse power being outside. Many things

were laid up to dry, such as wagon tongues, thills, spokes, hubs, fallows, staves, materials for plow handles, harrows, hoe handles and the like innumerable, with many cords of wood smoothly piled. Next was the cattle stalled in a long light shed; slick, smooth Devons, round eyed and curly headed. Jerseys delicate and light as fawns. Short Horns, fat and slow. All their feed being crushed or ground—everything was clean and swept, except in the stalls which were littered with cut straw. Next is the piggery and hog yard, long, low sheds with partitions for breeding and fattening—drinking troughs with running water the same as in the barns, also troughs for bathing in the yard. Sheep barn and poultry house and yard together, the sheep being below, the poultry above; the sheep yard one side, poultry yard on the other, each littered with fine cut straw except the wallows. Everywhere were the troughs with running water. There was a shed which was filled with something called wood-mould, saw dust and barn yard scrapings with other bulky light materials, including cotton seed meal bought for fertilizer. It was worked together to be smooth enough to be spread evenly by a machine.

Why do you have everything cut up so fine? asked the doctor. Because it saves labor and feed; everything is measured or weighed and the manure is fine and can be pulverized for use in a short time and spread with the spreader. We must feed our plants here or they will not grow, and when they have been well fed with vegetable matter they want stimulants too, nitrate, potash or lime, sulphates of some kind as medicine, said William. We doctor plants now. Does it pay for all this outlay of money, care and labor?" inquired Mr. Krantz. "O, no," said William. "I tried to see how my plan would succeed. If I can get four per cent on the investment the first two years, I can then say it is a success. I can now see where some leaks are that I did not find last year and must mend them before another crop is planted and cultivated. All grains are not treated alike; any farmer soon finds that all fields can not be tilled alike, but a natural farmer loves to study the science called agriculture and horticulture which take

into themselves so many other arts and sciences before the agriculturalist can understand the nature of plants, and the law which governs plant life and growth."

He spoke encouragingly of the future of husbandry in Virginia and all seemed well pleased with what they heard and saw, many resolving to put some of the learned farmer's suggestions into practice as soon as possible. Among the many interesting scenes enjoyed by the men who remained at that time was the milking. Each cow went into her stall. Then came colored boys, bright eyed, nimble fingered, smiling as they entered, doffing their hats to the spectators, moving leisurely as if proud to display their white aprons and equally white teeth, swinging their bright tin pails, going to the rack of stools, each taking one and turning like machines, so alike were their motions, and when seated the milk made merry music, while the gentle, dreamy looking cows stood quietly chewing. There was more to see, but the sun was low, and we would like to be on our way home before it sinks behind the lofty columnar pines.

I feel lonely even with company when amid the pines, said the doctor. William beckoned to a colored boy, spoke to him, and followed into the house to bid farewell to those who had remained there, and in a few minutes the teams were waiting at the door. The doctor told the young farmers about the Sunday reading circle or school, saying, Come and see how you like it. On the way home Mr. Krantz said: Mr. Elliott is a child of nature or like an apple tree which has never been pruned; its branches too abundant, a dense shade, takes the sun but bears only leaves; late pruning leaves ugly scars and the fruit may come in time or in eternity.

The next Sunday was a beautiful day. The Alvins came, bringing Delia Kendall with them, all having a pleasant time together until time to go up to the hall to organize the school. That done, they chose Mr. Krantz as chaplain. He rose, extending his right hand, and all rose with him, while he asked the blessing on their meditations and studies. The lesson was then chosen. What is true religion? Mr.

Krantz then stood up and said: Thought is free and speech untrammelled here. The Logos or Divine word says, With all thy getting get wisdom. How beautiful and bright on the journey up the hill of science, or the glorious heights where wisdom dwelleth if we meet on our way no cloud of superstition obscuring the sun of righteousness. Now we would be pleased to hear Mr. Alvin's definition of the term true religion.

Mr. Alvin then rose and spoke thus: If the love of God or good and our neighbors is a living flame in us, that is true religion. To bury selfishness and strive to forget it, and clothe ourselves with the love of good—of human perfection as a garment, because perfection is of God, it is an inner as well as an outer adornment of the soul. If we love it we will strive to attain perfection in physical and spiritual life. Life is lent to us; the better use we make of it, the greater is our happiness. True religion and true happiness go hand in hand. True happiness grows like fruit on the tree of our lives, it is beautiful to behold, and good to partake of. If good or if bad we must gather it along life's pathway. The best gifts of God are our friends and companions. We should pray that we should be as one in thought and affection with those nearest and dearest to our heart. The love of goodness which is also the love of use will ultimately melt the hardest heart and we become one even as God is one. Religion has its roots in the soul or our moral faculties, each faculty bearing its own fruit, argument from reason, morality from conscience, all that is poetical from sentiment, that which is foreboding and dark from fear, all that is dear from love, so that when we have counted up all that the human mind contains we have come across every religious idea in the world. Religion comes forward in greater beauty and power from a pure innocent soul stirred to his innermost depth by divine love as Jesus was. When this planet was believed to be the center of creation and all others revolving around it, man was then the central object in the universe, but since we are sure we are not the center, we have come to a much nobler idea of the first cause; Christianity is being purified by access

of new truths, it is clothing itself in grander vestures; Christ is rising in greater glory in humanity than at first.

One day I looked at an orchard in full bloom, inhaling its sweet fragrance, and thought what a grandly written promise of fruit in the future, so with mankind, what a grandly written promise of future greatness and power of mind! Once when lost in a forest on a cloudy day, clouds blew away, revealing the sun an hour before its setting, giving me time to find the road—and when found I rejoiced because I was sure I could turn my back to the sun and go home, but had it remained cloudy I could not have known which way to take. So the light of love shines through cloudy lives, and though but an hour before the eve of life it makes the soul rejoice that a way to happiness is found. Happiness is what is wanted here or hereafter—and when the pillars of the earthly temple tremble with age, the lights in the spiritual will soon appear.

TRUE RELIGION, BY DR. DUBEN.

The great architect left me a drawing and requires me to build a structure to be an honor, not only to him, but also to me. If I shirk in the work, then am I a sinner. If I build by the chart—that house when built is my salvation. It is a comfort to hear the still small voice say, Good and faithful servant. If a man worship an imperfect deity it shows in his character. O, for a perfect manhood and womanhood. O, for a growth in divine perfectness. This we can not have without a perfect God. The world is full of lilliputian thought carried up on synodical stilts. When will they be let down? Freedom of thought is growing day after day, and freedom of speech is coming after; it is in its infancy, yet it is taking great strides and ere long will cause great changes in the religious sentiments of the world, it will walk right over sacred altars dedicated to superstitious worship and prayers. What then will be done with the costly buildings which now stand tenantless every day but Sunday, while God's poor die in sheds and cellars because there are no benevolent Zaccheus who will give home and food, which is God's gospel to the poor? Every de-

nomination, yes, every member of such, must save and give to build grand structures in which they worship an invisible being who dwells in these wooden, brick or stone tombs, where the rich, great, learned and prosperous, young and old, false-hearted and good, go to hear heavenly symphony, glorified thought, and imagine supernatural things—worshipping the grand scenes their own money has helped to create. Did the Master teach them such things? He who taught so many in nature's great temple: They may wrap him in swaddling cloths every Christmas. Yes, every Sunday and yet there are thousands who can not thus see him fettered.

Humanity has been, is, and always will be thus confined and fettered until they have outgrown the narrow gown of superstition which has been worn so long. In the mind of humanity was awakened the thought that there must be a divine Being who rules and upholds the universe. That thought was wrapt in rags of superstition. There was no room in the theories of the time, or place for it in the mind. The church is the woman who laid the perfected manhood so low; but it has grown and is growing faster year after year. That which bloomed out in the life of Christ, filling the world with the odor of divinity, is in us all; lying dormant perhaps a thousand years. It may take longer than this life to quicken into action yet it is there. The imperishable germ of unimaginable greatness. May love burn in the bush of reason until manliness becomes Godliness.

TRUE RELIGION, BY MISS KENDALL.

I have great respect for religion in the true sense of the word, and for honest religionists, but so often as I attend meetings I get disgusted or shocked at the pride they take in telling of the love they bear to one imaginary person instead of imitating that ideal perfection, and like him loving all good in nature as well as in the brotherhood of man. Love the great principles which have been bestowed on humanity by divine love itself: which are wisdom, mercy and truth. Young people have studied natural philosophy,

moral philosophy, and have their minds well stored with practical knowledge of causes and their effects. They get disgusted with mythical speculation as religion; it seems to them absurd and fanatical. They know that prayers or importunities cannot change deity in providence or attributes. They know that they cannot approach infinite perfection by such means. The calm, silent listener is shocked and disgusted with what to him seems monkey show. The still small voice sometimes seems to slumber while the waves of temptation and trouble rise high on the sea of life, but if we listen we shall hear the monitor whispering in the soul, saying to the wind and waves of error, Peace, be still. Storms will then be few and our lives' heaven clear. It will not hurt the faith of those who profess Christianity if they would study human nature or the laws which govern the mind, or the laws of order and progress or seek to improve the forms which society demands. A person may have a musical instrument ever so good; if he has not learned the science of harmony, he is merely making a noise. It is disgusting to trained ears of musicians. So disgusting is the sound of ignorance or fanatical worship to ears only used to silent sweet communion with nature's good or God. Those are the best children who are satisfied to perform every duty to the best of their ability uncomplainingly. There is never greater burthen than the power to bear. Time, the Almighty hand, lifts every burthen, unbuckles every yoke. God's house is the mind. Love is the lamp which lights God's temple. Every good wish is a prayer, every good deed an answer to prayer. The star of our time says: The love of God is broader than the narrowness of men. The holy spirit finds the open door to all waiting souls. The pure in heart shall see good or God in all things.

TRUE RELIGION, BY MRS. ALVIN.

It is strange that I cannot understand what is called religious talk. What is the reason I cannot think good people sinners as others do? I do not find them under any curse of laws, human or divine. Am I to be lost on the ocean of perplexity because I know not which among the

stars is the steady north star beaming gently over me, guiding my unsteady barque into the beautiful haven of truth? I have often heard from pulpits how dangerous it is to live moral lives thinking thereby to gain admittance into heaven. Their influence, said the minister, is worse than the most immoral could be, for they poison the mind of all who know them against salvation by faith, O yes, I have found out how good men and women are held in the estimation of such good "Christians." Was the Master mistaken when he said, Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy? Why did he bid them to be like the good Samaritan if they thereby become an accursed influence to all who come into their society? Purity of heart, beauty of character, full of justice, honesty, truth and love; yet are they to be shunned by "Christians." A strange heaven that, into which the good, pure and beautiful hearted cannot enter.

Away with such talk; there is no pure Christianity without a high morality. No Christian is worthy the name unless Christ-like in deed and thought. "O, let us have a religion that shall awaken the mind to beautiful impulses, noble deeds and thoughts, springing up like a fountain of pure motives from a loving heart, or enlightened understanding. A religion that shall rouse conscience out of the stupor of indifference into the generous heart beats of the good Samaritan of old. A religion that forbids us to be slothful or sorrowful—that calls us to do with all our might whatever time or circumstances places before us, and do it with a cheerful, happy heart. The greater our goodness,—our moral worth,—our piety, the more perfect our heaven here or hereafter. One person leaves his religion in the church and turns his back to it for a whole week, while another carries his with him in his everyday duties, perhaps he never offered a prayer in words, but turns his work and deeds of charity into answers to the prayers of the poor, unfortunate, wounded and fallen. And when waves of evil rise high on the sea of life, whether ambition, intemperance or passion, is ever ready to say, I shall do right. I am my brother's keeper. God is our father. When shadows

lengthen in life's eventide, sweet is the rest of the moral man.

TRUE RELIGION, BY MRS. DUBEN.

When I was a child I thought religion consisted of prayers and other means of worship; when grown I thought self-sacrifice was true religion, but Time which is the hand of God has filled the lamps of the sanctuary with the oil of kindness and lighted them with the fire from the altar of incense in the holy of holies. Certain forms of worship, once called religion, have lost respect and reverence by the best minds, yet religion lives and works to perfect the human race.

If a tree in the garden has borne good fruit, and it looks like some insect is destroying it, the gardener washes, prunes and scrapes it in hopes of once more seeing luscious fruit on its grand old branches, but when its fruit is vitiated by decay, then is the time to root out the tree and cultivate the ground where it stood and plant in its place a young and vigorous tree whose fruit shall be better adapted to the healing of moral diseases through the nations. Thus should it be with customs of worship. They become disgusting to cultivated tastes and need to be replaced by something better or more appropriate in our time and state of society—something elevating, ennobling to our moral and spiritual natures. Religion is natural, we need something to love, revere, or worship. The more perfect our model, the more perfect becomes our work. If the spirit of the gentle Nazarene were more infused into the life of his followers, there would be a loving toleration that would soon reduce the number of costly edifices, creating a forbearance as to difference of belief and church government. There is but one church, Christ is its head. Or the church is the Grand man, and in it is every human soul since the race began. I care not who was Christ's father or mother, or to what nation he belonged. He fulfilled his mission, "so has many martyrs," some were wrapt in superstition and could not remove it. They were as lambs to be slaughtered. We do not need to look back nineteen hundred years through smoke

and mist to see the face of God, or his hand, or as Moses saw his hand and back side in the rock. We see God's face in the beauties of nature—for there is one grand life through all, and in it we are conscious particles or molecules of organized matter and spirit, and when we live in accord with nature we are in health and happiness. When we have fulfilled our mission here we will fold the drapery around us and wait for the messenger to bear us to our spiritual sphere, ready to begin our mission again.

The young people were not used to making speeches. Mr. Krantz thanked them for their happy and beautiful responses. A song by the young people ended the first services at the hall, and in the parlor the young people planned riding parties on fine days for recreation and exercise, and when evening they went home singing and listening to the echoes of the forest.

At Maple Ridge the sounds of the saw, ax, intermingled with crash of falling trees, the hallooing and singing of the negro laborers made the woods ring. Every moment of the doctor's time was taken up in supervision of clearing, fencing, ditching, pruning and removing trees, vines and even houses, barns and broken terraces, at night therefore he was tired and retired early. Alma sang and played accompaniment to the songs on the instrument, to lull him to sleep, he said. Mr. Krantz had many correspondents which took much of his time, also at the pond, or at the negro huts and colored laborers on the place.

One day the ladies desired to go out to find some nuts and a little exercise in the fresh balmy air. Mr. Krantz went with them. They looked for the first time into the little houses on the place and found so many brown skinned, brown eyed and curly headed children that it struck them with wonder how they lived or what they ate—for as yet they had not discovered a granary, corncrib, pigsty or cowsheds at any of the houses. In some houses there were only children and when asked why alone, the children said they were off to work. On seeing a bright boy of nine or ten years, Mr. Krantz asked him his name and what he could do. My name is Joe, sah. I kin hunt and trap; hunt

coon, 'possum and wile tuhkey nesses, and trap hares. What do you use them for? said Mr. K. Skin and eat dem and sell de hides. Can you cook them? Yes, sah, an' eat dem too. Do you ever sell any alive? No, sah. Will you try to catch a live one for me? Yes, sah.

They bade them good day and went toward home, but had not seen a nut nor a shell of one. When near the house they met Aunt Eliza and asked where they might find some nuts? Law now! I reckon I kin fine some fo' yo,' de chillon haf some ye'ah. Going to a shed, opening the door, she said, Yo mout ha told me and I'd hade de chillon huss some foh yo. Law, yo is mighty que'ah people now, said she, smiling. I hearn de odder day dat yo'ens done b'lieve de Bible, noh dat de Lor was bohn widout a fader, an Mary she hide de chile in de stable all wrap up in rags in de feed box, de mangah, caise dey want to kill him, de king an pries done want no God a mighty. Mary she wah mighty peart, she run away in de dahk an nebber tole who or wh'ah de fader was. Dat was nat'ral enoff, many a girl won't tell who de fader was, yet; Mary she hide him till he wah big and knowed eberything, he could read widout learning his letters, he was doctah, pries an king, but de debil he foun him an put him up on de steeple on de temple an show him de whole worl, an sade I gif yo all if yo pray to me, but he would not, so they took an killed him, an he ris an went to show dem it wa him a life agin, an now he is God a'mighty and make heben for us if we blief him. My darter kin read de Bible to me, she is mighty smaht, she kin read bettah den de preachah. Yes, Queen is right peart, I tell yo. Queen, said Alma, where did you get that name? Law, honey, someon us foun it in de Bible, sho'ah de name wa in de Bible. Queen Victory, dats so.

Mr. Krantz and the ladies looked at one another, and Alma had some trouble with a nut and must bow to pound it. Aunt Eliza continued, I hope yo blief, sah, or yo neber git to heben, it done help how good yo be if yo done blief. Our preach'ah, brudder Henking, say he hearn you'ens wa ninfidels like Mr. Alvin at Glenwood, he been preach'a onst up norf. O yes, said Alma, Mr. Alvin has been a preacher,

but he is not an infidel, he is a good man. I wish all people were half so good.

Well, Aunt Eliza, said Mr. Krantz, did you ever see a ghost on this place? On no, not at Maple Ridge sah, but my son John he seen a gose at Oak Hill de odder side ob de grabe yawd, down de road whar some one wa murdered. Johnny an I wa gwine along dar an my son he took hole of my ahm, an pull me to de side ob de road, an looked mity skeered, looking up de road by m'b he sade, Mammy, did yo see dat man in de road? No, say I, den Johnny he say I be skeered, den I say, pray de Lawd, Johnny, but he could not speak he wa so skeered, and he fell on his knees an den de gose went away. I tried to run, but dust den a runaway team come down de road towahd us. What did the ghost look like? asked Mr. Krantz. It wa a man standing in de road in his shirt sleeves beckoning to us,—a man widout any hade, Johnny said, I don know.

How old are you, Aunt Eliza? asked Mrs. Duben. Well, mam, I was a baby when dey druv de ship full of Afican niggahs out o Hampton, kais de quakah oman preach dey mus hab no mo slaves if dey be quakahs, an udder slave holders wa mad, kase slaves wa cheap an dey raise bettah niggahs in Soufhampton den eber wa bohn in Afica, an dey want no mo niggahs dat kaint wo'k no'h talk. I wa a baby den, an my mudder wa fwee den, and de quakahs mus leab dah homes an got nothin fo dem, dey noh dey chillon, but now de lumbah comp'ny sell de lan cheap. My son he got lan for a dollah an a half an acre, an sawed timbah for it. My cousin he got a thousand acres an I reckon he is rich, he cut logs for it all, an dey is plenty mo dat am rich. De woods is full of collad chillon, pigs, coons, possom an wile tuhkeys. Yes, mam, I feel mighty ole sometimes. I hev chillon above fifty ye'ah ole an some on em kin read, one kin write. I had ten but don know now whar dey be 'cept de las few.

They had tasted of all the different kinds of nuts grown on the plantation but did not think much of them, and the shells were so hard that they could scarcely break them, and they felt like they had got within a stone's throw of Africa.

Is it not horrible to think of, that the woods are full of such people and we cannot reach an open plain, or get away from among them? said Alma, looking back toward the servants' quarters. How would you like to be a missionary? asked her mother—I do not intend to break in their faith. I mean to turn some empty house into a private school to teach them how to work or think. Will you be one of the teachers? I know Mr. Krantz will help us. Yes, said he, I will do what I can, no one can do more. I do not propose to teach an ordinary school. No, it will be more like a kindergarten in the daytime, and a lyceum at night. My husband said that the men are barbarians and we must call them citizens of our republic, and be ruled by their vote, because they are nine to one white voter. O, the electoral college will look to that, said Mr. Krantz.

It rained a great deal, which delayed work for some time, and laborers had leisure to go to the bar-rooms and get drunk and fight. They all seemed to improve the opportunity as though it were as good as a theatrical play. The time seemed dreary enough those rainy days, but when it cleared up, there was plenty of work for both hands and head. A part of the cotton barn was ceiled in as a school room, and furnished, and heated by a log fire—the delight of the negroes. On Easter morning all were invited to come and celebrate the resurrection in their school-room at eight in the morning. Every one was glad in anticipation. The night before all had looked in, and seen only boards and chairs, while here and there designs of evergreens hung on the white walls. "What is it going to be anyhow?" said a young yellow girl. "A hop, I reckon," said another. "It is Sunday tomorrow. It's a temperance lecture," said a young man whose eye was covered with a dirty handkerchief. For weeks there had been boxes and barrels coming from the city, but no one found out what they contained. And Aunt Eliza had been relieved of much of her work by the arrival of a strong business-like looking white woman at the mansion. The Sunday school had been attended in the meanwhile by Miss Kendall, William

Alvin and Randolph Elliott, and once by some young people from Crystal Springs.

Easter morning dawned at last and the sun danced over a world of graves, making glad the heart of man. Everything was ready and the bell rang out on the clear air like a chime, and glad or puzzled and worried faces turned toward the room in the cotton barn. The door opened and strains of music came to meet them. The chancel was curtained off for the musicians and a colored man sat at the curtain. They thought he must be a preacher and bore themselves with respect. When all were seated the curtain was drawn aside revealing the doctor and Mrs. Duben. The doctor spoke to the men kindly, and said they had worked well and he wished to show that he appreciated it, by making the room and furnishing it, and hoped to find them there each night, to learn how to live and be an honor to their race. He then introduced the colored man as Professor Wood, who had come to help teach the men evenings, and the children in the day time. Mrs. Duben then addressed the women and said, "I have fitted up a work room in the packing house where I will help you to learn dress making and other womanly arts and ways of the world around us, and wish to meet you all there each day at three o'clock for one hour, bringing your knitting, sewing or uncut goods with you, beginning to morrow, send your little ones who can talk to Professor Wood here each morning at nine o'clock, and each evening at two o'clock, washed and dressed the best you can, and help to encourage them to learn and to obey the teacher and I shall ever remain your friend." The doctor and wife took their leave by bidding all a kind good morning. The professor was an educated Negro out of employment, and the doctor was his friend and educator. The professor was a married man and his wife was installed as house maid at the mansion, with private rooms at the packing house.

The mansion was decorated with ivy, violets, snow drops and daffodils. The hall was beautifully enlivened by potted plants of many kinds, lilies and oxalis, hyacinths, azalias and wistarias. Guests soon came and had lively

chats, songs and stories told by the old traveler until time to have Sunday-school when all went up to the hall. "The colored people had their first Sunday-school this morning, superintended by Professor Wood and wife, at the school room," said the doctor, "and they behaved remarkably well, so said our professor, and I hope for humanity's sake they will continue to do well. I have had my fears of bad conduct because of whisky, which flows so plentifully as long as they have the cash. I have told them what I think of it, and what my law is from today. I paid them all and told each one that if he went to the bar he would get no work from me, and I expected the whisky toper to leave my place by noon Monday—tomorrow I hope some of them will leave for good to the remainder." "There are many more than you need," said Mr. Krantz. "To be sure there are. If I had a half a dozen Northern men they would do the work of fifteen or twenty that I have had this winter."

There were a few visitors at Sunday school, which was opened by music and a chant of praise in concert.

PRAISE.

High Majesty, before Thee all life in nature bow,
Thy praise from all hearts and breaths proceed;
Infinite is Thy wisdom, power and honor,
Earth and heaven witness bear,—Thou art God.
Thee the sun its offering brings, its wealth of glorious
light,
Refreshing and delighting nature with its love;
Then the moon in peace with reverent smile before Thee
In night's holy calm, Thee all heaven's armies the same
reverence bear
In the worlds Thou wrotest Thy name, O God.

INVOCATION.

Father and Mother of Spirits, whom truly to know is eternal life—whose service is perfect freedom. Grant that we may rightly honor revelation from on high, and enlighten our minds to receive and apply the inner life of the Holy Word—and our thoughts be centered on the Infinite love. Amen.

The school voted by acclamation for a lesson in New Christianity by Mr. Krantz. He said: "It being Easter Sunday we will follow the old style and call it the resurrection. It is Divine Love rising like a sun in our minds—driving out hate and every evil, making our life light, with hope as a kind friend cheering us on our way. The love of the neighbor is what makes life worth living and with it comes the love of use, which brings contentment. They are greater and lesser lights like sun, moon and stars. We have more light in nature now and must have greater spiritual light. We can drop old dogmas and creeds and leave them in their graves while we go out into love's sunshine untrammelled by superstition. We need no 'isms' to hold to but walk in the light of love with Divine Truth as our compass and we will not lose our way on the highway of life, but find the beautiful haven at home, where our blessed affinities live. We need no theories. The book of nature and the book of life is but one, God-written book, whose characters correspond to the lives of men; whose dots are phenomena of nature. How beautiful are its illustrations—its forms how nobly executed—its coloring, how perfectly harmonious and lovely. In nature there is nothing lost, though flowers, leaves and fruits decay; all serve to enrich the soil for coming use. Time is the hand of God; it is ever working, creating, resurrecting—not that which has served, but an outgrowth from it, so from seed of the old church has come a new church in the soul of humanity. In it there is no sacrificial atonement nor bleeding wounds. God of New Christianity is life or love wisdom or truth itself. The esse or cause of all life is not seen with natural eyes only but with reason lighted by the love of good. The New Christianity is in the life and love of

each individual, corresponding with the story of the first born. A maiden's child spiritually illustrated. The good of humanity. The Divine Human. The Grand Man. Let me give you a word picture of the maiden church wedded to the giant superstition—protected by the State.

“As the lark soars on high, so soars the soul of the maiden,
As the nightingale sings so sang the innocent maiden,
As the sky in June, her eyes make the beholder glad.
October sun gives a mellow light, so her golden ringlets.
Like lilies of the valley, her brow had not a thought of
guile.

Like the rose, with fragrance and color all her own, her
cheeks,

Like the fruit of the meadow wet with morning dew,
Her lips, almost lost among lilies in valleys where they
grew,

But when home at eventide by the pleasant fire-side
Her cheerful voice is ever sweet and new.

“Once upon a time lived in the valley of Baalsberg a yeoman whose beautiful daughter tended her father's flocks on the hillsides. The sheep and goats loved her sweet voice as she sang her childish airs or when by inspiration poured forth anthems of praise, pure as from angel lips, for she knew of no evil. Year after year she walked by the pebbly brook or sat on some mossy bank singing of Jesus and His many kind deeds. There lived also at Baalsberg a giant, strong and great, whose home was a castle in the mountain side, and out from the castle came a spring of pure water flowing down the mountain-side till it reached the valley and there it rested and became a brook. The giant had many visitors who came to drink of the sparkling water of the spring, and he was contented to live and give with his golden bowl or silver goblet drink from a fountain so pure, but he was growing old and the sun shone too bright for his eyes, and strange sounds troubled his ears as he walked around his castle. Strains

of music and snatches of songs came to him on the breeze which made him feel lonely and sad; sometimes jealous and angry; but his moods were changing and he began to weep and as the sun shone on his tears as they fell they were converted into pearls—clear and sparkling as diamonds falling on the path where he walked and wept because of Jesus. Visitors gathered them and took them home—the more were carried, the more were there. But a long and tedious winter came and the shepherdess could not tend the flocks, and her voice was not heard. The giant rested and grew strong, great and wise, he conquered his aversion to the story—trained his eyes to see—his ears to hear the songs of Jesus. He built ships and sailed to lands where he became a great lord. Years went, and the giant learned to sing and though not like the maiden, it was well received by many for the golden censer, silver goblet, the sparkling water and precious gems were there; and there was also his friend in the white robe, silver spangled and trailing. The shepherdess was no longer a simple maiden, but wedded to the giant, strong and great. Her songs were beautiful—the music grand productions of art by great masters, but they became tiresome—the matron becomes mother of many children of different tastes. Household harmony is broken. The giant is dead, lying in state—not yet buried. The widow is lonely and sad, but takes some pride in her children. Though good, they cannot sing like the shepherdess on the hillsides. The gems are broken and lost, the golden censer is stolen, the silver goblet desecrated, but the water is clear at the fountain, and free to all. The sun of righteousness is rising and ere long we shall feel its heat and see the glory on the firmament of mind. The man must obey the law of nature. The child comes without a will and leaves without will, but the good in that soul lives—it cannot die. Death is spirit birth; perfectly natural is the resurrection if we can take it naturally as the sun warms the earth in spring and resurrects the leaves and flowers to life, but when the autumn of our summer comes and takes us—where shall we bloom again? When we have fulfilled our mission—served our

day and generation to the best of our ability—we must leave the future to whom it belongs.

“What is the use of theories opposed to reason? We must lay aside heathenish ideas such as sacrifices for sin, or future endless punishment. God could not die, nor could His son die for sin. It would be a great injustice. What restraining influence has the doctrine of endless punishment had on the ages past? Let us see. The Jews were firm believers in that doctrine in Christ’s time. Yet Josephus says: ‘I cannot say it without regret, but I must declare as my opinion that if the Romans had delayed to come against the wretches, the city would have been swallowed up by earthquake, or overwhelmed by a deluge, or consumed by fire from heaven for it produced a generation more wicked than those who suffered such calamities.’ The Jews could not have been worse with no code or religion at all.

See Paul’s description of both Jews and gentiles in his time. There is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that understandeth; none that seeketh after God. Their throat is an open sepulchre. Their tongues use deceit, the poison of asps is under their lips; their mouths are full of cursing and bitterness; their feet swift to shed blood, destruction and misery is in their ways and the way of peace they have not known, and there is no fear of God before their eyes. The Buddhist believes in endless punishment in four states of misery appropriate to the most atrocious crimes and lesser hells for smaller evils such as drunkenness, false witness, scandal and common liars. Theirs is a system of reward and punishment without relenting or pardon—without hope for the guilty. The Burmans ought to be good if the doctrine could have power to restrain them or check presumptuous transgression—it has had no such results. It has made them cruel, blood-thirsty and low-lived in every way, and a nation of liars. There is no worse hell nor worse people than the Burmans with all their splendid laws and religion.

There is no land on the face of the earth whose people are morally so good and happy as in the United States of North America; the result of religious freedom. There are

hundreds of thousands who like myself admire and love the teachings of Christ and the church so far as consistent with reason and natural sciences; who are repulsed by the vain glorying and pharisaism of sermonizing and repetitions of prayers. O, consistency thou art a jewel!

Geneva, Switzerland, is a most enchanting place. Its beautiful lake in whose waters one can see fish sporting at a depth of twenty feet; flecked here and there by pleasure boats conveying young people to charming retreats on islands where fruit and flowers and cool shady bowers abound. A swift flowing river of ice water pouring into the city bringing refreshment to all. Snow capped mountains in the distance towering to the clouds. A grand place to adore nature and worship God. The scenery lends inspiration; atmosphere is exhilarating, time flits by with joyous steps; life is poetry, existence a boon for which to render heartfelt thanks. John Calvin lived here twenty-one years, the house was pointed out to me. Faral, who had been the means of driving Romanism from the city, gave him shelter. Then Calvin grew haughty and treated his enemies worse than they had treated him. A few years later he issued a decree which caused his friend Michael Servetus to be burned at the stake. For years did Calvin preach extreme puritanism—and caused them to carry long faces showing the fear of hell—trying to renounce amusement, reason and the devil, yet today the churches are empty; theaters full. Instead of Sunday-school is picnic. Instead of prayer-meeting is beer gardens—in lieu of solemnity is open shops and business. Whether it is modern infidelity or moral looseness of the present age; the doctrine of Calvin is supreme cause, I fear the reaction here will be as great in some places as in Geneva. Suppose he had used his wonderful gift of oratory and eloquence founding a church on the eternal principle of doing right for the love of right—saying: let us devote one day in seven to subjects that affect our highest good, learning how to live, hope and worship, because these things increase our happiness, making us better, truer, nobler men. If he had appealed to their reason, judgment, or conscience, do you think there would today have been any trace of his

work? The great drawback to American Christianity is the notion that any tramp or scoundrel by some miracle of grace can get a passport to heaven without going the old beaten narrow way of fidelity to every duty of life. Public morality is being undermined by the sham work of well meaning often pious men and women who consciously would not cheat anybody but do not stop to think that to do a work for which they are not competent is a dangerous form of swindling. Let us have no sham in work or religion—but plant honor so firmly in the soil of our natures that it may bear the glorious fruit of righteousness in our every day transactions with our fellow mortals. The word of God or the good word of today is—Educate yourselves into that intelligence, accuracy, and fidelity of mind which shall make you capable of doing honest skillful work—without which our Republic is but an abyss of bankruptcy and destruction. Theories, like fog, has blown away, and things are seen more clearly. Principle, religion and morality are receiving new coloring from a liberal age.

Let no reckless scheming or furious driving on the highway of life cripple your divine manhood. Keep your soul pure, your honor sacred, rather suffer reproach or sacrifice all things temporal than lose your good name. Priest craft took the life of Jesus Christ because he said God is our father—but his immortal manhood is living yet. Lincoln lost his life because some hated his honesty or envied his great life, but that goodness is still living. God is good, or good is God. That principle has always dwelt in the human race, it does not affect the dead but those who live and love the principle for which so many bled and died; it is that which make us grow to a nobler stature; perfected man rises out of the grave of superstition into the light of truth and love.

It is said the bread of life is love, its salt is labor, its sweetness is poetry, its water honesty. No matter how poor we are in material good, we may be rich in that which sustains spiritual life; and love being infinite as God, how then can we ever go hungering after that life sustaining bread? God is that bread, and no man can take it from us. No mat-

ter what new theories may arise among men, they cannot affect that life giving and sustaining principle. Then why seek we that which sustaineth not? Our character is a book whose pages should have no blot. God provided us with it, and gave us the necessary instructions cut into the tablets of the mind. If we break the least of the precepts engraved there, we lose self-respect, and even if others forgive us, we can never forgive ourselves as long as reason and memory lasts. Is not that punishment enough? Every evil deed is followed by its own punishment. When infinite good is our sustenance we must sometime become good and pure. If we believe in that sustaining providence, we must have faith in ourselves, for we cannot get outside of that providence though we are at liberty to wander at will through life, and when our journey is ended that provident care will guide our spirits to the source from which we came.

The sunshine, wind and rain keep up a perpetual service in which the wise man hears the voice, and sees the veiled face of the Almighty. Such need no human language to teach him there is a God. The soul feels the presence of the great I Am. Theories are to him vain babblings as prattle of babes—yet he listens and smiles as if saying—children are to be loved and protected from evil associations; but the mind must have time to grow before they can be taught the wisdom of sages; the letters and figures are enough for them until they have grown. They need the milk of human sympathy and love, but when they come home after the victorious battle of life, they are more refreshed by the bread and wine which the king of Salem will bring them. Then in the cool of life's day, they will dwell in peace in the garden they have helped dress and keep, and eat of the fruit it brings.

Mr. Krantz sat down, and all came and thanked him. Then followed hand-shaking and chatters, good-byes and farewells.

One day while waiting for his company to get ready to ride out, William Alvin went up to Mr. Krantz's room and conversed on common every day topics, among them are some worthy our notice. William began thus—I know you

have noticed a change in the manner and bearing of our neighbor. I think Randolph is in love, and it is making a man of our clown. I have noticed it sometimes before when Delia has been with us but now it has become habitual. I have found him studying when I have been there mornings, and saw a work on political economy on the table, and newspapers, "a thing rarely seen there before." He used to spend much time at Crystal Springs, but now he has no time to spend, and the colored people say he has got religion and plays hymn tunes on his violin—he has no whiskey in the keg and no apple jack for them,—but added the negro—he is a gemmen all the same. I think his farm looks better already; he has made new fences all around this winter. I heard you have been visiting him; what do you think of it? I wish, said Mr. Krantz, that there was plenty such good material to build men of, "then the South would eventually catch up with the North in every branch of science," but such seem to be few. Love is a good artist or sculptor, it chisels off the roughness and soon begins the polishing until it becomes as near like the model as possible, and then it watches for signs of approbation—and then it looks for admiration. Thus it works, watches and waits and it seldom fails of its object. Yes, I think love perfects the man. True love is divine, it emanates from the source of life. Then you think he loves Delia and will win her? Yes, if nothing comes to mar the picture which is forming on life's easel by the hand of Time. True matches are made in heaven. Yes, my dear boy, your neighbor and friend is growing in mind and culture more than I could realize until I had been his guest, for we cannot see all; we learn by association how far the mind has progressed, said Mr. Krantz. Randolph Elliott has always been kind, though odd or eccentric, but he is improving immensely; such men are few in any country now. I believe many of our best, if not the most brilliant men fell in the late war,—a needless sacrifice, said William. Yes, answered the old gentleman. It was a great loss of noble characters to the world or society here, but a gain of new spirit power in the realm of the unseen. It is all right in the hand that guides the destinies of nations.

The party was ready and called, and William bid good day to his old friend.

Delia Kendall had many friends and relatives in New England, but none of them were so dear to her as her mother's schoolmate and intimate friend; Mrs. Alvin seemed like a mother and Delia made her a confidant and adviser in business interests, as well as her likes and dislikes, and love is now beginning to be a topic of conversation. We will try to give her words as near as possible.

I did not think when I saw Randolph Elliott five years ago that he would change as he has done. I could scarce understand what he said; he, like most Southerners, seemed to chop every word, some, either one end or the other, and rattle the sentences off so fast that I could not follow. Do you remember how he repeated rhymes at picnics and socials to create mirth? How he sang laughable songs and told ridiculous anecdotes; indulged in clownish acts to amuse the crowd? He has scarce time to seek places of amusement now, much less make rhymes for them. His manners how changed; he is not so sure of being amusing, quiet even dignified; dress so different; tobacco and he have dissolved partnership he said the other day. Yes, said Mrs. Alvin, Randolph has changed much, mostly for you. I remember once when he was here, you said you would live and die an old centenarian maid rather than marry a man who was a slave to any foolish habit, and from that time I have watched him, and I know that he feels as though I know about his struggles on your account, but he has never mentioned self.

I have had offers of marriage North, where wealth and social position is far above my fondest dreams but I dare not accept where I can neither love nor respect because it would be a sin against my own life—my own conscience—and the happiness of the other party. I love freedom from household care, and I think I love my profession better than I could love husband, or children of my own, or to be bound to one place or to certain duties which others call pleasures of home. You think so now, said Mrs. Alvin, but a time will come when you like others will think otherwise. You

are living your best years now, you are nearing life's noon, soon you will see it. When you find a man that loves you so much that he can give up every indulgence, renounce every useless or foolish habit formed in childhood and never speak of it, never brag of it to anyone, when a man in middle life will change even his manners of speech and take to studying every art or science which can add grace or wisdom such as woman loves and admires in man; when you see how silently he waits for an approving smile or listens for the word—well done; waits years; then you will give him your love, yourself, you will never think of freedom from care or duties whatever they may be. It is natural that woman shall love, almost worship a good man. It is the same with man, he adores goodness in woman. I have known Randolph since he was a little child, I remember well when his young mother died, she was beautiful and good, she died of typhoid-malarial fever when the child was only a year old. She came of a good family, the Bartletts of Surry, you have heard of them. Robert Elliott was heart-broken when his wife was laid to rest in the cold clay under the shade of grand old oaks and beeches. He had promised to take good care of her child, his lovely boy, but he soon forgot everything among giddy headed young men in the city, carousing, and spending money gambling as long as there was any to spend. The overseer threatened to leave the place if he would not come home and help superintend and care for his child. In a few years he died while away from home, leaving an old aunt alone to bring up the child. The slaves meanwhile had become unruly, so she sold off most of them and paid the superintendent and took the care of the place herself. Randolph's mother had an unmarried sister; the old lady persuaded her to come and help bring up and educate the boy, and she did go there, and what education he ever received was of her. She was very precise, but good, pure and pious, but she died before he reached his majority during the civil war, and the old lady died a few years after the war ended. We went North and only came to visit once a year and then only for a few days. I

went in winter, but my husband in summer; we always went to see Randolph.

He told me that he never owned slaves, said Delia. That is so, said Mrs. Alvin, because he was not twenty-one years old until the proclamation of emancipation had become a law in our land. If slaves rejoiced in their freedom, so did he. He found his people only an expensive luxury that he could live without, but made them a feast and gave each one a share of what he had, and told them, Now you are free and you must live by your own labor, I cannot feed and clothe you any longer. I will try to plan some kind of work for you so you can have your own money to live upon; but they could not comprehend how things had turned, they were not ready to labor; they thought they could pick up their living somehow or get it from the freedmen's bureau, and many did, and it spoiled many a good servant.

Randolph was patient and kind to them and fulfilled his promises and those who are yet living there, love him as much as they can love anything, and some negroes are affectionate and faithful though not brilliant or smart. Yet they are human though of low degree in the scale of intellect,—they may progress and in ages to come perhaps they will pass and leave the white race behind.

Randolph is naturally cheerful as a summer morning when all the air is full of song; but lately he is too busy to be like himself.

After a pause Delia said—I received letters this morning from my music scholars saying they hope to see me there the fifteenth of June, bringing with me all the paint and pencils as we will then be ready for work until September. I love them all and shall be glad to go to work, but it is hard to leave you—harder than it has ever been since I began spending my winters here, but I must go, but shall not remain so long if it is possible to break away. The conversation was broken by the arrival of visitors, young people in the neighborhood who were preparing a wedding and want a parson to tie the golden bands, and his family as witnesses and guests. It was the first couple for several years, but as Mr. Alvin had kept up his license he could

officiate—and did a few days after, with satisfaction to all, and there was dancing and fun until morning. Randolph was there and someone asked him why he was a bachelor, and he said—give me a few minutes' time and I will tell both sides of the story. He left the room and everyone wondered what it would be, when he came in handing a piece of paper to the girl who had asked the question; at the same time asking if they were ready to hear why he was a bachelor. A roaring yes was the answer. He looked like a judge. Every eye was steadily gazing at him, some open-mouthed, when he began thus:

Ladies and gentlemen, I will give you my side of the story first; the girls next.

WHY AM I A BACHELOR?

At Crystal Springs there once did dwell
A pretty girl I loved so well;
That pretty girl I cannot wed
Till flowers bloom in the ocean's bed.
She promised me my wife to be
When I a Methodist would be,
But a Methodist I cannot be,
Till grasses grow in the dark blue sea.
She mocked my love, she mocked my tears.
Because of hell I had no fears.
For monstrous death I have no care
With hideous face and claws to scare.
When I lay me down to die
I care not through the air to fly,
O, bury me deep beneath the sod
When I am cold as any clod,
Plant neither stone or tree o'er me
That every passerby may see.
Let summer grasses o'er me grow
O'er me the winter storms and snow.
Sigh not for me, nor shed a tear,
Nor for my soul have a single fear.
Though a Methodist I cannot be
Till apples grow on a willow tree.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will give you the other side of the story.

At Tipsico there once did dwell
A farmer churl I loved too well.
That farmer churl I cannot wed
Till all the Methodists are dead.
He said that we should wedded be
When I a ninfidel would be.
But a ninfidel I cannot be
Till pork will grow in the dark blue sea.
He laughed to scorn my hopes, my fears,
And at religion often sneers,
Because for hades I have a care
And warn such sinners to beware.
But let him laugh and let him sneer
He'd stop it quick if death came near;
Because ninfidels as well as I
All fear to lay them down to die.
Plant neither corn or beans for me
For I will not be there to see
But roaming through the ether blue
Where no one cares for churls like you.
Turn not a sod or clod for me
That a certain bachelor might see.
Mourn not for me though you should hear
That I'm removed to a higher sphere,
An angel, I in heaven shall dwell
While you will surely go to hell.
Farewell, poor farmer, live at ease
Such foolish banter I now shall cease,
Though a ninfidel I cannot be
Till lemons grow on a burr oak tree.

There was a tremendous shout, or storm of applause, while he turned and seated himself by Mr. Alvin, who laughed heartily. After the noise had subsided, Mr. Alvin said, I hope they will learn the lesson you tried to teach; some may, the majority are too low down in the meadows

to see sunrise. They will have to begin moving to higher ground; most think it too much trouble, and feel secure where they have lived all their lives, and their fathers for generations before them, and died in peace. The crowd was grouping and talking low, Mr. Alvin looked at his watch; said it was time to go home, rose and prepared to depart, met the ladies in the hall ready—Mrs. Alvin, Delia and Alma each leaning on the arm of their escorts. Delia and Randolph started after the old folks who had a driver, who knew the road, and was used to the team, arriving at home an hour after starting, but the young people had loitered a quarter of an hour on the road, at which the hostler laughed. William and Alma had far to drive but it was moonlight until daybreak, which appeared in all its glory before they saw Maple Ridge. How the young people enjoyed the ride in the moonlight we know not, but what came of it; time will tell. Everyone was busy at Maple Ridge. The doctor and Mrs. Duben were out among the flowers, they came in and received them,—asking how they had enjoyed the wedding festivities, and told them to take a nap before they were too tired to sleep. William had too much to attend at home so he went to Mr. Krantz's room, where he threw himself on a lounge for he was sure of a welcome. In a few minutes he was asleep, and when Mr. Krantz came in from his morning walk in the woods he found his favorite asleep. William heard him and rose to greet the old gentleman—saying he had rested well and must soon start for home. Mr. Krantz said he had a journey to make and bade him a kind farewell. William was soon on the road home. Alma had slept a couple of hours when she was awakened by a ring at the doorbell, and she arose hastily and went to find out who the visitor could be as it was not often that the doorbell was heard. She heard voices in the parlor and entered. She found a man and his wife whom they had met with in their travels through Europe. They had come across advertisements and circulars representing Claremont Colony and someone there had told them of the doctor's family, and they were determined to find them. It was almost a hopeless task, said the woman; this is the fourth day we have traveled and slept in huts in

the wilderness nights, where one must watch while the other slept, who would have thought that a country like this should have been abandoned by its people. Do you expect to buy land and settle in Claremont? asked Alma. O, no; but if we could find a place like this at a reasonable price we might make ourselves at home; pray how did you find such a place, doctor? said the woman. I saw an advertisement in a newspaper and wrote to the agent and next I went to see it, and paid the price, and here we are; but the place is not as I found it. It is as I have made it; what I have put on it in improvement is more than the first cost, and who knows if it will ever give any returns?

I am anxious to find a way out of the wilderness to the river, said the man. I think I am too old to clear a farm anywhere. The doctor persuaded them to stay and rest, and said he would send a man to show them the way to the boat landing next day. On the day following Mr. Krantz bid them farewell with a promise to return in October—and write often. It seemed lonesome for the doctor after his friend had gone, and he said it would not seem bad to have summer as well as winter boarders in such a retired place if they were congenial.

The colored people had attended the school as much as they could every week, and some learned fast; others could not turn their hands to do any fine work. The children's school was well attended and the lightest colored children were more precocious than the pure black, but all are hopeful and happy. They all missed Mr. Krantz, he visited the school every day and spoke encouragingly to them about the future of their race. Some of the men have gone to the city to work, leaving their families there, and some of them would have suffered from want if the Dubens had not taken pity on them, and bought their game and paid for any little service whether needed or not.

The doctor attended services at Crystal Springs Sunday mornings not because he was edified but to see in what condition the people seemed to be physically, mentally and morally, and reports a poverty-stricken condition every way you take them. The Sunday-school at the hall is only at-

tended by a few, mostly to spy for something to gossip about, not to learn anything. Miss Delia Kendall came and spent several days with the Dubens to bid them farewell, and Randolph Elliott came after her, spending one day at Maple Ridge, having great sport fishing and hunting and telling stories of war times till late at night. Next morning the young people went to see Delia to the boat.

Everything was quiet at Maple Ridge until the 24th of June. Doctor Duben loved to celebrate that day and called it Balder for the god of virtue, the son of Odin and Fredja, the younger brother of Thor. The doctor invited everyone to come and have a good time. Everything had been done to make it pleasant and convenient for picnickers, and a great stack of pine knots ready to fire when it should become dark. A string band played Scandinavian airs and dancing was indulged in on the grand porch, which had been festooned with leaves like a bower. A speaker's stand had been built on the hill above the springs under the shade of grand beeches and maples, and the young men had been practicing for a week making speeches, and Professor Wood served as marshal and usher, program in hand, dressed in a fine Scandinavian uniform.

The spring house had been converted into a rosy bower. The doctor having procured of some florist an ever-blooming rose vine of large size and planting it as soon as the house was finished in the autumn, being in full bloom its fragrance perfumed the air to the speaker's stand like an odor of paradise. The organ had been taken down from the hall and a bower of leaves built around it, hiding it and the string band completely; and the subdued sounds of music from the pyramid of leaves was most enchanting. The seats were not boards, but chairs from the school rooms, or sacks filled with new mown hay, and many new bee boxes and sawed off lime or flour barrels turned into seats cushioned with pine or cedar, luxuriant and sweet. It was a most beautiful day, and some people came early for a full share of fun, but many lost the best part of the day, and some did not arrive until the literary exercises were over and the dinner eaten and cleared away. The crowd was

a picture never to be forgotten, but no language can give half the expression or color needed to portray it, for it had many more shades than the rainbow, and acts more laugh-provoking than any circus; because of unconscious actors in the play.

The speeches are worthy to have a place here. The great bell rang at 1:30 o'clock and the crowd in the porch became quiet, violins were laid in the cases and ladies disappeared through the door into the house for hats, wraps or fans, and young men for their hats, meanwhile the colored folk came out from the schoolroom where they also had been dancing; but now following their leader, all gay and chattering like birds, and when they came to the mansion they played and sang Dixie, serenading the family, and the crowd. The doctor went out and thanked them. All being ready, they went down together, glad to be there; and when they came near the stand they heard the most lovely strains of music from the bower. Some joined in with the music—America, My Country 'Tis of Thee. After the echoes had died away in the tree tops, Professor Wood rose and recited Whittier's poem, "Barefoot Boy," in a very appropriate and pleasing manner; as soon as his voice ceased, the richest melody came from behind the leaves of the bower and every heart if not every throat echoed the "Star Spangled Banner," and many eyes looked at it as it waved high over the bower in the bright summer sunshine. The next gentleman who spoke was our friend, the Southern farmer, a man about forty years old, of medium height, strong and well favored but not handsome, beautiful eyes lit up his countenance making him a pleasant object to look at, he bowed gracefully to the audience and spoke as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, I love to think on subjects of mystery, and love to talk about them also. It is not easy to find pleasant topics to speak upon; one person thinks one is pleasant while another person thinks some other topic better or more profitable, each having a right to think as he pleases. I never thought of studying the art of making speeches in public, but if it is possible to amuse and at the same time help to elevate the moral tone of society, I am willing to

try. If I speak of religion someone will feel hurt. If I speak of fashion I will be sure to fill someone's superstitious bonnet with chips—as a little girl once said she would do with a Quaker bonnet. If I talk on temperance I fear I shall hit the brick in some gentleman's plush hat. If I adopt politics as a theme some gentleman will say I am meddling with other people's business. Wherever I look for a smooth path to tread, there are rocks, stumps, shrubs, herbs, or tender fragrant flowers, that may be crushed by my clumsy tread. I will therefore call it superstition. The Greeks and Scandinavians had men and women gods whom they worshiped while they lived, because they were heroes or heroines, having been more brave in battle than their more humble brothers or sisters; common people worshiped, while priests rejoiced at the presents they brought; the educated few laughed in their sleeves. Certain planets were the homes of their gods. Brave warriors became great generals in the skies, and rode in the chariots of the gods, and were often sent to slay cowards with thunderbolts. Man's bright servant science has taken from the gods the thunderbolts and made them serve society better than all the post boys or carrier doves have ever done since Noah's time, for the electric spark freighted with love or hate, or matters of state, flashes over continents and under the seas.

Every virtue had its god or goddess. The god of harvest and the god of storms were feared and prayed to the most. Sight loving science has taken sand and other small materials and with them created lenses by which we explore the starry realms of heaven. Kind hearted science has taken the tears of unpaid labor; converted them to steam, and with them turns countless wheels of toil.

Some nations worshiped elephants, crocodiles, serpents and even calves. Some worshiped the sun as man god, moon as woman god, and the stars as their growing children. The Hebrew patriarchs wanted something better, so they invented a speaking oracle consisting of a certain number of men of unblemished character, consecrated and sworn into office, and if they did not do what was expected of them they were put to death. Those men as a body con-

stituted an infallibility, their decree was the word of God and no one dared disregard that word for many centuries. Nineteen hundred years ago people had outgrown their priestly government, had lost faith in prophecy and needed a radical reform and after a great struggle it came and had a woman in it. She has been the mother of God for many centuries. She is yet the mother of God in the mind of every orthodox Christian, and she will continue to be the mother of God until the mind of mankind has outgrown its god woman. Perhaps it is necessary to have such an ethereal model to help man to keep up the old style of godman who could climb on a column of smoke to heaven and sit looking down on the poor deluded apes on this rolling ball. O, how many martyrs' spirits has gone up in smoke for the damnable theory. Superstition has held mankind in his grasp long enough, casting his revolting shadow on the pages of history; shutting out the sunshine of love and hope from the mind, checking progress and enlightenment,—it is still retarding the development of great truths in our minds today.

Let me illustrate my theory with a true story which runs thus:

Once upon a time in a famous land lived a great and noble king whose countenance was fair to look upon, his form was perfect, a cubit higher than all other men of his nation. He was loved by his people because he was good. He was blessed with many sons which were an honor to him because they were brave and good. The king was proud of them because they were noble looking youths, but some of them had more thumbs than they needed; this when known created a great sensation, many people flocked to the palace to see princes who had extra thumbs. The priests found it out and fearing the people would think the princes were gods, they forbid them entrance, detectives were sent all over the kingdom to search out all who had fingers or toes different from common people and all were brought to the priests. While the ceremony of amputation was going on, a band of Scythians came onto them with great noise. The Scythians seeing a most extraordinary looking young

man standing there, they beckoned to him, and he escaped with his extra thumbs and toes. The young man journeyed with them that day and no one noticed anything unnatural about him, but as night came on they camped, kindled a fire to warm by, for the night was chilly, one and another went to warm themselves; after a while came also the prince in royal dignity though a prisoner or captive among barbarians, for he was a willing captive. The night was dark; around the fire stood, sat or lay small yellow skinned squint eyed, black haired men, bare headed, bare footed. Now was his time. All eyes turn to the stranger who holds out his hands to the heat; the fire lighting up his beautiful face; he seems not to know that anyone is looking at him. All are silent, he breaks it with a song. From the moment his voice was heard he became their god, they loved, feared, and worshiped that grand piece of humanity, while he learned their language led their armies, but neither loved them nor their ways. After a time he abandoned them and after years of travel came to people who had no written language but had a musical tongue; he helped them to form words by characters called runes. He became prophet, priest and king, he married a remarkable woman who bore him two sons: the eldest loved war, but the younger loved all good and beautiful things in heaven and earth, and in the hearts of his people. The sons were brave and great but their mother was most lovely, for she was the goddess of peace. When these gods were tired of life they cut runes in their own hearts and leaped into a fire prepared for that purpose and on the column of smoke ascended to the stars.

This story has been a god story for hundreds of years but to us it is scarcely a giant story. We have our gods and political giants. Look at the United States of North America, have we not heroes; moral and political giants; do we not worship them? We have a day set apart for hero worship; who can say it is not a beautiful and impressive ceremony? Look at Great Britain with her grand old man steering the ship of state. Look at Germany with her heroes and giant; who but a giant could join those principalities into an empire—but a grand masterpiece of humanity. Who will cut his extra thumbs off but the sword of time? The whole

protestant world has been hacking at the religious giant for many decades, though some of his thumbs are mutilated they have not yet been able to cut his extra toes off. We have been trying to cut the ears off from a certain class of dwarfs because they do not bow to our crucifix, while we are stretching on another, to get them to the full stature of enlightened manhood.

With a graceful bow to the audience he descended from the stand amid a storm of applause.

The next speaker was Mrs. Alvin. She began thus:

Gentlemen and ladies, I wish to talk to you about a subject called moral and social reform. It is not a reform in food and drink so much needed, but mentally, morally, and spiritually; every faculty of the mind needs awakening to a higher aim in life than merely to gratify appetite or vanity. How much have we done to make some one happy? Have we improved every opportunity in making home a little Eden? Have we let into it the sunshine of love, never clouding its atmosphere with our selfishness? Let us in every day life strive to be true to ourselves, respectful to others and obedient to God. Let us not associate with evil but with all our might try to overcome it in our selves first, and then in all humility help others to form their characters by what they have seen in real life, serving as guardian angels along life's pathway. Now, girls, I wish to speak a few words to you. Don't waste your time, make the most you can of it, use all the power you possess while you have youth and health; your mirth, gaiety and happiness is not to be wasted but to use, though you cannot influence politics or solve social problems or lead by your witticisms or criticisms. In the home circle, you are as much account as the rest. If you can help your parents to build up good characters in the family, influencing your brothers against loafing aimless lives, you may touch more people for good than many a congressman has done in the longest session. I know you think it a hopeless task; you think they do not care what you say; that is so, if you indulge in any useless or silly habits, you can live happier and longer without forming such habits. If you have become a slave to any,

break the fetters and save to the world a free, a useful life. Study the laws of nature; human nature, that knowledge will help you every day of your life, performing miracles for you, win for you friends and drive enemies away. Be sociable, read only good books, learn to sing only good songs, such things tend to elevate the moral tone of the mind. Many a woman has saved men from a drunkard's grave by making home attractive, many girls can do the same. Try it, girls, and you will have your reward. Take my advice. Decline attention from young men whose breath smells of alcohol or tobacco.

Boys, let me talk to you; I know you like two things: To have a good time, and plenty of money. Some people say money is the root of all evil, but we can use it for good or evil when we have it. The farmer though he feeds the city with bread and meat, yet he must have it, we must all have it, and to appreciate its value we must earn it; everything can be bought with it but health or life; they are priceless gifts. If you want a high place in church or anywhere, give money; but it will not make you wise or great without study and observation. Let no one lead you astray, be truthful, honest, and temperate and sometime you will be great, good and happy men.

Young men, you who are in active life, enrich yourselves with treasures from the past to prepare for what the future may bring. Let history teach you, carry you far beyond the bounds with which locality or prejudice has surrounded you. Don't spend your leisure moments in idleness or worse, but study some useful science or art by which you may serve or please yourself as well as others. If you have the means to get education, do not delay, but prepare to serve your country or humanity to the best of your abilities. Build up your manhood on a firm foundation of truth, honesty, purity, and temperance; whatever may happen in the future to mar your happiness you will have the consolation that you have done everything for the best, never having lowered yourself before others nor before your own conscience. Happy is the man or woman whose conscience never points the finger of shame to any folly in the past.

As Mrs. Alvin stepped down from the stand, the sweet notes of "Home, Sweet Home" came out from behind the leaves, and just when the last tones died away there stood handsome William Alvin. It seemed as though there was a smile on every face, when he said, Friends, let me tell you of

MY OLD NEIGHBOR.

I had a neighbor once on a time
Who caused me to tell of his troubles in rhyme.
He said: I am tired of working day after day
And walking the furrows for so little pay.
My peanuts are empty, cotton is poor,
Corn is but nubbins, apples rot at the core.
And not a potato worthy to store.
The buildings are leaky, fences blown down;
I'm the unluckiest man out of the town.
Ground's too poor, 't won't pay me to stay.
I'll sell the old place for very small pay.
Away will I travel some fine summer day.
There is rich land plenty out in the West,
Why till poor soil when I can get the best?
My cattle are starving, my children ill clad,
My wife often tells me she fears she'll go mad,
Cares are so many, and society bad.
Farewell, old trees, swamps and decaying stumps,
I must leave you ere my boys become tramps.
Thus spake my neighbor in so sad a voice
I desired to help him by giving advice,
Told him he'd better make the place nice
And thereby sell for a greater price.
Said he: I've no time for such a test,
I'm bound to go right off to the West.
I'll sell you the home at a very low rate
And try my luck in a newer State.
I took his offer, moved onto the farm,
Rolled up my breeches and bared my arm.
Cleared up the rubbish off from the ground,
Rooted it up, and plowed it all down,
Sowed my wheat and planted my corn,

Built up fences and repaired the old barn.
Done my best to improve the old farm.
Years sped by and I am well paid
For time, muscle, care and the spade.
Here is fruit, vegetables, meat, bread and wine;
As many comforts as though I owned a mine.

One day while resting at noon I heard
A noise outside, I thought it a bird;
Looking out, I saw my old neighbor,
Pale, bent, shabbily clothed as never before.
Friendless, shivering, outside of my door.
Come in, I said, you are hungry and tired;
Have dinner, rest and warm by the fire.
Dew stood in his eyes; he bowed his head,
Hiding ashamed, the tears which he shed.
I held my peace, for it stirred my soul
To see, filled to the rim, grim sorrows bowl.
Next day I asked, Your family, are they like Job's?
He said, Wife rests under the prairie sods;
Boys, to manhood grown, cowboys by name.
Girls married to men of similar fame.
Did you find rich land out in the West
That pays you amply for making tests?
Plenty rich land out in the West
But I think the old home as good as the best.
'Tis the soil of the mind of man that makes
Home in the richest land poor, or the poorest land rich,
I belong with the first and am down in the ditch.

The applause seemed to shake the trees. As soon as any sound could be heard, the doctor told them they were all welcome to go into the spring house and get a cool lemon drink, and everyone was served; when the dinner bell rang and all went to find their baskets and pails, feed and water their critters, which baffle description. The colored people had their dinner under a great pecan tree close to the school house, while the white folk had theirs in the vine-covered porch on the back of the mansion. The doctor was a temperance man so there was neither beer, wine or cider to ex-

cite anyone to do or say things to be ashamed of in the future, but there were persons coming up toward the mansion all the time in the afternoon which showed in more than one way that they had partaken freely of something poisonous to the mind if not to physical life. There was no one hurt, but there were too many foolish colloquies and villainous speeches to be taken pleasantly even in such a cool, peaceful retreat. After the tables were taken away the musicians took their places inside the hall door, leaving the whole porch for the dancers. It was something new for the doctor to look at, as he had never taken time to look at such sport; his life had been too much occupied with something more substantial and useful. Mrs. Duben had been taught that such sport was sinful and had never indulged in it, and Alma, though she had been taught dancing as exercise at school, was not fond of it, but if you had seen how gracefully she glided through the mazes of dancing of every kind known in civilized countries, you would have thought she was enjoying it, and so would anyone having a partner like William Alvin.

Did you ever see a pair of swans on a deep pond among a large flock of geese? All were happy, even the doctor's face looked younger, sitting under the great mulberry tree looking at the revolving little spheres, as he called them. The tones of the violins were subdued to a soft sweet harmony by being placed in the lofty hall. The wind blew into the porch cool and sweet, dancing through the hall, lifting hats and switching the white wall with linen dust coats; it played with the little girls' curls and had no respect for ladies' coiffures—some became more becoming, while some caused peals of laughter by grotesqueness. The gentlemen smiled as though nothing had happened, until strings broke and the music ceased, and the dancers strolled out among the trees and in the flower garden; some went to see the colored people dance, some went to the place where the bower had been, but nothing but the flagpole remained. Lanterns were being hung in the trees while the sun was sinking in a sea of woods. Just then the bell rang and when they came to the porch, they were all treated to cake and apples. Some had gone home and others were hitching their critters to

their "kearts"; but as they saw the colored people toting empty barrels out in a lot where grubbing had been done, the ground smoothed and sown in grass, in the center of which was a huge stack of brush and roots. The barrels were put on top to form a pyramid and oil was poured on all with a great tree sprayer or sprinkler, the pile was lighted by the use of a long pole with blazing rags on the end. The pole was carried by a large intelligent looking colored man, and in a moment the whole great heap was a pyramid of light. There were shouts and hand-clapping, chattering, hooting and howling more barbaric than anything a civilized person can imagine. One man said he did not believe that all the devils in hell could make such horrible noise if they tried to all eternity. Many looked on in silence until it was nearly all coals, hot and red, when a dozen black imps in white horned turbans and white breechcloths ran around the fire in a confused or wild way, yelling and singing, no one knew what. But their fun did not last long; when one looked away toward the woods there seemed to rise out of the earth a white spectre whose eyes were like glowing coals. With an ear-splitting yell the black imps ran to the nearest house and the spectre collapsed. Everybody laughed and went home.

The lanterns were taken down, and each one was tired enough to go to sleep. Among the colored people the picnic was talked about for months. The Alvins remained till morning. No one had seen Randolph since sundown and he had not bid farewell to them; what can be the trouble? I can tell you, said his voice from the library door. I always keep good company. I am glad the fiddle strings broke. I have had a glorious time among sheepskin-coated philosophers. I have had but few such spirit communions. The young men went up to Mr. Krantz's room and slept till morning. The two young farmers started for home early to start the work, but the old folks lingered to have a pleasant chat, but the race troubles always came in to cast gloom over their pleasant anticipations. The questions were ever crowding themselves in. What can we do to better the conditions of the colored

people, mentally, morally and financially? None could be sure of a right way to begin such enterprise as seemed necessary.

MRS. ALVIN'S LETTER TO MISS DELIA KENDALL.

Glenwood Farm, July 21st, 18—.

My Dear Young Friend:

I often think I hear your voice clear and distinct, and when I am about to speak I remember you are not here; but I am glad that I can speak to you with the pen. I speak freely as though you were my child. I often wonder how the world treats you. I know not what your environments are. It matters little if in health and among friends. If we mind the light within the soul we cannot go far astray. How thankful we should be that walls do not inclose the holy of holies from us; it is as free as the air we breathe, the light we enjoy. How thankful that our spirit was placed in a rich garden, which we should cultivate to the best of our abilities, and live by the fruit it brings! It matters not if our garden is laid out like others, whether we have the same names for implements used or for the different kinds of fruits. If the quality is good and quantity sufficient we fear not that we will be cast out as unprofitable servants when the day of reckoning comes. When we have drunk from the fount of good, worked and rested in the light of love, we see no angel but to bless and guide. Then may we rest in some sunny spot looking into the garden we have tended and behold every virtue we have firmly planted and cultivated is blooming and bearing glorious fruit. Dear young friend, I am glad your lot is cast in pleasant places where you have freedom of thought and speech. Be thankful for and careful to preserve your voice; it is a rich gift. We fancy we can judge of character by the voice; a subdued musical voice indicates refinement. It is a pleasure in social circles or in the sanctuary of home. It cheers the weary husband and soothes the fretful child—a comfort to the sick and

sorrowing. As the nightingale sings because its little heart is full of love; so let your soul pour forth its melody. I have seen brilliant lights extinguished by carelessness, while lesser ones have grown brighter with care.

Our health is good. Weather fine. William's crops look well. The servants seem happy.

I presume Alma or Randolph has told you of our very pleasant lawn party at Maple Ridge the 24th. I wished you had been there that day to see and hear Randolph speak; he did nobly. Mr. Alvin was much surprised at the style, wit and grace manifested.

The doctor is doing good work for temperance, and in many other ways casting bread upon the waters. Mrs. Duben has helped several colored families off to friends in the north who needed servants, and their school is doing much good in a moral way if not in printed language. The children are learning well they say. One of the bar-rooms has been closed for want of customers, and there is talk of a protracted meeting among the colored Baptists. I hope it will result in a radical reform, and not as has been before, a week of folly and feasting.

I hope to hear from you soon, that you are in health and enjoying the society of congenial friends. With best wishes from all, and much love from your friend,

MARTHA ALVIN.

The doctor attended meeting to get acquainted. At Crystal Springs was a revival of religion and a number of converts joined the church. The ministration was M. F. South. Among the converts was the widow of a lately deceased barkeeper who drank himself to death, and had started several young men and boys on the road to fill drunkards' graves, and could not turn, neither could the widow give up her cups or other evil habits, but became a stumbling block to many on the road toward church religion. The ministers, too, are stumbling blocks in the way of intellectual progress, being bigoted or dogmatic, ignorant egoists. I was speaking to one of them about the state of society in or out of church. He said: "They do not

want to know anything. There are not more than a dozen persons who come to church that know how to write their names, nor over twenty who can read, nor do they care to educate their children. There are but few highly educated families' names on our church book. They seldom attend meetings. I suppose they think they know more than the church can teach them. The church is for the poor and uneducated who put their trust in God and not in their own wisdom to take them to heaven when they die. It is well enough to be wise in this world but it is foolishness before God."

Be ye perfect even as your father which is in heaven is perfect, said the doctor. The new church is a school master and is bound to teach. It cannot help it. God is wisdom, love and truth, only apparent to men and angels. Human life in its perfection is only the cradle of the God-life, but let us not lower it, let us not wrap it in swaddling cloths, but give room for the God-child. Let it grow in the heart of every human life and we will not wait for heaven until after this mortal body is laid in the earth, for in this flesh we shall see and praise God. It is the duty of every human life to keep a room in the mind for those royal guests, wisdom, love and truth. They are the wise men who will bring us gold, incense and myrrh, happiness, hope and peace. Heaven comes to us when the temple is ready for it. When the will has become contented with good and truth, justice and mercy as our ministers. Charity our angel messengers heaven is then within.

"I do not understand your theory," said the minister.

It is not theory. It is a science of correspondences or likenesses between natural and spiritual things, and language, allegorically or metaphorically employed to express spiritual ideas. The Bible is full of it, but the church is so old that it can neither see nor hear—how can it understand? But there is a spiritual church growing within the material church that understands and rejoices in the risen Christ, the perfected man; not born of sin but of a love of life, a natural good, to be regenerated by love and wisdom into a spiritual-being within the natural man, like the seed for

future growth lies imbedded in the innermost cells of the apple. Earth must nourish it first hidden within itself until it is warmed and fed by sun and rain to burst forth its sprout, and in time it becomes a tree ready to bear more perfect fruit; so one church is the outgrowth from another. But humanity can see and understand, even before the tree is grown that it will be a more vigorous and beautiful tree than its predecessor.

The doctor invited two of the preachers to spend the night with him, at the close of the meetings, and he made them feel their welcome. He took them up to the hall—showing them their Sunday work and telling them of the school for colored children. Alma played and sang a favorite song, and the next morning Mrs. Duben told a preacher story of true western life, which caused quite a laugh. I think it worthy a place in this narrative of rural life. The story began thus:

Many years ago when I was a child we lived on the stage road and kept travelers. One Saturday two large men stopped to dinner. One of them was the famous revivalist and camp meeting poet, Mr. Woolecroft. The other was a Universalist missionary. I have forgotten his name. After dinner all went out to see to their horses except Mr. Woolecroft, who had left his in the care of the hostler, and remained in the house studying about the next day's sermon. Suddenly the outside dining room door opened and the great Scotchman stood there. Seeing only me he said Lassie, where is the big mon with the great voice? Do you mean Mr. Woolecroft? said I. Yes, Wool-his-croft if tha want to, said he. I opened the sitting room door and he said that is the mon. Mr. Woolecroft rose and asked what he could do for him. There was a twinkle of mischief in the corners of the Scotchman's eyes as he said, Sir, I ha longed to ask you some questions. Mr. Woolecroft said I am always ready to answer any question you or any one may put. First, sir, I hear you preach hell fire and scare women and weak minded men. Sir, when I was a child my father was a baker in the city of Glasgow, and the city employed watchmen. One of those watchmen was superstitious as some

men are; hearing an owl hoot it filled his soul with fear; he looked and saw a smoke from my father's bakery. Thinking it a conflagration he cried fire. It was just before daybreak, sir, and caused much trouble and inconvenience and the watchman lost his place. Now sir, you hear the owl of the dark ages howl, and have fears. Investigate the fire before you cry. It will soon be day and you will be ashamed of your fears. Did you see the fire, feel its heat, or smell it singe; if not, how dare you halloo fire? Next I would like to ken the name of the firm of clay moulders who worked the clay for the first artist who made the first sculpture of clay, and next the name of that artist's partner to whom he said, Let us make man in our own image or likeness, a very forgetful artist was he sir; after making one statue of clay and doing so well as to make it live, lost the knack of making more of the same kind of clay, but must disfigure the first to make the second? No wonder the serpent fooled him out of his statuary by learning them good and evil, and becoming human. Now sir, that was too micke, but I ha more respect for him who made them human sinners, whoever that mought be. No wonder he was jealous when they had reason, and he had not taught them. No wonder he cursed the serpent. I wonder he did na pull his ain hair and beard to make himself remember how he had been outwitted. Nature does a better job than that. It gives everything time to grow, and gives circumstances orders to chisel off the rough spots and corners, and by and bye you may see the perfect man. I am coming to it now, sir. Everytime I go to church I hear the word godliness, and the fear of God, yet I know not what it is.

It is piety, said Mr. Woolescroft. Pray what is piety? said the Scot. A life consecrated to the service of God. What is the service of God? It is to pray, read the scriptures, be baptised, have faith in the blood of Christ, and partake of the sacrament. What is spiritual life and spiritual world? First a state of existence after and a place where spirits live after death. What is supernatural life and preternatural life? God is supernatural life, and the devil is preternatural life. And what is antenatural life?

Mr. Woolecroft smiled, rubbed his head, looked at his knees awhile, and then said. It is humanity before birth and after death, or when only existing in the mind of the creator. Next, sir, has man any supernatural power or sense, or preternatural power or sense? No, he is natural, acted upon by both of these powers, but has power of choice, but is so depraved that he cannot do good without the help of God and evil is ever present with him. Now, sir, be not offended. Why did not God make good the strongest, so that it might conquer evil, or leave man a right to manufacture his own good or evil? Good comes from God, evil comes from the devil, said Mr. Woolecroft.

Be not shocked, sir, when I tell you that my God never made any devil, but men make themselves devils or gods. If a person keeps the whole moral law because he loves it he is a god. There is no other god personified than manhood perfected by love. Love is the essence of all life in the universe. That good in which we live, move and have our being cannot be personified. There is no personal god or personal devil. It is a principle of good or evil in humanity. It is not supernatural or preternatural but natural cause and effect so plain that a little child can see if he has not from infancy been taught superstition. You may stretch a person as much as you will, but you cannot make it infinite or omnipresent filling every thing with itself. Long before it has reached over one planet it has exploded. So with man who wishes to be greater than the universe of matter and mind. Our little world is full of organic matter which lives, loves, hates and works. It must think because thought is natural in the highest forms of organized matter. Mind is in matter but does not exist out of it, destroy organization and mind is destroyed. A dead rosebush blooms no more. A dead tree bears no fruit. A dead man thinks no more though you preserve his body a thousand years. That which he said, wrote, or deeds done will live in the memory of friend or foe. Yes sir, spiritual life is here, in us today. Spiritual world is here in more sense than one, yet it is not with the dead but the

living. It is made up of such as you and I, some fine, some coarse. We are all brothers and sisters. You paint your God like yourself. So do I. We cannot help it. But pray, make the image the best, loftiest and noblest you can. Say all you can about his mercy, compassion and love, and as little as possible about his hate and anger. The young will form their character like your God. Study humanity and you will understand me. Make yourself acquainted with as many sheepskin coated philosophers as possible and let reason reign supreme. Many thanks for your patient, gentlemanly audience, you are the first preacher that has treated me with respect or answered my questions for many years. You preach to many, I preach to few. You preach godliness. I preach manliness. You preach heaven and hell after death. I preach heaven and hell in humanity here. You preach a personal God and a personal devil above and outside of nature. I preach the God or good principle in humanity and in all nature. You preach supernatural religion. I preach natural religion. You have a right to, so have I. Give me your hand that we are friends. I will go to hear you preach, and if you can convert me you may. He had forgotten his Scottish brogue, looked noble and grand while he spoke; his gray curly hair looked like a crown of glory over his white face and manly form. Mr. Woolecroft reached him his hand, saying,—personally I am your friend, but have been in the habit of calling such ideas as you entertain infidelity. I am sorry we differ so widely in faith but hope all will be well at last.

RESIGNATION.

Beautiful is joy as a day in springtime
When all the air is full of song,
Dark is sorrow as a day in autumn
When heavy clouds obscure the sun.

When life's love, hope and joy lie buried
Loving hearts and hands in death are still,
Then may I calmly stand upon their graves
Remembering that God so will.

May to meet them God's kind hand then lead me
I shall be prepared, and calm, and still,
May evening bells me to their silent home be calling.
When God so will, when God so will.

Mrs. Duben went to Glenwood to spend the day with Mrs. Alvin while their husbands went to the Court House on business. They came early so that the ladies had a good time talking and telling stories of their youth. As an illustration in their talk on woman's mission Mrs. Duben told a story, which runs thus:

One day when but a child, a lady came to me as I stood washing dishes and said: Is that your mission? Yes, said I, it is until I get another. Do you love it? Yes, it is not hard. I can do it well and still think of other things, and plan what to do, as soon as there is time to do what is to be done. Then she put out her little jeweled hands toward me and said: These hands were never made to wash pots and kettles. My mission is to wash minds clean from the filth we call prevailing errors. I thought she was waiting for me to say something. I saw there was a look in her eyes which I did not understand. At last I summoned up courage to say. Your children need you, Mrs. May. Yes, said she, but not to wash pots and kettles. Oh, no, said I, your husband has a good trade and can afford to hire the drudgery done, so that you can have time to enjoy society, or devote more to your family or art. Who told you I was an artist? I saw your picture of the town of G—— at the county fair. Did you get a premium? Oh, no, crazy folks never get premiums. Have you not heard I am crazy. Everybody believes I am crazy. My husband has reported it, and my children begin to show in their actions toward me that they think me insane. I

am not strong, I confess, but am sane yet, thank God. But it is possible for anyone to become deranged mentally or morally as well as physically and weak constitutions break sooner. I cannot do our family washing now or other hard work. I am getting so weak that I see sparks when I bow my head. I have been to see our family physician today and he said it is nervous debility. He has hopes of relieving me. I fear he can do but little for me, as long as I am at home. Home is where the heart is, that is, where love reigns, but when love has been beaten out; it is home no more. It is a dungeon where sunlight is banished forever. I blame no one but myself. I was warned early by my mother. He is coarse and brutal. He will ill-treat you my poor child. I would not believe, but was angry with her many a time for saying so. She would say, love is blind. How that kind heart ached for me when I was a bride, how she wept with me in after years, how glad I am that she rests under the green turf of the prairie. Oh, that I were sleeping by her side.

Oh, you can get well said I. You are yet young and beautiful and accomplished. Your daughters need you, and you can have pleasure in seeing them growing up good and beautiful as yourself. The boys are pretty children. You may live to see them men and be proud to be their mother. I wish I had a mother said I to whom I could tell my joys and sorrows. She would always guide me the right way. I am very sorry for you, Mrs. May, said I in childish sympathy, as she sat with her hand over her face; her tears falling between her jeweled fingers. She rose hastily. I knew not what she meant to do, she came toward me, putting one hand each side of my head, kissing my brow, cheek and month, saying: You will need sympathy poor child. May God give you true friends. She turned to go. As she stood in the door she asked: Did you ever read any of Mrs. May's Sunday school books? No ma'am. Would you like to read some? Yes ma'am. I will send you some; and she did. They were good little books for children. About a year after that she was locked in her room. The doctors ordered pen, ink and paper from her and she raved. She was taken to an asylum and re-

mained there twelve years. She was happy in the thought that she was fulfilling her mission by coaxing the insane out of their strange hallucinations. Though she had some strange ideas herself, she had power over others for good, making them calm and peaceable in her presence. She made over the Bible to suit herself, and was taken home to die when she felt she had finished her mission. She never raved when she had pen, ink and paper, but I have seen men rave about theories that they could not put into practice, but determined others should practice them or be disgraced. Rave in the pulpit and then laugh over the effect it had on the mind of their hearers.

A STORY OF MRS. ALVIN'S MISSION.

There is plenty of work for both mind and hands if we but knew the best way to accomplish it. I thought I should do the world a great deal of good and I walked many miles, and talked to people in places where the foul air nearly took my breath. I begged people to send their children to Sunday school, but I never thought of looking after the sentiments taught by the tracts I was leaving where I went, until I was taken to task one day when I went to a shoemaker's to get my shoes mended. The shoemaker said, I believe you are the lady who carries printed trash around in the name of God. I do not think you would wear out your sole so much if you would read it yourself. Here, said he, is one of your tracts. I wish for humanity's sake you would read it. I have marked where the greatest absurdities come in, and where the crop of folly is the thickest. There is a better mission for you than filling the world with rubbish like that. I took it home, read it, and saw nothing very bad about it, because I was so used to such kind of talk and argument, and could see only one side, but was so worked up about it that I did not go after the shoes myself. One day I took the tract up and handed it to my husband, saying, I wish you would read this tract and see what is wrong in it. He read it and said, did you mark it? No, the shoemaker did, and I re-

peated his criticism. I do not admire the sentiment he said, but it is a good enough road until there is a better one provided. There was no more said about tracts for some time, but I carried some now and then, but looked at the heading of them before I handed them to any one. I visited the poor, sick and afflicted among the members of our church, but one day I strayed beyond, and the story commences.

Verily I say unto you, publicans and sinners shall enter into the kingdom of heaven before you. The heading read, Morality availeth not. I knocked; was admitted by a pale, middle aged gentleman, evidently a scholar. I held out the tract, but he did not take it; he moved an easy chair and said please be seated. I see you are working for the Lord. I hope I am, said I. I have a little story of suffering and sin caused by that kind of doctrine, and you ought to know it. Will you wait and hear it? Yes, said I. He began, My parents died when I was ten years old. They had taught me the commandments and I never wilfully wronged anyone. I never laid my head to rest without saying the Lord's prayer, or the prayer of Moses, or some inspired poetry. I believed God always heard my prayers and I was contented and happy. No one cared to lead me astray. When I was in my twentieth year I went to visit a Sunday school which was a new thing then. I became a scholar and liked it very much. I repeated my lessons from memory, and our teacher taught us natural religion or moral goodness as righteousness; but he had a long illness and we had another teacher, a powerful man. He was so positive on all subjects that he made a great impression on my mind. It seemed as though I did not know anything—had never been taught anything worth knowing. Our teacher always had another meaning than we had ever heard or thought, and we were seldom right in our explanation of the lesson, and left off committing to memory. My fellow classmates went boating and riding Sundays, the teacher's son among them. At last they invited me to go with them. I bade the inward monitor be still, saying it cannot be so bad when the Elder's son goes. I went with

them to taverns and they coaxed me to drink intoxicating liquor. I said I am sorry I went, I shall do it no more. One of the young men repeated our lesson and then added, 'Morality availeth nothing before God,' dont you remember his words? He has harped on that strain until he has got us all to be a loose set, and what is the use of remaining moral babies if we get nothing for it. I am going to get all the fun out of sinning and get there before your moral paragon and coward, and that kind of talk was common everywhere we went.

My friends found out what had happened, and told me I had disgraced them by disgracing myself. My foster mother wept herself sick for my sake. I wept with her; my heart was not hard, and her love for me, and her sorrow nearly broke my heart. I asked her forgiveness. O, how many good lessons she had taught me, and how had I repaid her? What a lovely character I thought; did not Christ say, Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God! I went to Sunday school though unhappy, and found the good old teacher there, and he understood my case and asked me to go home with him after school, and he tried to encourage me to do well, but I was now homeless and friendless, and out of employment. He said, now is the busy season. Elder Thompson wants men to harvest his grain; of course it is not like waiting in the store, but something is better than nothing. I went to my teacher, the Elder, and asked for work, and he answered, I cannot take the likes of you into my family, I want a good, industrious young man—one who has been used to work and not loaf about town all their life in idleness and dissipation. I did not know what to do, so I hurried back to the boarding house and to my room. I could see no one. I dared not go down until dark, and then I went to the house of my foster parents. O, how happy I might have been but for my foolishness that has broken their hearts and mine.

I went and told all. I got money and good counsel and I meant to do better, but time rolled by and left me penniless. I could not earn money enough to dress and dared not appear at church, but went where low fellows con-

gregate to tell lowbred yarns or ill-gotten up stories, smoked, chewed and drank, played cards, hoping to gain, but I gained nothing but blows dealt by drunken men and when nearly dead they put me out on the street. I went in the direction of my foster father's store, and lay down on the stone steps and slept, and dreamed a young man stood by me and said, The way of the transgressor is hard. It set me to thinking of what I had been and what I was. If God forgives, yet I cannot be as good as I was. O, no! I might have been as pure and bright as angel wings that cleave the light, but what am I now! My head hurt and clothes torn and filthy, and the cold wind was blowing. O, God, I am an outcast now. I looked up at the starry arch as I lay shivering, and one of my child thoughts came back to me and I said, O, gloriously beautiful temple-vault, frescoed by the great artist's own hand. He who has created nature so sublimely grand, must be magnanimous. O, God, thou seest me, pity me, help me. I rose, and remembering that I had the key in my pocket that would unlock the back door, I went in, warmed, bathed, and dressed in a suit of clothes from the shelves, and wrote to let it be known who the thief was. I took some money and went to the mirror to look at the lumps on my forehead; they pained me, so did my conscience. I made a vow to live a better life. I wrote it down and have kept it. I came to the conclusion that the good are happy even in affliction, but the way of the transgressor is hard. Dear lady I am sorry for you and your religion. It is not making people good and happy, because they wait for justice where it is impossible, for there is no knowledge, judgment or power in the grave. While I am an organized body—mind, spirit, or soul power is mine, but when disorganized, the spirit is mine no more. God only knows where or what use to make of it. Time rolled on before I was a conscious speck in the universe. Time will drop me again as the human hand drops a pebble it has held and unconsciously dropped. Dogma is a curse, reason a blessing. Pardon me for detaining you, but it seemed to me a pleasant duty. I rose to go. He reached me his hand saying, There is better tendency literature, laying a rolled catalogue in my hand.

Good day. I never carried tracts again, but for years I visited the poor, sick, and afflicted, and was rewarded by the happiness that was my daily guest.

Let us take a look at the Tipsico place. The ground is a sickly yellow. The corn a sickly light green and spindling. The sassafras bushes are bright and glossy, and persimmon bushes are higher than the corn in August, large fields are growing up to pine. The negroes are happy, chattering and hallooing to one another across the field and preaching to their mules. Every cabin has an occupant, some many, and near by is a little inclosure for a garden. The piccaninnies laugh and dance, dogs bark; turkeys and geese make the woods ring. There is not a spear of grass or weeds, for there are too many pignouts who must work that way for a living. Down a short steep hill is a waterfall, in a creek fed by a powerful spring; and there is a mill, mossy and dilapidated, but the negroes say "it grinds mighty nice," below the mill is a valley, the Virginians call it a meadow, with here and there a cypress tree tall and grand, and on the steep hillsides are trees of many kinds; a few scrubby cattle feed here on coarse grass, azalia and huckleberry sprouts. The sheep are ragged looking because the catbriars pull their wool. Now let us look at the mansion. It was once painted white as shows under the eaves. The doors are handmade, thick and heavy, rooms large, high and airy, fireplace in each room—even in the attic rooms, with loop holes like dormer windows. From a distance it looks like a huge trunk set in the midst of a number of smaller ones. It is bare in front, but on the back side are some fine large trees, a wilderness of rose vines, myrtle, mimosa and catalpa trees. A scrubby orchard of peach, apple and pears runs down to the spring, twenty rods away, from which they must "tote" the water uphill, or carry it on a cart, sprinkling the road as they ascend. The barns are empty, there is neither grain or straw, pine leaves is all there is beside a few bags of bad-smelling fertilizers. No corn planter or check-rower, no pulverizer, some buggies and an heirloom,—a leather-covered family carriage, covered with dust and spider webs.

No wagons, only carts large and small. No accumulation of manure—but the genial gentleman is building fence and repairing things, preparing ground for wheat, hauling on wood mold, muck from the swamps and ashes from the clearing. All this must be scratched in with a one-horse cast-iron plow and when sown must harrow in the grain with a one-horse pointed harrow or with the same plow, but for each mule there is a negro, and the gentleman is at the end of the furrows walking or horseback, if not there, not much is accomplished. The gentleman farmer would be glad to sell out and go west, or into some other business, farming does not pay, but there is a bogy track laid to the river and there will be a good lot of wood sold, and when the money comes the farming will change. There is considerable gossip floating on the rural mind around the postoffice, that Tipsico mail has grown to a monstrous weight. The weekly mail used to be put into the breast pocket, now it fills a market basket three times a week. The gentleman was in the habit of coming after the mail himself—now he is seldom seen, too much business. The yankee school-ma'am has something to do with it I reckon, said a lounger. Well, said another, I reckon he is tired of living alone with his "niggahs." I wouldn't have lived alone so long.

A few days after that, a young man came up from Norfolk to stay awhile. Randolph was very glad that he came, and told him he would like to go up to see the company about my wood, and perhaps go to see my girl. So you have found a girl? Yes, said Randolph, I have known her for several years, but thought I could not afford to marry even if I found the girl, but now I hope to sell some wood and perhaps a hundred acres of my land; it is no account to me. You know a little what poverty is, but to be considered wealthy when you cannot coax any grain to raise their head to the sunlight. I have labored and tried to have things grow but there seems to be a curse resting on everything. Even hopeful William Alvin does not meet the expected results; his corn is not so much better than mine, as to pay for the extra expense. I have lived here too long striving to get even the bread and meat without getting in debt and it has barely done it, and not an extra

dollar for books and papers. I have been borrowing by mail for a couple of years because I never got money to buy anything or travel as a gentleman should. I struck the luck to sell green basswood for a few hundred dollars more than it cost to get it to the landing, and that gave me a lift. I have wood enough to repair the place with, if I get it sold; and I need to see the world. I am old enough not to be taken in, as young men often are; I love my home and friends in old Virginia too well to stay long anywhere else, even in Gotham. People say you have been breaking your social habits, said his friend. That is so, when a man spends his days in the woods superintending things, he does not feel like attending social gatherings and make the fiddle talk. I have been glad to rest at night. There are blessings even in poverty; sometimes I fancy there is poetry. That puts me in mind of a little rhyme I used to like to repeat years ago.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door,
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallows on the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves.
The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding mid the flowers
More dear to him than wealth,
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And quiet nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.

There is more meaning in it to me now than it used to have. It used to speak; it is set to music now. His friend smiled, but remained silent. Randolph continued: The birds sing sweeter, have more grace, beauty of form and color, the flowers have sweeter fragrance; richer in design and coloring. I have studies sharpened my perceptions, or is

it hope that has lent fragrance, beauty, grace, richness of hue or brilliancy? I find enjoyment in the most common duties, my horses speak to me showing their appreciation of my care. Cattle, sheep and hogs do the same. The colored people would do anything in the world to please me, but they have no love for the fruit of the tree of knowledge and will do without it as long as possible. Say, will you stay and look after my affairs while I am gone? I'll do as much for you sometime. Yes, I will do what I have the ability to, no one can do more. Thank you, said Randolph. I know you will, and we will go to inform the servants about our arrangements and make it all clear to them.

A day or two after the above conversation, Randolph was on his way to New York. He found the company and contracted to furnish some thousands of cords of wood satisfactory to both parties and with a light heart he set out to visit the cities of note in New England and find Delia Kendall, and he found her even more charming among the rugged hills there than in the fragrant woods of Virginia. She knew he was coming and had informed her friends, and they invited guests to help welcome him, which to him seemed a grand entertainment, not being used to soirées or literary parties, as he called it. He spent a week with Delia and her friends and returned home as happy as any accepted lover can be, waiting for the wedding. As soon as he could conveniently, he rode to Glenwood and told Mrs. Alvin of his success and happiness, and she rejoiced with him. Mr. Alvin came in, saying, I congratulate you. I heard your voice and it has a joyous ring in it. I have news to tell you too. The Rowland field is sold for all it is worth. I told him not to give any more than he thought it was worth when he had seen it surveyed; he answered, I think it worth five thousand dollars. It contained more ground than you thought, but you could not make that much use of it, said Mr. Alvin. Here are the documents, I think you will find correct statements and descriptions. Thank you, Mr. Alvin, you have done me a great kindness. Time will tell, said Mr. Alvin. Then came William with hearty handshake and congratulation. When is Delia coming? said William. As soon as the term is ended in September, said Ran-

dolph. Your streak of luck has improved your looks and if you keep on so, you will be called a fine looking middle-aged gentleman one of these days, said William. You are a good judge of men and things generally, William, and I accept it. They went to look at the crops and machinery, then bidding good day he rode home, happy as the noisy mocking bird in the trees at Tipsico.

When he came home he noticed that there had been some work done cleaning the paneling in the dining room, and bricks laid in the fireplace. He asked his friend who had done it? and he said he was lonely while time went and he tried his hand at it. Will it do? Yes, you have taught me a lesson. I can have the house mended and cleaned and it will do to live in until we can get a better home built. Can you get me some workmen? O, yes, so he went to hire help and the house was cleaned and repaired, and some rooms furnished. Some old furniture was cleaned and varnished or oiled. Some floors were laid new, and new sashes, instead of small paned windows of a century ago, were put in. Painters too worked to beautify the place. But the most remarkable improvement was water pipes from the spring to the house. Servants's quarters were remodeled, many old huts and shanties torn down and the ground plowed and smoothed, and grass seed sown. The place had changed so much in a month that those who passed scarce knew where they were. Gossips whispered loudly of what might be expected to happen at Tipsico before many months.

Another yankee has bought that crawfish field down below me, with the ghostly mill on it. No man has made a crap on it since the wah. Which field is it? The Rowland mill farm, said the first speaker. I reckon he's got something to do before he makes a crap there, said another. Why? said a young man leaning on the counter, who was a stranger to them. Because it's a crawfish hole and can't be anything else. Has anyone ever tried reclaiming it, draining or tiling it? No, but it has been ditched enough if it could help, but it can't. Well, we can watch the yankee's maneuvers and learn something, said one of the younger men. Yes, learn while ye are young, when ye git old ye can't. It will take a heap of money to repair and make the

place habitable, niggahs has had it too long. That yankee'll wish he'd stayed in yankee-dom before he gets through with them. The above talk took place in a store at Crystal Springs. No matter who the newcomer is, he is suspected of being a yankee, as though they brought a curse or something akin to it, with them here.

Time went on, and with it came Miss Delia Kendall and two young ladies, her pupils, who had finished their education and wanted a change of scene and climate. They were not strangers to the Alvins, their parents having been members of Mr. Alvin's congregation when he served the church in that place. They were heartily welcomed and felt at home immediately. Delia had much to do, William had his corn and fodder to look after, so the girls were left to themselves; they spent some time among the flowers, taking turns reading, knitting, embroidering, sketching or copying. But the days grew cooler and the harvest was finished and the gentlemen took the ladies out riding, boating, etc. At last the wedding feast was ready. The ceremony was very simple yet impressive. William and Alma stood by them, under an arch of mistletoe with its berries glistening like pearls, studded here and there with gold colored immortelles. The bride was dressed in a soft plain gown of pinkish drab color, with pearl jewels. The groom was dressed in black. Alma wore a soft light blue, also with pearl jewels. William wore dark blue. The room was decorated with roses. There were no guests but the most intimate friends of the family—Dr. Duben and family, Mr. Joseph Krantz, Herbert Nichols of Norfolk, George Manners of Portsmouth, Mrs. Leonora Bremer of Philadelphia, the Misses Ida Dillner and Helen Foster of New England. There were congratulations and a supper; and as the sun was hiding his face behind the pines, the whole company escorted Mr. and Mrs. Elliott to Tipsico, where they found many young people ready to congratulate them with music and dancing. The old people bid them a kind farewell and returned home.

The reader can go with us to Maple Ridge. The ride is long but the night is calm and clear. The moon is nearly full, the air fragrant of pine. It is so still we can hear the leaves fall. The thud of the horses' step in the sand seem

to resound from the trees. Few words are spoken, because speech is not in place. The horses keep their steady trot, their ears move trying to catch some new sound, shadows of trees fleck the road at unlooked for intervals; near Crystal Springs an owl laughs and the forest answers back from every side. Home at last. The housekeeper was ready to receive them and brought in hot milk, lemon and tea so each one could take what they like. Soon all retire. A few days before the incidents last narrated Mr. Krantz came from Philadelphia bringing a widowed sister with him to spend the winter in the South. She has never lived in the country and perhaps cannot content herself out of the city. When Sunday morning came the lady asked what hour the services were held in the village, and how she could go. The doctor said he would take them in the carriage and be glad to; so they went, and when she came back she said, Do you have such talk as that every Sunday? Yes, said the doctor, that is preaching the gospel of hell and damnation? If you will not accept a murdered God as a savior from the punishment for your sins, you are thrown into hell, where you cannot die nor the fire be quenched. There is nothing said about living a life of goodness, purity and truth, if you were as pure as the angel Gabriel you must spend eternity in hell. If you cannot believe that the whole soul or governing principle of the universe became a fetus, and developed into the one infant; being born helpless and reared in poverty; lived and worked as a journeyman, crucified to death; resurrected, becoming then God Almighty. The world, or earth contained in one corner the condensed esse, or life principle in one human form; all besides were without that god or good. O no! all are of one blood, all came the same way, Nature's laws cannot be altered. If one was a God because he loved his neighbor as himself, then there can be more such; when anyone reaches such perfection, I believe Christ was good and gave his life as a perfectly righteous, noble manhood, but not the unimaginable power who causes and upholds all the myriads of planets and suns in the universe. The old church is dead, I go to the funeral every Sunday, and watch at the tomb the whole week. Why do you go? Because of

the love of humanity. The race is progressive—it cannot stand still.

From the way you talk one might infer that you were a freethinker, said Mrs. Bremer. So I am, but I do not despise the church. It is a venerable organization, and there is still beauty in it. Was there beauty in what we received this morning? Yes, we must not despise the husks, they have their uses. We do not discard the rose bush because it has thorns. But, said the lady, you do not believe the creed of the church. My belief makes little difference. Let me give you a little illustration: In the forest are many grand and sturdy oaks, some young, tall and beautiful, others crooked, ill shaped and graceless; in the midst of them stands an old bald giant oak, who, spectre-like, holds out its bare arms; summer rains have washed it for centuries; heat and cold, wind and hail have beaten against it until the bark is all gone; it looks naked and dead; it has almost finished its mission. It can no longer shade the anemones, violets, bluebells, and ferns that nestle so lovingly, yet so timidly over its dead roots. Its branches are falling one by one and lie rotting on the ground among bark and leaves that have lodged there, making a warm soft bed for the fairies of the forest to grow in under the snow; helping them to look up at the spring sunshine and bathe back their beauty in April showers. The old oak's trunk breaks the force of the wind so it is never so cold there; it enriches the soil so that young oaks grow faster. It is the loved home of birds and in its decaying wood is food for them. Animals find homes in its broken sides until a high wind lays it prostrate; even then it is not lost to nature; how gracefully vines encircle its rough sides; how mosses love to shield, covering with velvet blankets, so warm, so bright. There is still beauty in it, speaking to the wind of what it has been, saying, You see my shrouded form, which was once stately and grand. I have battled long and hard with the elements, now I rest, while grand young oaks stand guard, casting their shadows over me. There is nothing lost by my decay while my children and grandchildren are dropping acorns all around me.

So is the decay of time-honored creeds. We are small organic specks in God's hand Time, yet have we a little power for good or evil; but do with our might the good, and be happy, is the song of life.

While they were talking, guests arrived. The newly-wedded couple and William Alvin with the young ladies, Ida and Helen, Alma had received and entertained them. Now the housekeeper came to the room informing the old people of the arrival of guests. It was nearly time for school, which had grown some. After a few minutes' social chat, more young people came and all went up together. The school chose Mr. Krantz as chaplain, opening by chanting together the nineteenth of the Psalms of David.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Nature's voices, said Mr. Krantz, are forever speaking to intelligent beings of its wisdom, power and glory; Nature is ever speaking through man's mind questions like these—What is matter without spirit, or spirit without matter? What is life without a well organized body, or what can a man of mind do, if he suffers bodily? Can the mind remain independent? All things seem to be adapted to one another, as day must have its counterpart night. As there are sunshine and storms, heat and cold, rain and snow, which make up the seasons of the year. Is not the year in its ceaseless changes, a panorama of loveliness, a city with its twelve pearly gates, a perfect picture, in its golden setting? I will only say what thousands have already said, The artist is hidden, but the works are visible. Biology presents phenomena which can only be explained by admitting the action of divine cause as a living force operating in nature. Physiology presents facts which reveal design, intelligence and purpose. Anatomy reveals the operations of the law of symmetry. Morphology reveals the love of the beautiful and useful in the plan of the universe. These together form a brilliant illustration of the law of design, purpose and adaptation to the esthetic constitution of humanity; and the

study of these sciences creates fountains of enjoyment eminently pure and elevating.

This order or symmetrical arrangement is not for beauty only, but for use. These voices from nature are elevating in a high degree and a means of happiness. All arts and sciences are outgrowths from divine ideas revealed in nature. Light, heat, air, water and earth are wonderful, but when all these combined are formed or organized into man, bird, fish, flower, herb or tree, they become amazing. Earth, itself, the mountains upon it, or its oceans, its clouds, its atmospheric displays may not seem created; but when the ripened harvests come, or the trees bring their fruit to perfection,—then the thinking mind begins to see marks beautifully drawn by an Almighty hand. A lump of earth might not imply a deity, but an organized lump like bird, beast, or man implies a harmonious thought. Organism implies mind, hence an organized world means intelligence: by it, man can perceive how he differs from a clod. It asks, who taught the beaver to build for its comfort, or the nightingale his song, or surveyed the road for the carrier dove to its home? Who decorated the pheasant, ostrich, and every other living or inanimate thing? Is not the pageantry upon earth a most eloquent voice? How impressive its language. The intelligent mind more than lives; it rises far above mere existence. It sees the past through other men's perceptions; putting it down on memory's page by the side of own experience in the present, while hope, with its pencils, paints gaily in colors of mist the future years. Nature in the soul of man asks: Why am I intelligent above all other animal life if I am to be annihilated? Is not my life from a higher source intended for greater good? Why am I conscious, or speculate, calculate, think and hope? Who has taken one step where nature's voice is not heard, or revealed its silent mysteries? Our angel friends—Reason and Hope—whisper faintly, saying, be patient and thou shalt know if there is a home finished and furnished by Infinite Love and Wisdom, for thy eternal habitation, not dust, but spirit.

All the young people had committed to memory some poem, or verses from the Bible, and there was music in which all took part. All felt it was good to be there to learn les-

sons from a better life principle than taught in fashionable orthodox Sunday-schools.

Thanksgiving arrived, and with it came several visitors from the North, some on the road to Florida, others to see how they would like to spend their old age among the columnar pines and stately beeches. One of the old gentlemen said: It is impossible to shut my eyes to the fact that I have arrived at a period in life when it is good to withdraw from the world; move into himself, and in this there is nothing sad, the caterpillar knows when it is time to spin himself in and be still, shall not a human creature know when it is time to spin himself in? He must wrap himself in the swathings of age, become more alive within himself while he prepares for his great transit. We must not therefore become chrysalises, nor ought we to regard old age as a time of trouble. God has filled the world with the good and beautiful, and it is not right nor grateful to see nothing in it but a vale of tears. Old age has its enjoyments which no other age can know. In its repose, the mind awakes to a clearer perception of much that is good and great which has not been noticed before, because life was filled with cares. I feel myself too old to enjoy a cold climate, but imagine I can enjoy sunshine and warm winds. Yes, said another, How will it be for society? Can you do as Doctor Duben, spending money and time on an unloved race, having patience with ignorance and superstition, saying, it is only the husks of life, or the stunted and unripe shriveled grains in this earth granary. I say, can we live without kindred spirits around us and feel satisfied or happy? The groves were God's first temples, but I feel as though I want some human being who knows it as well as myself to commune with; to rejoice with me in hope, to mourn with me in sorrow. I belong with a certain class of God's creatures, and with them I must live to be happy. If I can find such in the South, I will make the South my home; if not I must live at the North.

There are such everywhere, said the doctor. I have found such in all lands I have visited, said Mr. Krantz. All kinds of cereals do not ripen at one time; each have their own time, but all serve in feeding or seeding. There is

beauty and use in all things and places. I searched long for my affinity but it is not in the form I looked for when I began my search. It is more spiritual. There is a sentence in the book of Truths which is ascribed to Christ, saying, If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me. That lifting up comes sooner or later when love of the good and beautiful in this world are but rungs in the ladder which reaches the spiritual. Selfhood is forgotten there. The wish of others is the same as our own. Have you become a spiritualist? asked one of the guests. Yes, I have been a progressive spiritualist the most of my life, but spirits have never rapped to me, but I have been influenced by spirit power in such positive sense that I knew from whom it came, and if I complied with the requirements, it departed and did me no harm, but I have never called anyone, nor do I think it best to do so.

Let us have a relation, or story about spirit communion without rappings, said all the guests together. I will tell you one, said Mrs. Duben.

I am with thee, I watch, said the spirit voice. When I was in my twelfth year I lost father, mother, grandmother and a brother. I was too young to take care of myself, so I left our log house in the woods, and went to live with a neighbor some miles out on the prairie. The house was made of poles covered outside with sods. It was small, dark and damp, having no stove, nothing but a mud chimney or fireplace in one corner; beds were like shelves on the walls, three tiers around all sides, as there were many to sleep there. I was helped up to a high shelf. I went to sleep, but soon awoke with a feeling like suffocation; as I was waking I heard a voice say my name and these words—Go to Diana. I slid down as silently as possible, lifted the latch and went out into the night. The moon shone bright, frost glistened on the dead grass. The air cold, but pure and clear; there at the door stood Diana, a beautiful greyhound. I had not dared to pat her head two hours before; now she licked my hands and looked at me so affectionately. I walked around to the cowshed, looked at the shivering horses in a little pole and grass stable. I began to feel cold, seeing a box with a board out one side. I looked into it and there were

bundles of beaten flax. I crawled in and spread the flax around me. Diana came and lay down between me and the opening to guard me. I was soon asleep. In the morning Diana woke me by licking my face and hands. I crept out and ran to the house. No one had missed me.

Night after night I slept with Diana and no one knew it, until all in the house were sick, and a poor sick mother needed help to attend the wants of her infant. I was not in the house when called. They supposed I had gone out and would soon come in, but I did not return till daylight, Diana with me. I told them where I slept, and was forbidden to do it again; but I could not breathe the air in the house, not even in the daytime. I always planned something to do gathering bundles of grass for bedding, or platting mats of grass for wind breaks, or to walk on in the house, on the earth floor. There was water to fetch from the creek a quarter of a mile away, and when night came I was tired. I climbed up to bed but never stayed there long. The door had no lock so I went out silently. It was cold; the wolves howled, but the stars twinkled merrily in the blue vault of God's glorious temple. I talked to Diana as though she were my maid. One night more beautiful than any I had ever seen, I said, Diana, The vault of heaven is hung with velvet, tacked there with golden pins with diamond sets in them. Diana nodded her pretty head and lifted her ears. I was satisfied she loved me, she watched over me. One after another were carried out and buried under the frozen prairie sod, and those who were left when spring came were mere shadows, and before the summer had passed they were resting under the prairie flowers. Diana and I were in health, but I was orphaned and friendless, Diana without a master. We were moved to a colony and remained some time. One morning when waking, a voice spoke my name and said, Go seek friends. It was Sunday. I rose, washed and dressed the best I could and wrote a letter to those with whom I stayed, telling why and where I had gone, thanking them for their kindness to me. I found kind friends, and a few weeks afterward, word came to me that cholera had killed a great many in the settlement I left, while no one was sick

where I was at that time. The spirit voice came to me in youth, often guarded me from sin, though I had many hard trials and temptations.

THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

In 1858 I lived in a college town with a family who had student boarders, and the gentleman of the house took great pride in his garden and orchard. His Isabella grapes were marvelous. One bunch was stored away to be taken to the fair, the first fair held in the county. No one was supposed to know where the bunch of grapes was but the family and myself. The day before the fair the family went to visit, and while gone the grapes disappeared and all believed I had taken them. I heard them say they had never missed anything before; it was strange that the child would want to cause such a disappointment. They asked me where the grapes were. I did not know and said so, but they said you have eaten or hidden them. They threatened to have me arrested for theft if I would not tell where they could be found, and they abused me with their tongues until I wept myself sick. I went to my room and threw myself on the bed and in a few moments I seemed to be half asleep, and yet I saw my father kneel at the side of my bed; he stroked my hair, wiped the tears away with his hand—saying, be of good cheer, thou art innocent, and he kissed my cheek so hard that I jumped up and put my hands out to hold him, but he was not there, but I went to the mirror to look, and my cheek had a red spot where I felt the kiss. I was greatly comforted and went down to meet the gaze of my persecutors, and went to work. My father had been dead over a year at that time.

Next day was Sunday; I went to meeting. A friend of my father preached, and after the sermon he spoke to me, and I told him all, and I did not go to my place for several months; during that time they had found out that the students had taken the bunch of grapes, and then they came to see me and begged me to come home with them, and I did. Years went. I was grown and matured, but proud of

my executive abilities. One morning when waking I heard my name pronounced as in childhood and these words spoken—Today thou wilt lose one of thy members. O, cold chills crept up my back; O, what a miserable day! I told my friends in the morning, and they thought I was not in my right mind. I went out riding and came home all right. I was geyed and laughed at. Hope began to paint a bright picture of future use, until just before retiring at night I happened to take up a great bowie knife and in handling it, in some unaccountable way it slipped and split my hand. O, O, where were now my hopes, where my music? To be sure, I still had my voice, but I could not think of anything, and part of my hand hung limp and useless. At last I thought of my voice and I began to practice singing opera airs, and went to a teacher and was progressing finely when on waking one morning I could not speak, the palate and tonsils having swollen so I could not swallow. The voice once more bade me have them cut off, and it saved my life, but pride in my executive power was all gone; though I have ever been thankful to have the power of speech.

A STORY BY MR. KRANTZ.

In 1833 I visited friends in Northern Europe and while there witnessed strange phenomena. A priest had lately died who had been preaching the rights of men to worship according to convictions of truth, and not by the law of the State. He had enemies in the church but the common people were his friends. If he had lived a few months longer he would have been excommunicated and banished from his native land for speaking what he thought was right. An eight year old girl in the neighborhood was taken ill Easter morning, early, with a malady no one understood. The village physician was summoned, and the whole village turned in to the farmer's court-yard, instead of going to the church to hear the new priest speak of the resurrection of Christ's body. The child had been of a delicate nature and had been to church but few times in summer and had no knowledge of sermonizing. She seemed to be unconscious, yet she prayed, sang a hymn and preached a powerful ser-

mon, and persons present said the voice was like the priest's who had died, and the sentences were like his as well as the sentiment. People brought children with them and they began preaching, even babes who could not speak plainly, preached, and the country folk were much frightened by the strange epidemic. Some wise ones said they were bewitched, and had them taken to clairvoyants, who saw and described the person who impressed them to speak, but they had not the power to prevent him using his power on the infant tongues. But it lasted only a few months. Some of those who were so affected are living now, though too young at the time to remember more than what they have been told.

A STORY BY MRS. DUBEN.

In 1869 I had a strange dream. I seemed to stand by a pump near a door into a small, low room, and a blond man was telling me his history and name, and then saying—I have lived seven years in the bottom of this well, pointing to the pump,—eighty-five feet below this floor. I marveled at it even in my dream, while he told me how it happened. You are the first one I have spoken to about it, he said, and I woke wondering greatly.

A few days after the above I happened to come into the room I had dreamed of, saw where the pump had been, but it had been removed. I became a tenant there. One day a neighbor woman came to pick berries in the garden. I told her my dream, describing the person minutely and giving his name, though I had never known such a person. The woman turned pale and looked at me with superstitious fear. She sat there in silent awe for a while and then said—Your dream was an uncommon dream, I don't know how it can be a dream at all. I am well acquainted with the man you saw in your dream, have known him all his life, except while he was in California, and when he came home from there, he came to my house, and went to this house to visit his sister, whose home this was; she died here, so did her children, and her husband married the hired girl; sold the place very cheap and went West. But the man you dreamed of, has never been heard of since he went into this

house to visit his sister, and it is over seven years since he disappeared, and his friends have waited to hear from him, all this time. It was only a dream so we could do nothing about it. Joseph, too, had a dream and his virgin wife became the mother of God Almighty, because the church saw fit to push it on the darkened intellect. I have told my experience and dreams to many, and ministers of the Gospel have consoled me with their ideas of the cause, as being the power of Satan or the devil, over my mind, when I was not on guard or had neglected to watch and pray. God is the same forever but man must change. The creation will never end though our race ceases to exist on this planet. We cannot understand the mysteries of spirit influence, how then can we comprehend the greatest of all mysteries—The source of life?

We can call it Love and know no more.

AT MAPLE RIDGE.

One day while the ladies were alone in the work room. Mrs. Bremer said—I had formed an erroneous opinion of the Southern people. I had been led to it by reading laudatory descriptions of their generosity, hospitality, and chivalry. I have not seen a face yet among them, which speaks highly for them, of any of those sentiments, or I might say virtues. I do not know how to account for it, said Mrs. Duben. We have not been invited to a neighbor's house since we came to Virginia, and it is over a year that we have been visiting their services at church, yet no one comes to us and bids us welcome as in other places. They look at us with an awe-struck stare; the young people look at us a while, and then put their heads together and giggle until their faces become red. Alma has tried to associate with the girls, but she is thoroughly disgusted with their shallowness, ignorance, and laziness. The doctor says they cannot help it, it is in the blood, caused by excesses in the past or at present, and by the use of narcotic poisons. They are born tired and can never get rested. It is a pity, said Mrs. Bremer, for they are a good looking, though rather small people. I have not seen a person whose weight would go over

one hundred and fifty pounds. The men are smaller accordingly than the women. The women powder their faces much, showing their vanity and want of cleanliness, and the men use tobacco until it shows in their complexions, and in the huskiness of voices.

It is much the same in country places at the North, said Mrs. Duben, but I have never seen women and girls use tobacco at the North, East, or West, as they do here; it is not as bad as opium or morphine habit, but it is bad enough. It creates an unnatural thirst which in time deranges the system, causing drunkenness; I wish people would look into it more and prevent suffering. Why did the doctor locate here? asked Mrs. Bremer. Because he could do more good here where humanity has been so sadly neglected. There are places in Europe, too, where he could be of service to humanity, but he had not the sympathy for them that he has for young America, as he calls it. Papa is a good missionary among both black and white, said Alma. The other day he heard a colored girl tell her mother of someone being sick and too poor to get medicines or even food. He asked the girl where the people lived, and she tried to tell, but he could not understand her. Then he asked if she would show him where it was and she said yes. He came to me asking if I would ride with him, and I went, and found they were white people, so poor, so sick, so wretchedly dirty; I have never seen such a sight. Papa did not say much while we were in there, but told the girl he would pay her well if she would stay until we could get home and send a nurse and food, and she stayed. Papa told me to send blankets and he gave Aunt Eliza orders to fill some mattresses with shucks and put into the wagon, while he went to get a nurse among the colored people to go to earn more money than at cleaning peanuts or taking up potatoes, but they were afraid to go. He then sent to Crystal Springs for a white woman, who went for pay, but it was hard to get her to stay there. The man is sick of consumption of the bowels, the wife and children of slow starvation and want of care. The man is beyond help, but the family may be saved, but not to perfect health for a long time, perhaps never. O, it is horrible, to

live in the wilderness so far from other human beings; it is worse than imagination can picture, said Alma.

There is poverty everywhere, said her mother, but you have not seen it; poverty in the great cities is sometimes indescribable where there are so many rich people, as well as benevolent associations. O yes, there is suffering the world over, said Mrs. Bremer, but to me it seems indescribably lonely. I feel as if we were alone like Robinson Crusoe, or the Swiss family, inclosed by dense woods on every side, not a house but negro huts for miles, not a straight road any where to a village or town. The squawking of crows and negroes is all the sound we hear. I can never endure it; I should have begun pioneering in youth, perhaps then I might have learned to love it. Now it is torture and I do not think it is my duty to be as good as buried alive in this wilderness for all the good I could do for white or black. O no! God made us sociable beings and I shall go where kindred spirits live, where I can be of some service to humanity, she said decisively. People who have not resided in the columnar woods cannot realize the loneliness they create. Were you ever alone in a grand cathedral waiting to meet a friend who has been detained by accident? If you were, you can understand something of the awe which solitude forces upon the mind. When alone in the forest the impression is different. I feel like saying—O, how grand are the works of Nature, and I am a small conscious actor in it, though but a parasite. A falling branch or twig can take my life, yet hope whispers, it is not lost, the germ of spirit that lives within thee cannot die, though organic action is destroyed; but ever and anon lurks a fear of annihilation. Who shall prove to me that death does not end all? The same feeling comes to the country bred when in a crowded city. It is indescribably lonesome unless in the society of congenial friends. Yes, we need associates, social affinities to be contented and happy.

I shall not soon forget the scene in church, of those great hounds—one on each side of the pulpit, so calmly contemplating the solemn faces in the seats, only now and then looking up at the man between them when he raised his

voice a little louder than usual, and when fleas bit too hard they gnawed and snuffed, but no one seemed to mind the disturbance, when all at once a woman rose and rolled her sleeves above her elbows, and then plunged her hands into her bosom. I supposed she had a weapon there to drive the dogs out, but she was only catching fleas, though it appeared to me that she was handling lizards. The solemnity of the occasion was at a low ebb just then, but the man in the pulpit was not disturbed, because he is near-sighted and slow to hear, I was told.

The Christmas holidays came and the Dubens and their guests were invited to spend Christmas day with their young friends at Tipsico place. They remembered their ride, and their predicament a little more than a year ago, and when they came near the place they were astonished at the change. The ground smooth, shrubberies planted, houses gone; the mansion painted, it looked like another place. Inside was improved more; nothing adds so much to a home as good furniture. Hall, as well as all the rooms were beautifully decorated with holly, mistletoe, columns of ivy and ever-blooming roses.

The Alvins and their northern guests were there, all gay and happy, glad to see some people who looked home-like. There was much joking among the younger members of the party, but the older folk argued about what should be done to improve society, white as well as black. Farmers in particular, how could education reach them in these woods, where they could scarce raise anything but pines? The parents cannot read, how shall the children learn? They cannot be sent to school where there is none. There are school houses here and there in the county but no school. There is no money in the treasury for schools. Some have school one term, some two, even when there is school it is so far the children cannot go. Colored schools are better provided with money, but have poor teachers, and though there are many pupils, education is low down, and the church does not educate morally as it should. Agriculture is as low down as any industry and there is not much hope of it being any better as long as there is wood to sell. It brings in enough to pay the laborers and

a little for the trouble; farming can never pay that much here. Let us hear from you William, said the doctor. Does progressive farming pay? I cannot say how it will pay until I have sold what there is to sell, and footed up everything. But I do not think it will give the four per cent to the capital invested this year. The land lacks something yet, and I must try to find out what it is and doctor it. Clover did not grow to any size where the ground was not burned; even where ashes and other fertilizers were applied it did not help, but where brush heaps were burned the clover is large and fine. It is potash that is lacking almost everywhere, and where rotted compost, rich in ammonia, has been applied the grain is good, but commercial fertilizers did not do what was expected of them. The worms are a curse which our fathers had no trouble with, so we cannot get any help for their destruction from books, but must try new methods. Some help sometimes comes from agricultural papers, but nearly always the expense is greater than the benefit derived from experiments. There is one thing in favor of farming in Virginia, that is good prices for what we raise, and when the farmer is more cultivated himself he will cultivate his farm better. If a man has no love for farming he should leave it to some one who does love it. Let every one be led by his inclination or natural abilities. I have never seen a farmer who would wish to see a son a day laborer among black or white, in mines, quarries, smelting works, or factories of any kind, but as a workman, mechanic, artist, merchant or professional man on his own responsibility, or like himself, a progressive and successful farmer. It would be well if old Virginia could sell her waste land to some who would come and show her how to make it pay, to have a home in a mild climate, teach some new methods to get crops grown cheap, so it will pay the farmer to produce cheaper grain and yet make a good living from his care and labor. Virginia never need fear overproduction. The world is wide, and its water way is open, and cheap transportation to the consumer gives the producer a little more for what he sells. Virginia farmers have never fed their land, they have only taken off, and when it would no longer give into

the bushel, turn it out to grow pine, taking all the sweetness out of the soil to perfume the air. Let farmers come from near or far; let them put into practice what they know, and we will be thankful for any new methods of agriculture or horticulture they may bring. Let Virginia farmers look at Switzerland and Denmark with their rough or stony soil, yet they can feed, clothe, and educate from eleven to fourteen persons to the acre, and live better than the average Virginian. We have been too proud to give up our land for what it was worth, and thereby kept back immigration. We have been standing in our own light; if we had not we might now have a white population as large as any of the great Western States. We need to sell land to actual settlers and not to speculators who only draw off the wood and let the land lie untilled to bear another crop in fifteen or twenty years. The sooner we get white people who have an enterprising spirit and a little money to settle here the better it will be for those who have homes here now. The colored race is growing rapidly and if we do not get help from immigration we will be pushed to the wall. Farmers need not fear overproduction where tide water can bear our cereals to the great cities of the world. The more an acre produces, the less land is needed for each one's wants. If an acre can bring forty bushels of wheat it pays four times as well for labor as if it produced only ten bushels, and the land not needed for one kind could produce many kinds and be a profit to the farmers because less expense for labor. Labor is cheap here because there are so many dependent on wages for the necessities of life; the farmer can profit by it, if he knows how to utilize it. No farmer can afford to use his uneducated children to do his farm labor. That is stealing time from the future that will have to be restored with interest. Why worry about elbow room as long as there are tens of thousands of acres of land worse than useless, which might bring their owners millions of dollars, who now are scarcely able to pay taxes on it. I do not love Virginia because of historic greatness or wealth, but for its mild climate, her cool springs of clear soft water, her fragrant woods. It may be a land of milk

and honey for a few officeholders while Uncle Sam lends them bees and cows, but they are no better off in the future. The people own this country, they are at liberty to change or make laws to suit themselves. What is the use to complain, because the government does not provide legal tender enough to do business with, when all that is necessary is to demand such exchange of some kind issued. It is man that makes a land rich or poor. Without civilized, enterprising and enlightened citizens, our beautiful country would be an uninhabitable wilderness.

Thank you, said Doctor Duben, I am getting along in years, but young at farming.

Everything in the house spoke of Christmas. The table could not have had more good things on it, even in New England, but we have no time to describe it. And as there were no children old enough to understand Christmas talk, all talked about Christmas in many different experiences on land and sea. The ladies had been inspecting many kinds of needle work, including a beautiful knitted bedspread or counterpane, fine tidies for tables, lounges and chairs. rare plants, shells and curiosities, and were returning and when seated Randolph Elliott said he had a story to tell. He stood at one side of the old-fashioned fireplace in the parlor. Here is his story:

Ladies and gentlemen, I have something to say,

Though not like the old gentlemen's in any way.

But as all of our boys have gone away

And all our young men are married, they say,

And I'm neither lonely nor sad by the way.

Then just for this once let me have my say.

Christmas you know comes but once in a year,

Let's make good use of it while it is here.

Let's tell all we know to bring in good cheer

And bury old sorrow beside the old year.

Let's think of the past with a smile and a tear,

For love is not lost though laid on a bier.

Leap year comes back again every fourth year.

The village you know is a wonderful place,

For erudition, wit, beauty and grace.

But that's not all with which they are blessed,
'Tis money and health of all things the best.
They celebrate Christmas at church with a zest,
With music and songs to astonish the nations,
With colloquies and little girls' recitations;
Where were the boys on such pleasant occasions?
I listened in vain for their jolly orations,
Whose voices will some day resound through the na-
tions.

Why are the boys ashamed of the story now,
While girls their heads in reverence bow?
It is the birth of a boy we celebrate,
Yet it is always done for charity's sake.
There are no paupers anywhere to be found
For many a mile the forest around.
So the folk of the village did council take
Whom they might call poor for charity's sake.
They counted each home both small and great,
But finding none who needed their care,
They looked at each other with curious stare.
Said one, the church mouse is poor, so is parson,
Let's do it up brown providing his ration,
Tea, coffee and sugar, and perhaps also bacon.
He'll feel good to receive such substantial oblation
And take more pains with our soul's salvation.
And the sexton, too, is worthy of care,
Is it not best to send him a share?
O, no, said a voice, why not pay them the cash?
If they're not of age then feed them on hash,
If they wont mind you just give them a lash.
When you hire a man to gather your corn,
You pay him the money when labor is done,
You pay your physician as sure as you're born;
Why not do the same if your priest is a man,
Why count him so poor, or make him say damn?
My profession, the poorest trade since Adam.

There was a roar of laughter from the old gentlemen, some of the ladies, too, but some thought he made sport of religion, so they did not smile. Some of the gentlemen

wanted to see the farm and its appurtenances and Mr. Elliott said he was a woodman not a farmer, but would show them his mules, horses, cattle and sheep, telling them that his neighbor, Will Alvin, was the farmer of the neighborhood. When they were gone the ladies talked very fast. They wanted something new for New Year's Day, but so many of us do not belong to church, and cannot appropriate the church, or we might get a lecturer to come and deliver a lecture of some kind. I think I can get the use of the church, said a Mrs. Williams, a lady friend of the host. I think I can persuade the minister that it cannot hurt the building to use it for a lecture room on New Year's Day, and we can make the announcement from the pulpit Sunday, if some of the rest of you can get the lecturer, but we want some subject that can do good. How would a temperance lecture do? said Mrs. Duben. O, there is diversity of feeling here now, perhaps it would be better with some other subject. How would social reform do? said Mrs. Bremer. I will see about it tomorrow, said Mrs. Williams, and if he is not too far he can have time to come, and we can call it social reform as well as anything. When the gentlemen came in it was all planned, and the ladies informed them what was to be, and asked them to help pay the expense, and they promised.

The party was then treated with music and songs by the host and hostess, and all went home happy, because they had in reality enjoyed a merry Christmas.

When the Duben party came to Crystal Springs they were nearly frightened by the screaming, howling and anvil shooting, as well as other kinds of ear-splitting racket, but at home there was no such noises. It was dark and lanterns had been hung in the trees from the gate to the house, and distant sounds of music from the school room came to them on the still evening air. While they were gone the housekeeper had hung up holly, mistletoe, and cedar vines in such artistic style that the hall and parlor looked something like oriental temples lighted with many colored lights, and when all had relieved themselves of wraps and were comfortably seated the doctor told them that he was ready to ring the bell and call the colored people

to a Christmas supper, and wish you to come down to wish them a Merry Christmas. The bell rang clear and merry and the people came dressed in their best; small and great, young and old, the professor with them. There was a place for all. The dining room was beautifully decorated and illuminated with many colored candles. The people were seated and helped to some of everything and everything was of the best. The crowd was silent, a strange thing with colored folk. The professor asked God's blessing on all, and thanked God for giving them good friends. Some smiled, some whispered, some looked awe struck. Tears rolled down the cheeks of some while yet there was a smile on their faces. One old man said, while tears stood in his eyes: Its like heben. When the family thought that the feast was ended they went to wish them a Merry Christmas, and Mr. Krantz personated Santa Claus. Every one was remembered. And when they were ready to go a bright colored boy said, Sir, here is something for you out here, I trapped them for you. It was a family of opossums, in a wire cage. Mr. Krantz remembered the boy and rewarded him for his trouble.

Lemons, tea and rusks were brought up to the sitting room, and all refreshed and merry, retired to rest.

Sunday came, and all the white members of the Duben family went to meeting, even the housekeeper left the work for colored hands and heads to do and think. After services the minister made the announcement that there would be a lecture in this house on New Year's Day at two o'clock in the afternoon. The subject of the lecture will be Social reform. The Alvins and Elliotts were there and all had a merry chat under the trees, but the day was cloudy and they thought it best to go home.

New Year's Day came, a beautiful day, though the temperature was at the freezing point. The house was well filled with respectable looking people, and near the door was several colored people, and quite a number of dogs sitting close to their masters. The ladies went in at one door and the gentlemen at the other, and seated themselves where they could get a place, there being no usher. The minister came with his family, seating himself near the

organ, his wife and children around him. Dr. Duben and his family and guests filled the amen corner. The doctor looked at his watch and then arose and went inside the altar ring and stood in front of the pulpit. About half of the audience had seen the doctor before, but did not expect to hear him speak. There seemed to be a good deal of whispering but it ceased as soon as the speaking began.

Ladies and Gentlemen: My subject is "Social Reform." A reformation is needed all over the civilized world, among people in or out of church organizations, among rich and poor. Perhaps you think we do not need it, because when taken as a nation we appear better than any other nation in the world. That is true, but let me tell you we are beginning to act like the most frivolous people in the world in both dress and manners. First let me speak of dress and its language. In Europe dress may safely be taken as an exponent of the wearer's position in society, men and women alike, but in America it is not so definite. Though you may in most cases judge correctly by the every day dress, the wearer's position even here. Imagine yourselves in Constantinople, where you see forms gliding by so veiled that you cannot get a glimpse of a feature. Next take a peep into a fashionable ballroom in Vienna and get a change of scene—women dressed in gauze to show their forms in full. Other countries according to their modes. American fashions are not much less ridiculous; enter a fashionable ballroom in any of our cities, and you will see women whose vital organs are squeezed to one-half their natural size; arms and bust bare, while their trains are so long that when they turn around they are obliged to push them out of their way. All comprehend the veil of Constantinople—the nudity of Vienna. So we infer the position of American women of fashion. It shows they are slaves to the opposite sex. They are cramped in both mind and body. They have no need of breath or locomotion. Now the question arises, will women thus display themselves when they become citizens, and man's equal? Will she then compress her vitals and fetter her feet? I hope for freedom in thought, speech and dress; yes perfect social

freedom. This is an age of scientific progress unsurpassed. We have an idea that we are more refined in our customs and habits of speech than our parents were. Some even go so far as to say that they were coarse and ignorant when compared with the style and education of today. What is education or style by the side of native good sense and nobility of character? No matter how much paint or polish there is on a rickety piece of furniture, which no one dares to use because there is no strength in the joints. It needs strength of body, mind and character to turn a wild country into a garden; the bare desolate earth into comfortable homes. We can never know what they knew, and we may be glad we need not know the hardships they went through. Let us imagine how we could do if our clothing were worn out and there were none manufactured. Could we cut the wool from the sheep's backs, clean, card, spin and weave it so that it would be fit for clothing? Tan the leather for our shoes, and many other things which we know nothing of? If we were put in their places we would soon see how much we know or can endure. How are the girls brought up now? Are they not dependent upon others for everything? Very few of them know the value of anything; go buy anything they like and let some one see that it is paid for; if told that they are extravagant they care not. They have no idea how hard some one must work to pay for their loved trinkets.

If the American girl sometimes longs for emancipation it is a transient wish, since her freedom would bring cares and she is not fond of them. Girls make up their little minds that they are well paid for loss of individuality by soft words and caresses. They would not be boys, scolded for every movement they make inside the doors. They are better than their brothers, and how much nicer and finer they must be dressed. They must wear fine thin material while their brothers wear the coarsest shoddy. Boys can have freedom to go and come, act and exercise in the open air all they wish, while girls are taught it is improper for them even to run a race or to join in any exercise which makes boys healthy and strong. A girl must stay in the parlor and study etiquette, while her brother turns heels

over head on the grass or in trees. A girl must learn to receive callers gracefully or spend her time following the freaks of fashion in coiffure, dress or worthless reading or thumping the grand piano, while her brother spends his time racing fast horses, or playing billiards, or other games with fast companions. Those are the sports of the wealthy. The poor girl of today if she is not endowed with an independent spirit which says, I shall learn, work and dare, the poor girl, I pity her, she must be shut in—a burden to hard working father, mother, or brothers who have not been degraded by their work, but their sisters would be degraded by any work outside of their own household, but her brothers can be farmhands, ditchers, hewer of wood or carriers of water, clerks or railroad employes and not be degraded by their labor—but be respectable citizens. I am sorry for the American girl, for she is petted and spoiled, or is a slave of circumstances, or ignorance, or of some unprincipled man who promised to love and protect her; she is a slave as much as the girls of India, though in a different way.

How much is said about a general reform in politics, temperance, dress, moral and religious reform—let us add social reform; but who dares say reform your homes? Your way of life, your moral nature, sweep out every foolish custom, wash away every prejudice, burn up every superstition, making room for lofty and pure principles—justice, equity and truth. The equality of sex, individuality and independence of character, before God and man. Teach both sexes to have cares while young, and the yoke will not seem so heavy when they need to bear it for themselves. Teach both sexes that honesty and truthfulness is the best policy, and they will when men and women be an honor to their parents, themselves, and their country. Place them where you will, they will do their duty, and never be bought, deceiving those who voted them into office; never disgracing by falsehood or dishonesty their country before other nations.

Let us take a look at American boys at home. As soon as he can do without his cradle he is put into the gloomiest room in the house. The oldest bedding is good

enough for him. A rickety chair, a faded carpet that the girls do not want in their room, is "good enough for boys." No pictures can be afforded for boys, nor any pleasant views; what is the use! They are only careless, noisy boys. Was I not a boy once, and who can forget, even though it is forgiven? O, negligent mother, make home pleasant, you know not whom you are entertaining even among your own children. Was not our Saviour Jesus Christ a little boy once, and had younger brothers? Did he not say, Whatsoever you do to one of the least of these, you do it unto me? I beg of you, join with your children in harmless games, save them hunting companions in billiard halls, ninepin alleys, saloons, or other places whose steps lead to hell. I beg of you make home the dearest, sweetest spot on earth to your boys. Let them invite their friends home to enjoy themselves, at the same time help them to have a polish to their manner which will speak for them in the future. Give them one of the sunniest rooms, put some good, as well as attractively bound books there—tendency literature which will help in forming their characters. Let them feel that a tender interest, a sweet affection has entered into every detail, and you will be rewarded. In no other way can you develop their lives to the noble manhood you desire of them. Who deserves more loving interest than the boys—the noble self-denying boys? If someone is sick in the night, who rides miles in darkness and storm but one of the boys? Who comes in from a hard day's work, yet ready to harness your horse for you to drive, ready to take any extra steps to save mother, but one of the boys? Show them you appreciate their kind attention, and you will never have cause to call them noisy, careless boys, but noble, manly boys. Never be discouraged, boys, no matter how poor you are or ever so obscure; industry and honesty will bring you a comfortable living. Make yourselves acquainted with the histories of great men, and you will find they were as poor as you are. Many climbed the ladder of fame unaided by wealth. I will call up a few names to remind you of their struggle up the hill of life: The Astors, Browns, Stewart and Vanderbilts accumulated most of their wealth after their fiftieth year. Bernadotte's

mother, after her husband's death was a wash-woman, yet he became the King of Sweden and Norway. Columbus was the son of a weaver, Cervantes, a common soldier. Cromwell, the son of a brewer; Demosthenes, the son of a cutler. Franklin, the son of a candle and soap maker; Horace, the son of a shop keeper; Shakespeare, the son of a wood stapler; Mahomet, a driver of asses; Napoleon Bonaparte, of obscure family; Abraham Lincoln, a rail-splitter; Martin Luther, the reformer, was the son of a miner. If by nature you are gifted with a sound body and intelligent mind it is possible for you to become as great as any of those named, but it is not necessary to be great in order to be good, useful and happy. There are thousands of men good, useful and happy where there is not one great man.

Now I wish to say: Parents, treat the girls the same as the boys, let them be free to run and race with the boys until they are strong of limbs and lungs, dress them in thick, warm clothes, and send them to school to learn the same lessons as the boys—play ball with the boys if they like. Teach them to think for themselves as the boys are taught. Why should it be a disgrace for the girls to learn a trade in America more than in other countries; and if she should not desire to marry she could be independent of her family and friends, like her brothers, at her trade or profession. In some countries women have trade unions and schools, carvers, moulders, engravers, plasterers, painters, paperhangers, type setters, and even stone cutters, and they are happy at their work because they are free to earn an honest living. Dependence is slavery though you do nothing for a living. Educate young women as much as you will in music and other embellishments, or accomplishments. I have seen the wheels of fortune turn, and they try to get a living by them for themselves and theirs—but every place has been taken; every branch of learning filled with teachers in every grade.

Now, young women and girls, I want to speak a few words to you. First avoid attracting the attention of the public by your giggle. Never show partiality for any one in any public place. What is silly for your brother is silly

for you; remember you must show to the world that you are sensible enough to be counted as citizens! having long ago outgrown the title some knowing politicians sometimes use in speaking of mother, sister, or daughters, as "darling little simpleton." I know you can be brave in danger, thoughtful, patient and kind with womanly dignity, not with simpering affectation. It is not strange that man loves to rule. Nature has given him the ability. Who will take it from him? Woman cannot, nor has she the desire to do so, but she desires to be respected for what she is—the mother, as man is the father; his equal, not his slave; she is often more than his equal in mind though not in physical strength, and custom may change, giving her a chance for physical development. Ever since historic art has existed woman has been slave with but few exceptions. Women are seldom mentioned in history and when they are they seem to us as monstrosities. In the Bible we find a few characters, but even there something spoils their goodness, and there is no moral beauty except in the last chapter of Proverbs is a word picture of what every woman should be. Read it, study it. In no country has woman so much respect paid her publicly as in America, and it is here she needs it the most, for American women are weaker than European women of today. Too much petting, watching and attention has hindered her progress physically if not mentally. American men are by nature gifted with intelligence, energy, and executive ability of no small degree, and if they would only let narcotic poisons alone they would become the strongest, quickest and shrewdest men in the world. Now let me present a picture of young America: He is eighteen or twenty years old, carries a cane, advertises the clothing stores, uses a gold watch and chain, pets an incipient mustache, perfumes the air with hair oil and cigar smoke; probably he chews tobacco too, plays cards, and drinks occasionally. Is he the American statesman of the future? Now he is the empty result of novel reading and false training at home. He is now wiser than the greatest philosopher of the age. Here is a young lady, too, whose mind is formed in the same way. She reads half the night and sleeps until nearly noon next day, perhaps it would

be as agreeable to her parents if she slept all day. She is cross, narrow chested, hollow-eyed and hateful, except out in company or receiving guests, then she is powdered, curled, laced, oiled, perfumed and jeweled. The empty result visits her, brings her the last new novel and says it is splendid. She reads it and when next he comes she says it is lovely. Her idea of womanhood is the heroine of a novel. Her only ambition is to be pretty—to be waited upon; her mind dwarfed, her physical force ruined by sickly sentiments. They marry, and find out that they are not heroes or heroines and in a few years sue for divorce. If not, and their money lasts, she spends time in gossiping and flirting, while her husband spends his time at billiards or at cards, bets, swears, drinks, even fights. Do their children bless them? Such children curse their father and do not bless their mother.

Now let us turn the easel and look at another picture of American life. In a neat comfortable home, there are father, mother, brothers and sisters, the business cares of the day are over, and all are enjoying each other's society. Conversation is varied and pleasant. The school is talked about, difficult lessons in grammar or arithmetic are explained; local news told or read, songs practiced and learned. In the library are books from the best authors of the time, as well as history, biography, poetry and fiction, all of the best. The young people take turns at reading aloud for exercise or improvement. Everything is done in an orderly manner. Hours are set for work, hours for play and hours for study as well as for social pleasures. Young men and maids in such homes need not go to hunt up companions in the streets but at home and in the homes of young friends and classmates. Father and mother are the counselors in whatever business or excursions for pleasure, or profit, that they desire to try their luck at when their education is finished. And when the time comes that makes it necessary to separate, to make homes for themselves none steps over the threshold without a blessing: In such families there is no partiality or strife; each has been taught to respect the rights and wishes of others. To overcome evil with good—starting on the journey of life with

habits and thoughts of the highest order—riches can be lost, houses burned, lands confiscated, but wealth stored in the mind gives enjoyment that money cannot give. It has borne men and women through adversity, trouble and sorrow that would have landed many an untutored mind in the insane asylum, or a dishonored grave. America is blessed with some richly endowed homes, where love's fire ever burns brightly on the hearthstone. Shall we be the means of multiplying their number? Every one who has had such a home looks back to it with memory's eyes resplendent in the sunlight of love. It is the Eden from which the sword of Time has driven us.

There is an Eden for each of you; plant in it every noble virtue, every tree of faith and trust, every flower of affection; cultivate and improve every faculty. Let no weed of evil habit mar the beauty of God's masterpiece, keep it pure and clean, keep it so good, that in the cool of life's evening you may partake of its fruit and rejoice.

As soon as the doctor had made an end of speaking there was a murmur of applause and the old gentlemen guests congratulated him on his ability and fluency, and the good memory of names of American men. The minister too, reached him his hand, saying, It was the best lecture on that subject I ever heard. Some of the ladies, too, came and thanked him, saying, I shall try from this day to make home pleasant.

A few days after New Year's Day the guests left for Florida and the house seemed so empty, so quiet. And to Mrs. Bremer it was lonely and sad though all tried to cheer her up by saying they would go to Glenwood on a visit, but some one brought news that the sick man spoken of had just died and preparations must be made for the funeral so there were other things to think of. The doctor and wife went to see the sick and sorrowing family, after ordering a coffin made of some fine dry lumber he had stored up for a piece of furniture he had set his heart on for his own room, saying, I can wait. Everything was done to make the living comfortable. They were now able to be up. Mrs. Duben asked the woman where her friends lived so they could notify them to come to bury her husband.

She answered they had none. Do you not correspond with anyone? No ma'am. I never learned to write. Papa could write, said the little girl, and he tried to learn me.

The tears stood in her eyes as she looked toward the bed where he lay. The boy, a lad of eight years, was silent, but moved slowly toward the bed, raised the sheet and looked in silence at the face a long time and then laid the sheet back, turned and with a sad look on his expressive face knelt, laying his head on the doctor's knee. The doctor stroked his light curly hair but said nothing to the child, but spoke to the mother of what must be done, asking where her husband should be buried. She rose and went to the window, pointing to the woods, saying, There are the family graves; it is not far from here. This path leads to the spring and beyond on the hill is the place all covered with bushes, and over the graves are two great lindens, the seeds from the old country. The stones are there on the grandparents, but none was ever put upon the last. She had come back and seated herself by the fire. The boy was sobbing as if his little heart was breaking, but the doctor did not notice him, only holding his hand on his head. Where was your husband born? asked the doctor. Not in this house, but in a house that was burned years ago. It had been a good house once, but it was old, built of hewn logs of great size, laid on stone foundation. The stones are there yet I reckon. Where were you born? asked the doctor. I was born on the place. My father was overseer on the Beverly estate, but that house is burned too. We lived there when it burned and it left us very poor.

She could not say more for a storm of sorrow almost took her breath, and her little four-year-old girl tried to comfort her, which made it still harder. There was other people coming in, and the doctor and wife left, taking Harold Beverly with them. He was a quiet, thoughtful child of fine, open countenance, tall for his years. The doctor took his hand as they were entering the hall and led him to the sitting room and introduced him to Mr. Krantz and the ladies. He looked at Mr. Krantz with a great deal of interest. After some conversation the gentlemen went out, the doctor telling Harold to remain with the ladies until

they came back. He sat still looking at pictures on the walls, shells on the mantle, and at last at the ladies. Mrs. Bremer looked at the child admiringly, for he was a noble looking boy. Come here she said, and tell me what your name is and how old you are. He went and stood by the arm of her chair. She put her arm around him; he answered, My name is Harold Beverly, and I was eight years old the twenty-first of August. Well, you have a good old-fashioned name, I am sure that was not picked out of some slimsy novel. O, no, said the boy, it was my great grand father's name; and he, too, was born August 21st, one hundred and fifty years before I was born. I saw it cut in a stone. Then you can read? Yes ma'am. Do you love to read? Yes, but our books were all burned up when the house burned, so we have none to read. Papa and mama used to read pretty stories to Mary and me.

His voice broke and he went to the hearth and stood leaning his head on the stone of the fire place, but was silent for a long time until he heard footsteps coming into the room. It was Mrs. Duben who entered the room. He looked up and became more cheerful. Well Harold, how do you like the looks of things here? I like them, they look nice. I like pictures, and he looked up to a rural scene. Alma felt sorry for the child. She went out but soon came back with a picture book for him to look at, and all his sorrow was forgotten for an hour or more, when the gentlemen came home and Harold was taken down and introduced to the housekeeper and the colored girls. The doctor said something low in Harold's ear and they entered a small, warm room, where a pleasant looking colored man seated the boy on a high chair and cut some of the curls off and bathed him thoroughly, and dressed him in a new suit of clothes, and when he had finished he went up with him. He appeared bashful for a moment but soon forgot it. When Mr. Krantz asked him if he would like to go out and see the opossums, he smiled and answered, Yes sir. So they went out together. While they were out the doctor told the ladies what he had learned of the poor family in the forest, or Beverlys. I cannot tell the story right, said he. I do not know only rumors, and abstracts from the

county records, and they are hardly legible. When Robert Beverly knew he must die he told me he had some papers that he saved that had never done him any good though he had hurt himself by saving them from the fire and had been a sufferer ever since. They were in a little metal chest under his bed. He told me to take them and do with them what I could for his family, and I did. I read them and sent them to my lawyer and agent, and he thinks as I do, that something can be done by contracting with lumber firms so that the family can be provided for as soon as the funeral is over, which will take place tomorrow at three o'clock. I have invited the woman to stay here a few days while I wait for an answer, which I hope will be satisfactory. O, yes, said Mrs. Duben, they can occupy the guest room, it is not occupied now.

The bushes were cut and cleaned off from the graves under the great linden trees; the moss scraped from the stones; the grave dug as near where other graves were as they dared to dig, and it was so near that they cut into the corner of the oaken box, but not enough to hurt it, and next day there was quite a respectable funeral for such an out-of-the-way place. The minister read the funeral service of the Episcopal Church, and a hymn was sung under the great lindens, and all returned to their homes. But the Beverlys went home with the Dubens never to return to suffer again. The lumber company sent an inspector and contractor to look over the place, and came to report to the doctor and Mrs. Beverly, and she was glad to take the money offered, and when Mrs. Bremer went home Mrs. Beverly and children went with her. Mr. Krantz, the doctor and Alma went to see them safe on the Ariel.

A few days after the above there was a ring at the door bell which startled the whole household because of the stillness in the house. Each one left his occupation and rose, but the doctor went to the door and found a young man there; he saluted the doctor and then said: My name is Warwick. I live next to Randolph Elliott's. I and my family are strangers. Come in Mr. Warwick, said the doctor. The young man still continued speaking while going through the hall and hesitated, saying: Mr. Elliott said

you was a physician. My folks are sick of fever. Can I get your help? I did not come here to practice my profession, but if there is no one to call upon I suppose I can go, but how much help it may be I do not know. They entered the sitting room, and the doctor introduced the young man to Mr. Krantz and the ladies. Turning to Mr. Krantz he asked, Will you accompany us? Mr. Krantz said yes, and both went to get ready. Mrs. Duben then addressed the young man, asking how long they had been here, and where they came from. He answered, we are from Norwood, Massachusetts, and have been here five months. How do you like it here? O, father and I like it, but the women folks don't like it at all. My wife has been sick ever since we came, but she was not well at home, but mother and sister were never sick up North and now they are never well. The old men came to say they were ready, all bidding the ladies good day.

When they arrived at Rowland Mill they found an old bearded man on the porch looking for some one; as he saw them he opened the door and stepped in, but soon came out and down to the carriage. When he saw Krantz he exclaimed, Why Joe! while he said, Why John! and for a time they forgot everybody and everything, standing with hands clasped. The doctor and the young man went into the house and found three women and a babe sick of malarial fever, and not any one to do anything for them but the men, and they were not feeling well. After giving them each a dose of medicine the doctor went to Elliott's to get help from among the colored people, and would not leave without some one, so Mrs. Elliott told a woman to go with the doctor and she would warrant her reward. The doctor sat waiting until he became impatient and said, how slow colored people are to think or work; it needed patience to be a good master. The woman was soon installed as housekeeper and assistant nurse. After making them as comfortable as could be under the circumstances they went home, and when they came to Crystal Springs it began to hail and they went into a store to warm, and found it was nine o'clock, and when they arrived at home at ten o'clock the snow was falling fast, and the old men

could not go riding for a week. They then went to Rowland Mill, found the babe in its coffin and the mother ready to die. Mrs. Elliott was there to help nurse the sick, who were very low, but there was some hope for those who had been strong, but the weak ones must go. She died at sundown and the doctor remained and did all he could for the living and bereaved. The young man took his dead family north to be buried with their family, and came back to help his old and sick parents, and as soon as the young woman was well enough she went north and married. The mother was too weak to leave her room for months. The men had chills and looked like shadows or mongolian ghosts, and as soon as could be they too left for the north, leaving the place vacant but in the care of its former owner.

There had been a revival meeting near Barrow's Mill and many had "speriented ligion," as the colored folk called it. The preacher was magnetic so that many felt it and became much excited. Some swooning, some howling, crying and falling over in their seats not knowing what they did or said. Those who attended the meetings said he was powerful in de Lawd Jesus. Some saw Jesus among them, and said that if they could beliebe like de 'postles he would come to them like he did to the little publican and dine on ash cake, bacon and black coffee with sugar and whiskey in it, and if we love him as de 'postles did he may come as he did then, and make a fish fry for us, when we can't catch any more fish in de pond. His flesh is meat, and his blood is drink indeed, read the preacher. Yes, yelled a fat and jolly looking negro, black as a coal. We must beliebe dat we eat and drink de Lawd Jesus ebery day, or starve to death and burn in hell foreber, so you bettah beliebe, eat, drink God, and lib in heben foreber with him in your stumach, dat will keep yo alibe shoo.

Ida Dillner and Helen Foster came to Maple Ridge one day in February quite early. William Alvin and George Manners came with them—all horseback. While they were dismounting William happened to look toward the spring and saw some people there; looked again, and knew them to be Herbert Nickols and Alma. They all hurried to meet

and greet one another; all seemed happy. We are going to Barrow's Mill pond, to see a colored baptizing said Ida. Will you accompany us there? Yes, if I can, said Alma. Come in and I will soon know. They went in and were greeted by the old folk. Alma was soon ready. Herbert had his own horse ready and they set out under a clear blue sky. It was no great distance, and such fine weather, they got there in time. Saw eighteen black, brown and yellow faces, with frightened looking eyes plunged under water, while the crowd kept shouting glory, or saying amen, to what the preacher said to those he immersed. At last it was over and our party started for home.

The air was growing chilly and the horses hurried along at a good pace when a couple of deer ran across the road. Helen's horse shied and threw her into a hole made by a capsized tree at the side of the road. William caught the horse in a moment and dismounted, holding both horses with one hand reaching out his other hand. when Herbert lifted her as though she was a child, shaking her gently to see if she breathed, and she gasped and began spitting the yellow mud out of her mouth, her hair was one great cake of mud, and her beautiful hat with its costly plume, where could it have gone? She opened her eyes with difficulty because the lids were caked over with the mud. Alma tied her horse to a sapling and went to scrape the mud off and find out if she was hurt very much, but found her only a little stunned. She wiped off the thickest of the yellow mud, asked her if she could mount her horse. She said yes, and stood up; she looked at her clothes, at the hole in the ground where she had been; put her hand up to her head; her hand, so heavy. She looked at her gloved hands, with their yellow mud mittens, and broke into merry laughter, peal after peal. Herbert took a stick and poked in the mud and brought out the hat, no more a hat but a lump of yellow mud, but he shook it and tied it in his pocket handkerchief and hung it on the saddle. Alma tied a handkerchief over Helen's head and they came home without any more trouble. When the old people saw them coming up to the house, they wondered what had happened and went out to meet them. Why Helen, what is

the matter, how do you feel? I feel like a turtle out on dry land, said Helen. The young people remained until afternoon next day. When all had been made comfortable and supper eaten, they wanted some stories, and each of them told one.

DR. DUBEN'S STORY.

The story I have to tell is of something which happened during my student days, but it is not a romance. The president of the school was our professor in philosophy and chaplain, and we had a habit of being late to morning exercises. He had often told us it did not look well to be late at any time and worst of all at divine service. Did you ever come here and not find me in my place? I know you never did. I have always been in time. What we steal of time must be paid at our loss, because we can have only so much, and if we waste it, it is lost forever. The lecture was continued every morning for a month at least, and we were all tired of it, so we made up our mind to cause a detention. Saturday night we managed to get the key to his carriage house, and turned the carriage bottom up, and put the wheelbarrow on the top. We had great trouble to get it over without injuring the bows, doors, or lamps. We took out bolts, screws and shaft, and yet we left everything without anything being broken. Sunday was his day to preach to the students, from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, and we knew it would be impossible for him to come in his carriage, as it had taken ten of us to turn it, his one man could not right it, even if he could find the key. The bell rang first, second, and it was to toll for service, but the man was not in the pulpit. The galleries were all full and the students were all there waiting. The deacons went out to have a consultation, or send some one to find out what had happened, when they saw the president coming at great strides through the broiling heat carrying his umbrella. The sexton tolled the bell, and we all looked alike innocent of the detention. He had been heated up by what we had done and his walk, and the sermon had taken some sparks as they flew, but we were not

badly singed by them. Monday morning we paid a carriage man to set it right, and we were glad to see it at the college gate. (Applause).

A story told by Herbert Nickols is worthy a place here, just as he related it. My father was a slave holder, but loved the Union; did not like discussions on State's rights, nor did he approve of war to dissolve the Union. He remained at home and kept his own councils, and tried to hide his property in the woods, but the army ate up and destroyed until there was nothing; not a man servant was left on the place, not a horse, mule or cow. My father was drafted and marched off, leaving mother alone with five little children to starve and suffer. The negro women were as helpless as mother was, she bade them go where they could get food; some went to the city, others were never heard from. Father thought only of his starving family and his duty to them, and deserted, and hid in the forest, bringing meat and skins nights. Mother cooked the meat and made the best use she could of the skins for clothing, but midwinter came and with it came suffering for the lone man in the forest, so he came to the house nights. At last he became too sick to leave his bed. Mother sent some of the elder children to a neighbor's to get food and help, and were informed that father was to be court martialed. They came home with the news and father was too weak to sit up in bed. He told my elder brother to bring him his pistol from the bureau, and the child obeyed. Mother had lain down to rest on the sofa, and knew nothing of it, until she was aroused by the report, and then she was sick of brain fever, so that she could not realize what was taking place around her. When the men came they found father dead, mother raving in fever, while we were screaming with sorrow, hunger and fear. War makes men beasts. They soon left us, but neighbors came and ministered to our wants. They buried father and nursed mother, but she never was like herself. She had forgotten that we were her children, or that she was our mother. She sat by the window looking out, seldom saying a word, until one day in the summer of 1868, while looking out of the window as usual, she rose hastily, calling father by name, and saying

you are home at last. Then sinking gently back in her chair, expiring with a sweet smile on her face.

This sad scene is my war recollection, and thousands of young people in Virginia have similar recollections of war and the curse it left on society, which nothing but time can erase.

Rural life has many phases. It is a great work of art to portray its features correctly. We do not want to see any but the best side of life, if by it we can elevate the moral sentiment of society. We will therefore follow the light which illuminates every intelligent mind—the light of love, but we can picture in language the thoughts and feelings of others, only by that which we have in store of our own experience or imagination.

Dear reader, let us follow the young people home to Glenwood, where every one was busy repairing, and preparing to begin farming. The young ladies found letters and papers full of news, some joyous, some sad, the perusal of which occupied their time and thoughts for a day.

The young men bid all a kind farewell. Their young New England friends had already become occupants of the warmest corner of their hearts. Never before had it been so hard to leave Virginia to start on the journey toward the setting sun. William felt the loss of their society more than the young ladies, because they had been with him almost constantly in his rambles or rides in the forest for two months; now they had returned to their vocations. William must return to his, with all his might, leaving other thoughts or recreations, or his farming would not prove a success.

The Dubens came to spend Easter with the Alvins. The Elliotts were there also, and all had a good time. Mr. Alvin had received a letter from a friend, a missionary to India, who had been traveling for recreation or information outside of books, as he calls it. "It is a long letter, but the most interesting letter I have had the pleasure of reading for years." Can we hear it? asked Alma, who had become a great favorite with the old gentleman as well as with his son. Yes, dear, you may read it. You can read

beautifully. You may get it by going to my room for it. A lovely smile lit up her face as she glided from the room and in a few minutes returned with the manuscript. Here we reproduce it.

Nagasaki, Japan, November 20th, 18—.

Dear Friend:

You will be surprised to see how I have traveled when you receive my letter. As you will see I wished to learn by seeing or studying the phases of the world outside of books. I have told you in former letters how much or how little good we have accomplished, and the monotony of the mission work was undermining my health. I therefore concluded to do a little good to myself, if not to the world. I have no time to describe the cities; that they are very attractive I must say, and the scenery fine. Their silk and porcelain both unique and artistic. I visited the golden temple, the silver temple also; they are both old frauds. The Monto Bhudhist temple is richly adorned. I rode to Kamayama over a good mountain road by jinriksha, and through a well constructed tunnel coming out of darkness onto an indescribably lovely landscape, winding our way along shady autumnal tinted hillsides, and sloping terraces bearing the fruits of the peasants' toil; through villages filled with laughing children running to see our procession. Through the rushing mountain stream, the Oigawa, we enter the river to run down the rapids taking our coolies with us, which, with the conveyances take three boats that look like boxes forty feet long, seven feet wide and four feet deep, pointed bow, square stern, no ribs. You can imagine our apprehensions while sweeping down seven miles of rocks, bumping, rubbing and rounding into deep eddies, there being at times no apparent outlet. When at last we had swept down the last and longest rapids and turned a curve we landed amid richly tinted maple groves. I felt like taking a full breath to realize my existence, and the fact that I was once more on firm ground. The gorge through which we passed is in harmony with the stream;

its walls are at times five hundred feet high, dressed with trees and shrubs of the richest colors.

A ride of seven miles brought us back to Kioto. Next morning we started for Otzu on Lake Biwano, Japan's largest lake, ten by fifty miles. Otzu is a large city with good schools, temples and buildings. Japan is a good agricultural country. The city is situated at the southern end of the lake, from which a canal is being constructed to carry its water, and the products of its shores to Kioto. We made a trip on a little steamer to Karasaki to see its great pine tree, said to be over two thousand years old; its height is something over sixty feet; the main trunk is something over six feet in diameter; the three branches are each four feet in diameter; its horizontal spread is five hundred feet, is perfectly green and would make a fine roof for a summer garden. We also visited the largest tea district in Japan; some of the finest varieties being five hundred years old, planted like hedges in long rows from two to five feet high, and are picked from May to September when the leaves are in proper condition. We saw deer so tame that they ate from our hands, yet roaming at large; the law protects them. We also went to Nara to see the great bronze statue of Dia Butsu, cast in 749. A full-grown person can crawl through the nostrils of it, and the great lantern in front of Dia Butsu containing fire originally brought from Ceylon. Osaka is a tea, silk and glassware trading center, and contains the imperial mint, arsenal, gun and ammunition factory. The castle with its canals and moats, and its large blocks of marble and granite are grand, it is only used for military schools now. Nagasaki itself is one of the oldest towns known to Europeans; here were the first converts to Christianity; here were the first native Christians martyred.

Hongkong, China, December 20th. I did not get my letter to you, sent when I was in Japan, so I will continue my description of some things I have seen on my way through China. Shanghai is not one city, but three and the condition and circumstances existing there are not pleasing. The old city is locked up at night with its stench. The new or foreign Shanghai is a great business center, it has

good buildings. The suburban villas are charming, but life in China is not to my taste. I visited a French Jesuit school and found the monks dressed like Chinamen—even to the cue. I left Shanghai on the French steamer *Natal*, the finest boat I have ever traveled on. After a fine run of two and a half days through Formosa Channel and the China Sea, we found the harbor of Hongkong to be one of the finest in the world. The city is magnificently situated under Victoria peak, which rises one thousand feet from the waters, on whose bosom rest a great variety of shipping, presenting an imposing spectacle. Buildings and gardens rise tier upon tier, and villas glisten like gems on every summit. The population is very great, only about ten thousand being foreigners. I could not realize that I am within the tropics until I visited a little nook known as Happy Valley, in which the race course is laid out, and on its western slope are cemeteries. I visited the Christian, and found it beautiful and well kept. Many choice plants and trees grew and shaded the paths to the graves. I spent two Sundays in the botanical garden. It is a paradise of vegetation. A ride up Pearl River reminds one of the Hudson. The river is very wide in some places—so wide one cannot see the shore, but when coming near Canton one can see nothing but moving boats, and bridges of boats alive with people whose habits cannot be understood until seen.

O, what a hive of humanity, and on looking around among thousands of faces not one beautiful face have I seen, young or old. Many are horribly ugly. One hundred thousand of them live, labor and die in the floating city. Canton on shore with one and a half million inclosed by high walls, and narrow streets many of them dirty, its inhabitants busy, boisterous and crowded. But considering its primitive sewerage system it is comparatively a clean city; but one cannot be sure to come off from the street without being spattered with swill or other excrement on the clothing. I visited the temple of five hundred genii or gilded statues. Tain Chun Temple with its marble pagoda, and the five storied pagoda. It contains a shrine on third and fifth floors. The view is magnificent here of

the river, city and country. Below, inclosed by a separate wall, is the city of the dead, consisting of a series of buildings divided into rooms for the wealthy dead who are placed in sealed coffins behind screens, before each is a shrine, and a vacant chair and table, on which are placed flowers, fruit, and dainty dishes, to help the departed spirit through the unknown regions of spirit-land. There are thousands of things to write about, but all are not alike pleasant topics. We have been going through the gulf of Siam to Singapore. There on the streets we meet representatives of all nations but the American Indian. Today the thermometer stands at 90 degrees. One can come and go here at any time any where. Here are botanical gardens, natural, the zoological thrown in, where rain comes by the gallon instead of the drop; while pine apples sugared by nature can be picked by the edge of the jungle, with the chance of awakening beast or reptile; where church, mosque or temple stand side by side; where every style of costume, even to the fig leaf may be seen; where one can see all kinds of palms in their grandeur and perfection. Singapore is well built and healthful, its position at the entrance of the Straits of Malacca, where all navigation must pass through such narrow channels.

I continued my journey after two days, in which time I visited cocoanut plantations. The trees are tall, like our Virginia pines, limbless, unbroken to the top, where nestles the fruit close around the stem or trunk, covered by long palm leafed limbs. The ground is free from bushes, and there graze smooth, straight horned cattle, small as goats. There were many pretty gardens and houses, some of stone and brick, but many houses are set on poles or pillars with windows barred. The Mahommedan religion predominates, and it shows in the dress and modesty of women. Men buy their wives yet. We remained in Ceylon a whole week, one can scarcely go for the importunities of peddlers of jewelry and trinkets. We spent a day at Kandy, a city among the hills. Lord Buddha's tooth is kept in caskets of silver and gold, one within the other. Caskets and idols are kept within bars. Ceylon is an eden, we went to see the great rubber trees, and traveler's palm, to see its water

flow from a wound or broken leaf. The dying talipot, its creamy bloom almost covering its branches, a natural curiosity.

I shall return by railway where it can be convenient. I am tired but have greatly enjoyed my trip so far. I hope to hear from you soon, and though I am amid grand natural scenes, there is a feeling of loneliness indescribable which I never felt in my native land. Dear friend, farewell.

THEODORE HAMPTON.

To John Alvin:

Alma stood while she read the letter. When she had finished she stepped across the room and gave the manuscript to Mr. Alvin, saying, thank you; and all joined in the thanks.

There are no religious criticisms in that letter; it being from a missionary, I expected they would be coming, but find it a purely descriptive letter, said the Doctor. How is it, Mr. Alvin? asked Mr. Krantz. He is a non-commissioned missionary; he is outside of the sects like myself, said Mr. Alvin. But he must have felt that he belonged in the glorified body of Christ; the grand man, ere he could feel an interest in its remote parts, said Mr. Krantz. Yes, said Mr. Alvin. He lost his family some years ago and then he thought he was at liberty to go and do what he could on the other side of our globe, but he has not been able to accomplish any great good, as he calls it. His work has been with the missionaries themselves; many of whom, he says, have outgrown creed yet do not like to confess it. Many are teaching new Christianity, and yet do not seem to know it.

There was a pause in the old gentlemen's conversation and the young people were moving together near the door, speaking low. There was a peculiarly merry expression on Alma's face, and all took notice of it. Then Delia asked, What has happened to make you so happy today, Alma? I too received a letter, and when I think of what it promises of pleasure in the future, I feel happy, and I am happy to be here among all my dearest friends, she

answered smiling and clasping the hands of the girls, Helen and Ida, they went out. William did not go with them, he thought they would want to be alone to have a chat about their gentlemen friends, and I did not care to listen to eulogies of that sort, as he expressed it, when Randolph told him he looked jealous, as they went out together a few minutes after the girls had gone.

But they remained in the parlor long enough to hear what Mrs. Duben had to say. She said: The song of birds and fragrance of flowers coming from the porch, has nearly made Alma wild with a desire to see, hear and enjoy herself among them. The letter she spoke of is from the son of a distant relative of mine residing in Geneva, Switzerland. His father was a soldier, a Frenchman—he died of wounds received in the Franco-Prussian war. The mother is living and we had a delightful visit with them a little over two years ago. The young man's name is Freedolph De Merceis. He graduated with honor from one of the best universities in Europe and is now learning what he can of American life before beginning the study of a profession, or as he calls it, the healing art. He is exceedingly handsome. Magnetic, you mean, said the Doctor. The young people strolled out along the rippling, gurgling brook gathering flowers or shells, horns, bones, and other curious things. Petrified toads, eels, reptiles, nuts and even pieces of meat; petrified chips of wood, showing the color of the graining perfectly, had become heavy and hard as stone. The young people forgot that it was Sunday in the enjoyment of pure nature—which knows of no Sunday law.

In the meantime the old folk sat in their easy chairs lamenting their inability to do good to the poor white folk of the forests because of their prejudice or bigotry, a great many do not work at all, and must live poor. Some live by raising geese, ducks, turkeys and other poultry. Yes, raise hogs in the door yard. Last week, said Mrs. Alvin, William and the girls went to visit a young man and his charming sister, who had made visits here, and found them at home chasing a mother hog from their goslings of whom she had partaken to the number of half a dozen, and while

talking and walking up to the house they saw a pig tail wiggle above the water in the swill pail, which had been left standing while running to save the goslings. The girls say William has kicked the bucket to save the life of a pig, holding the poor pig by the tail, shaking the water out of him for his neighbor, a thing he would not do for himself. They came home nearly out of their wits by suffering from fleas and other vermin. Many live by the products of the forest—wood, lumber, posts, shingles, nuts, shumac, and all by the labor of colored people. The woods are swarming with children, pigs and turkeys from June until October, gathering berries of various kinds for white people to dry for market, but even the work of attending the evaporator is done by colored hands—they are increasing rapidly. I know of a hut in the woods not far away where eight yellow and brown children are growing up bright, intelligent, healthy progeny of a mother and two daughters who live alone, neither having had a husband. This case is no exception. These women are as good as any of the race around here. They are church members, pray and pay. All those children must be fed, clothed and educated or they become barbarians. Our taxes must go for that purpose because they are so numerous and white schools are neglected for want of money to pay teachers, and the districts have so few white children. Another nuisance is free pasture for breachy cattle, hogs and dogs; no fence can defend us and our cornfields, except it is iron picket and iron post fence. We are not safe with wooden fences, because fire comes every year and burns them or they rot down in three years. Cattle roam at large summer or winter and must learn to break down fences, climb or starve. The hog the same, and dogs are so numerous that the shepherd must carry a gun well loaded to defend himself when he interferes with them when attacking his flock. William has found it is costlier to hire watchmen than to build a fence because the fence when nailed and wired remains on the posts, but the watchmen do not.

We begin to learn the habits of our neighbors, the white trash, as a would-be Virginia gentleman called them.

They think they are good neighbors. They turn out scores of shoats who keep themselves at night in someone's corn, but are not visible by daylight. They live by digging in the woods until the corn is large enough to shield them, and they go miles away from home, but no one ever sees them; but when they have done all the damage they can their owner goes hog hunting—coaxing them home by scattering corn in the path to the pen, and all that come are soon marked and are his. He feeds them a few days and then gets colored help to kill and salt the meat and when smoked, which does not take long, the meat is marketed at a good price, said the doctor. But all are not of that kind, said his wife, though good neighbors are few, and they say themselves that it has been so ever since the war. The worst fault I find in them is lies; they can never tell the truth, said Mr. Alvin. It seems to be born in them. They all went to view the gardens, the orchards and other things of interest, until the bell told them dinner was ready. The young folks heard the sound and came as fast they could with their findings, and there we will leave them.

It is a beautiful day in June. The air is laden with fragrance from roses and lilies. Freedolph and Harold are stepping out on the plank leaving good, trusty Ariel behind them, glad to take a stroll on the gravel. It seems like a Sabbath day, so still, even the men on the schooners seem to be resting. The mocking bird tried to break the silence. On the beach is a grand old cypress tree and in the shade is a log; on it they sat looking toward the road, when the carriage came. Harold jumped up on the log, exclaiming, It is them, I know it is them, and started to run toward them, forgetting for a moment his companion, and when remembrance came back, he stopped, looked back and apologized. All reached the wharf at the same time. The doctor stepped out first and reached his hand to the dark-bearded youth, who closed the old doctor in an embrace as his daughter would, had she been absent two years. Mr. Krantz was ready for his reception, but he was greatly moved. The Doctor turned to Harold, embracing him and saying, How you have grown! Mr. Krantz said the

same. How are the ladies this morning? Both well, answered the doctor. We have a lunch which we will eat in the carriage as we drive along, as some dear ones are waiting for us, we must get there soon as we can. When they had started on the road the doctor asked, How are Mother Beverly and Aunt Bremer? Both well, said Harold. How is Matre De Merceis? asked Mr. Krantz. She writes me she is well, glad it is summer again, and sends her best regards to the whole family at Maple Ridge, said Freedolph. As the houses came to view Harold exclaimed, Crystal Springs, cool, clear and sweet, have a drink Freedolph? The doctor stopped at the store and called, Mail please, and a mulatto boy came out with the bag, raising his hat as a salute or courtesy. Freedolph returned the courtesy handsomely. Harold tried, but his democratic neck nodded the head with a proud American twitch to it, which caused a smile from all, and when he saw the smile his face became red, but he said nothing. When they arrived at the corner of the old front field at Maple Ridge he said, The brush and cedars are gone out of the road, and a fence, and look at that clump of magnolias. O, what is that? as a flock of sheep which were lying in the shade rose hastily, rattling their many little bells started on a run close together, all in one direction. Sheep, said Freedolph. A lovely flock. O, how pretty.

They were soon at the gate and up the shady lawn with its glistening pond and bubbling springs. Mrs. Duben was out on the porch when the carriage came to the gate. She called Alma, saying, they are here, come, and together they went to greet them, and were embraced as though they were mother and sister. Freedolph and Alma went up to the hall to see the sun set from the dormer windows that evening. Let us imagine ourselves in dear old Switzerland, though there is nothing like it. O, yes, the sun is just the same, but has lost his way, and lays him down to sleep, where he is, in the south, too weary with his journey to set in the west. O, you are not turned right, look at the compass and believe it. O, yes, I believe because I must, but do not feel right about it. I am turned wrong in the same way, only to me the sun rises in the south and sets

north when I am here, but am turned right in some places on the farm. Do you love your home in old Virginia better than the cottage among rocks where we used to climb? I do not hesitate because I do not love my home. I love its winters so mild, yet so frost bedecked, sunny and bright. I love its comforts and conveniences; all but its social disadvantages. I cannot endure it. You will understand when you have seen how the country is kept up, and ruled. They sang their loved songs, and came, still singing, down the hall stairways. The lamps were bright in the parlor as they came near. They knew they were expected there.

How do you like what you have seen of our loved and honored country, America? I believe it will become the greatest country on this planet, answered Freedolph. That evening was one to be long remembered, especially by Harold, whose lessons were numerous and all well learned. Freedolph and Alma too remember it well. The first week was a continual picnic, Freedolph, Alma and Harold went fishing, boating, and hunting in company with a colored guide, and made the woods ring. They hunted, and at last found the Beverly graves, and the stone wall where the mansion had once graced the landscape. Lumbermen had made roads to haul logs over to their mill; the fresh stumps showed their size to have been great. The house where they had suffered so much was not there, but where it had been, stood a column of brick to show the wanderer where he was. Soon that too will go to help some colored family to make the hut warm and respectable. Harold was greatly delighted when he found that the sheep would come and eat corn out of his hands. The poultry followed him; the Brahmas gathered around and ate corn out of his hands, and he taught them to do many little tricks during his visit. Maple Ridge farm was his Eden, sorrow was forgotten in the varied scenes of farm life.

One evening the doctor said: We must have our Balderfest but for our friends and neighbors only. We made it for the public last year. Our friend and neighbor, Randolph Elliott, and the Alvins, entertained us all, but we are at rest this year, so we may be able with your help to entertain our friends. What is the fest to teach? asked Free-

dolph. The origin and progress of theory or Godology; have you ever given it your thought or investigation?

O yes, we cannot get very old ere we begin to philosophize about causes and their effects, now. We are surrounded by so many lights, one more luminous than another, but the mind of the student is expected to be satisfied with those lights, though he sees nothing but darkness and error in them, so I sought out my own little taper and compared it with others. I flatter myself that though small, it gives a clear white light, not yellow with age, smoke of tradition, or fog of mysticism.

Will you give us the use of that light for our entertainment?

Yes, with pleasure, said he.

Invitations were sent around and as many as could make it convenient came, even those ministers who were entertained there nearly a year ago. The program of exercises was sent in with the cards, so that all should know what to expect. The day came, and with it came friends and neighbors. The morning was cool and cloudy, but the clouds blew away. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott were the first arrivals to help with the decorations. Chairs were placed under the trees on the lawn, where the speaker's stand was last year. The organ stood uncovered except by roses and lilies. Ferns were laid as matting on the ground. The flag of the Union waved its stars and stripes on the breeze.

When all were there, and had been refreshed with lemon or sherbet and a pleasant chat, the bell rang for the literary exercises, and all marched down to the cool, shady spot above the bubbling springs and the rose covered bower. The doctor himself was manager of the exercises, and explained to them why he kept the Balderfest.

Said he: There is nothing to remind me of the land of the midnight sun, and the god of light and glory who fought valiantly with the god of darkness and death, and gained a victory; and light became greater than darkness; life stranger than death. Sagas and theories become myths, but day and night, light and darkness, life and death, are ever the same. And then he said: Dear friends and neighbors, I wish to present to you a young friend of mine, a

true Democrat from the little republic, Switzerland, Free-dolph De Mercëis. I gave him the subject on which to speak, he giving us the good of his thought in a general way, on the subject chosen for the entertainment today.

The young man was handsome and manly. His manner and accent betrayed his French origin more than his black curling hair and beard, his dark blue eyes and regular features, smooth white complexion and fine form. This oration we give below:

INFINITE GOOD OR GOD.

The field of Science contains many kingdoms: animal, mineral, and vegetable; the natural, spiritual and celestial. Who has organized and sustained them in the evolution of time? Occult science has not yet been able to bring the much desired light. Astronomy has not yet belted the universe, nor grasped the hand of its architect and builder. Infinite space can scarcely be understood, how then shall we understand Infinite Life, unless we call it Love? Natural, Spiritual and Celestial, or we can call it Infinite Good; containing Wisdom, Justice, and Truth, each of which also has its three kingdoms. Who has conversed with Infinite Power; who caused those life principles to exist? Who gave us the knowledge of their existence, or the power to name them? Who has measured time from the beginning, or set a mark where it shall end? Who has measured the universe or named the dimensions or boundaries? Shall we sit idly listening to fables which reason says cannot be true? Shall we, for the sake of popularity, say we believe them? Shall we dare face the frowns of those who hold myths more sacred, loved, and honored, than all else in life—more sacred than life itself—than the light we enjoy, physical, moral or mental. The laws which govern Nature are the first laws and are too great for books or for human tongue to speak, yet we aspire to a knowledge of them—when it would take more than a lifetime to reach and record the separate members of one family of plants in the most accessible of the natural kingdoms; how then can we reach that which is greater or more remote? Wisdom, Truth, and Love are the divine attributes which make man akin to divine Good

or God. The more of these attributes possessed by man, the greater happiness he has attained.

The worship of myths is the idolatry of civilized countries; here too bigotry, ignorance and prejudice are standing in the way, spectre-like, warning men to hold to the shady side of the road, or be struck down by the light which shines through science which Nature has revealed to man. Nature is the book in which the Almighty hand is ever writing miraculous words and deeds which only the wise man sees and understands. When selfishness predominates in the life of man he sees nothing better than self; everything in life seems to be his counterpart; often cloudy, dark and stormy, sometimes perhaps ere he reaches the center of life's sea, the ship is wrecked in which was stored his all of faith, hope and charity while gliding on the waters of popular doctrines. The great moral and religious teacher, Jesus Christ, said: Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God—see Justice, Truth, and Love. Keeping the laws of life because of the love of them all, as they are natural, moral and spiritual, is purity of heart.

The love of good, natural and spiritual, opens the eyes of the soul to see Divine Good in and through all. The light of life is love—it illumines the innermost recesses of the soul, so that it can be purified and perfected until human nature becomes divine, to such a degree that it can see and comprehend Good. The evils that we entertain shut the heavenly gate, and our selfishness bars the door, or the understanding of the way of life. The lessons of wisdom man acquires in earth life bring him nearer to the source of life, and wisdom makes his way bright and interesting. There is no darkness nor fear, as he descends into the valley or shadow of death. He knows Nature's hand is kind; it lends a hand in removing the mantle too old to wear, and it is laid away. The spirit, or germ of spirit life, arrives where the laws of spirit nature has prepared a place in the unseen spheres. Who has not felt near to them sometimes? Who has not heard their sweet whisperings?

Perhaps you do not see as I do the reflection of divine good in humanity; perhaps you see man coming from the Almighty's hands—which are power and time, with the stain

of sin in his soul, reared by fellow men in iniquity, the child of death and denizen of hell. I find natural man obedient to Nature's laws, innocent and happy, but perverted man, educated into false philosophy, false theories or doctrines, a miserable sinner or hypocrite. These clouds are lowering around us on the mental horizon, and in care of a kind Providence all will be swept away; then shall wisdom, love, and truth shine in all their heavenly glory on the firmament of Mind.

Humanity is taking great strides onward and upward, climbing over the monster Materialism into the glorious heights of spirituality and truth. Love and Wisdom represent the divine union, or masculine and feminine; so we can say, fatherhood and motherhood of God; and it is this union we worship when we love Truth and do unto others as we would have them do to us, from a love of good and truth. We cannot do anything for God's sake, but we can do many good deeds for humanity's sake. And for every effort to elevate and lift up our brother, God lifts the veil of sorrow or darkness from our lives, letting the divine light into our souls, making even this life a paradise.

The Rev. John Alvin then addressed the company by defining the word Light.

The Doctor spoke of the land of the midnight sun, but did not describe its light; if it is the sun which gives its direct rays of light, it could not be night, but if it is a reflection, or picture of the sun on the water of the Polar Sea, it is then twilight or several degrees lighter than moonlight, red, yellow, or a bluish white, according to the condition of the atmosphere; something like that which causes the Northern Lights. We are here today to enjoy the natural light and heat of our planet, and the glory which it has caused; this verdure, bloom, and fragrance, which delight our senses. Moral light is also celebrated by us here today. It is the civil, political, social and religious growth, order and freedom which we so greatly enjoy. The light which comes from research, study, scientific experiment, and exploration is also celebrated here today.

Spiritual light is no less celebrated; "it is the light which causes beautiful sentiments to grow, bloom, and bear

fruit in the sphere of humanity; it is that light to which hope clings in the darkest hours of life's pilgrimage. Life has its seasons of light and darkness, and poor indeed is the soul whose lamp is not filled with truth sustained by faith, lighted by love. Spiritual light is inspiration from infinite love and wisdom, which illuminates the understanding of those who love truth for itself. The organ of vision is given even to idiots who see but do not understand or comprehend things natural or spiritual, because the soul is in darkness until time lifts the curtain in eternity. When electricity can give such beautiful light in the natural world, why should not the light of the spirit illumine the world with a broad blaze of intelligent thought? It was not any wonder that mankind worshipped the sun, when we consider its magic power.

Balder, God of Light, Love and Righteousness, fought with Höder, the God of Darkness, Anger and Death, and won a victory—but it was bloody. Thus has it ever been in the past; thus will it ever continue.

The midnight sun on the mountains sat, red to behold—
It was not day nor was it night; it between them weighed
Like a golden shield on a wall of blue,
Or golden helmet on head of knight so true.
Nature gives light, both cold and warm,
On earth so fair, so green and brown.
Frescoed with yellow, red and blue,
Colors bright, both strong and true.
Hope, our sun of promise, our angel of light,
Is lending pinions and armor bright—
Thoughts philosophical, grand and new,
Put into practice in ways not few,
Breaking down chains of superstition strong
Which held mankind in darkness so long.
Guards, doors and walls are crumbling now,
The giant himself before reason must bow.

The young ladies were all accomplished musicians and vocalists, singing some very appropriate songs, for which the doctor thanked them. William Alvin rose and said: Friends and neighbors, I have committed to memory a poem which I hope never to forget. Let me repeat it to you. With a bow as graceful as if he stood before the professors and faculty of the university:

God.

Oh, Thou eternal one! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight—
Thou only God! There is no God beside,
Being above all beings! Mighty one!
Whom none can comprehend, none can explore,
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean's depth—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays; but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries, Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy councils infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou, from primeval nothingness did'st call,
First, chaos, then existence, Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony.
Sole origin, all life, all beauty, thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shall be glorious; great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining, potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born; so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss,
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the moon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water to the sea;
All this magnificence to Thee is lost;
What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, when heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against infinity? What am I? Naught.

Naught, but the influence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds hath reached my bosom too,
Yes, in my spirit, doth Thy spirit shine.
As shines the sunbeam in the drop of dew,
Naught! but I live, and on hopes pinions fly,
Eager toward Thy presence, for in Thee
I live and breathe and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

Thou art directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart,
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave, a worm, a God!
When came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived, unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy.
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love in their bright plentitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bid it wear
The garments of eternal day and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere.
Even in its source, to thee, its author thee.

O, thought ineffable! O, vision blest!
(Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee)
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its image home to the Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.
(A translation from the Russian of the poet Deryhamir).

Two of the ministers of the gospel rose and thanked William for the pleasure of hearing the beautiful recitation. One of them said, If you stand by the sentiment conveyed by that poem, you cannot go far from the Way, the Truth, and Life.

I will try to give the reader a description of the covered court or porch extending from the dining room to the kitchen building. It was inclosed by wire cloth in sections to be removed at will. The wire cloth walls were placed inside of the ivy covered pillars, making a room where insects could not enter. Outside of the wire wall ferns were growing in large plumes swaying and nodding. A few rods from the porch on one side was a very large mimosa tree blooming, looking like a rainbow, broken into plumes of color green and gold capped with crimson, swinging and swaying in the wind, while humming birds flitted in and out among fairy paint brushes soft and golden dipped in crimson—the humming sounded like distant thunder. On the other side was a huge mulberry tree, through the foliage of which the blue sky could not be seen so dense was its cool dark shade. In the center of the wire walled room stood a beautifully decorated table, in the midst of which was a white statue out of whose hand flowed cool water, and in a drawer in the table was hidden a music box whose mild notes fell on the ear with an unspeakable charm. When all were seated at the table the food was brought in by several young boys and girls dressed in white flowing gowns. The viands were of the best and artistically served, a substantial, yet a fairy feast. Harold Beverly thought it was fairy land. He said it was the prettiest, happiest day he had ever lived and he had only one wish, that was "that mama and sister could have been here to see and enjoy it as I have. After dinner was cleared away the young people danced and played games until the sun went down and all went home, except William Alvin and the young ladies, who were to start for home the next morning.

William Alvin accompanied the young ladies as far as New York, he being on his way to attend an agriculturalist meeting somewhere in that state. William and Freedolph

had already become fast friends, and often spent an hour in Mr. Krantz's room, or when he was able to go fishing, hunting or trapping they accompanied him, he being much pleased with their talks on various subjects. The old gentleman was much interested in their intellectual advancement as well as their scientific culture. One day when speaking of them he said: How rich old Virginia would be if all her young men were pure, patriotic and wise as our boys are. It rejoices the heart to hear them speak together; their conversation is ever on lofty and ennobling subjects or sentiments. I hope they may live long and accomplish what they desire for the good of humanity. I hope, said the doctor, that Freedolph will become an American citizen, we need such young men right here, and plenty of them. They would propel society and the ship of state before them out of the tariff mud, into clear deep water of reciprocity, prosperity and peace. His mother would think him buried alive so we must not say it, said Mrs. Duben. I could not feel a greater interest in them if they were my own sons, said the doctor. What do you think of them Alma? said Mr. Krantz. Alma looked up all blushes and smiles, saying, I am proud of them.

The next day early Alma and Freedolph went to Glenwood to see how the old people fared alone, and they would not consent to their returning home that day. While at dinner Mr. Alvin said he would be obliged to drive the harvester team, because one man was taken sick in the field and there was none among the men he could trust to drive and tend the machine. Let me try, said Freedolph. I wish to learn all things. They went out together and Freedolph began the study of machinery, and after two hours of watching of every movement of the separate parts wanted the can to oil it, brush and cloth to clean it with, and went to William's room to dress as a machinist, going to work to get acquainted with every piece, screw or bolt. When all was right he wanted to talk to the team, going up to them, stroking them on the face and neck. He led them to the machine, hitching them to it, taking his seat as though he had done such work all his life.

Alma dared not stand where he could see her, for fear he would forget something and cause an accident. Everything went all right, and the field was so clean that there was not a straw standing as far as he cut; but he was tired, and after a bath retired, but he had a chill in the night, and in the morning was too sick to ride home. Alma sent for her father, and when he came he found Freedolph sick of malarial fever, and it might be sometime before he could be taken home. The doctor wrote to Mrs. Beverly asking her to come because Freedolph was sick, and she came at the same time as William, who had gone with the girls home, and had a pretty young girl with him who came to visit Mrs. Elliott. All who knew Mrs. Beverly were astonished at the change, which was so great that some did not recognize her. She, who was a mere skeleton, of a brownish green complexion, is now plump and fair, with cheeks the color of the wild roses of the prairie. Mrs. Duben could scarce believe her eyes, but Harold knew it was mama. He had so much to tell her of the splendid times, his pets, and best of all his pony.

Harold was master of a beautiful pony, often riding to Crystal Springs after the mail and other commodities which he carried in fine little panniers attached to the saddle. He was a happy boy, quiet, gentlemanly, studious, and sweet tempered, yet patriotic and proud. Mr. Krantz looked after his reading as well as lessons, and he was learning and growing fast, and his mother was happier than she had been for many years, because her lot has fallen in pleasant places, and she received the blessings with a thankful heart. She also had been growing and learning fast. She loved the quiet home and refinement; social cheer and hospitality in the grand solitudes at Glenwood. She said: It is the vestibule in which are the doors to spirit realms. She was also a visitor at Tipsico, but found it so changed that she could not realize that it was the same place. She said that even the ground itself had changed its features. The hill sides are no longer perpendicular, but sloping and fine, like a natural park. It should be christened over. Randolph had changed, too, and seemed very happy, so also his sweet voiced and accomplished

yankee wife. Mrs. Beverly also visited her husband's grave in company with Mr. Krantz and Alma, and on the road home, she said. He is not there, but with me everywhere I go. I feel his presence, and it makes me happy. He is of greater service to me and the children than when in his painful body. I am so glad he could let me know that all is well.

He comes to me in dreams sometimes, but sometimes when waking from sleep I hear his voice saying, Fear not, all will be well if thou watch thyself; be patient and do right, happiness is thy reward.

Three weeks from the day Freedolph was taken sick at Glenwood, he was able to ride to Maple Ridge in company with Mr. Krantz and the doctor, who told him they could not get along without him, as there were more guests to entertain, among them a young lady from across the sea, who wished to see him. Whom should you like to see today? asked the doctor. Mother, answered Freedolph. I knew you would think of her first, said the Doctor, it is natural. I thought of mother first as long as she lived. I always wished to please father and obeyed him, and wished to stand well in his favor, but with mother I was a child, her child. Thus they talked until they arrived at the gate. On the lawn above the springs under the grand old trees they saw a group of people resting on the ground. Soon as they saw the carriage they rose and beckoned, but all went slowly toward the house. I thought I saw mother and Virgie. Can it be possible that they are here? said Freedolph. Yes, said Mr. Krantz, that would not be impossible. The gentlemen went into the house, and the ladies came as soon as they were able to walk there, and there was a happy meeting. Alma had sent them word when Freedolph was taken sick, and they had come as fast as steam could carry them. Now all rejoiced together over the young man's recovery. Virgie Hartner was Mr. Krantz's ward, who had resided with Madam De Mercëis since a child. Here was a family reunion on the west side of the Atlantic. They had always corresponded and had visited her at Geneva, but for Madam to visit them in the forest of old Virginia was not thought possible. The impossible

had happened, and the Doctor said that there was room enough in old Virginia for all the people of the stony republic to live and move on a horizontal bottom, and go to sleep at night without climbing perpendicular cliffs. "But I love its rocks and lakes. I would not advise anyone who owns a home there to exchange it for Virginia forest land."

The next Sunday the Alvins went to Maple Ridge to see how the Dubens and their guests were, and have the good of their Sunday school, which had not been attended for several Sundays because of sickness or other causes. The hall was too warm, so they brought out chairs under the grand old trees on the lawn, and when the hour arrived there was quite a gathering of young people and a couple of old men who had been there several times before. The bell rang for the school to begin, and all sat down. Then Mr. Krantz rose and said singing would be omitted. The school will be asked to consider and answer the question, What is theology, and what does it teach? Anyone can answer or define the word.

Mrs. Alvin arose and said, Theology has been likened to a sea in which heaven is reflected, or like a dead man's skull covering with its narrow vault a lily.

Alma said, Theology is small talk when compared with a universe full of light, beauty, grace and love; seen by every single eye, perceived and enjoyed by every sensitive mind.

Mrs. Duben said, Reading theology is like traveling in old deserted cities and countries where there are no living inhabitants, only crumbling dwellings, store houses, schools and church edifices, monuments and tombs which show plainly that there has been life in those crumbling homes; human voices have chanted in those crumbling temples, though now there is naught but dust.

Mrs. Beverly said, Theology cannot awaken one soul to tell us how those people fare in the world of spirits.

We find no certain knowledge from the study of theology, said Madam De Mercëis.

We need reality and not dreamy speculations; real love and faithfulness to every duty in life, and very little theory will do, said Virgie Hartner.

Theology seems to be a play of words or guess work with no two theories exactly alike, said William Alvin.

When comparing works of theology we find they differ greatly on the subject of heaven and hell and future life. Some horrible absurdities of God-hood is always found, said Freedolph De Mercëis.

There was then a season of waiting, and then the Doctor stood up and said: Friends and neighbors, you know I am what is termed a free thinker. There is no law, human or divine, that can deny me the right to think, but there are places yet where speech on the subject of theology is prohibited among the common people. We should be thankful that we are free in this country to speak on theory, science or politics, or on any other decent subject. Theology is the science of church government and terms of faith, or code of discipline adopted by those of like sentiments or faith. I have found some good in all works of great minds, but some lived in a smoky age and it tainted their thoughts. If they had lived in the age of electricity and natural gas, their words would not have smelled of sulphur. Sulphur is good in its place, but it is entirely out of place in religion, or Godology of our time. Theologians had their day. They were religious tornadoes or cyclones and vehement winds whose power is exhausted, leaving a wreck here and there to remind the wanderer on life's highway how fierce and strong its blast has been.

Books, whether written by one or another, are not all truth. Each mind had its own superstition. We can take Luther's, Calvin's, Dante's, Milton's, Wesley's, Edward's, Barnes', Adam Clark's, Lyman Beecher's and many others' works, and each have ugly representations of Deity, heaven and hell. When we step from their brain manufactured lakes, furnaces, and smoky places, or turn in disgust from their straight-backed seats, in their sanctimonious orthodox heaven, to Swedenborg's heaven and hell in societies, graded higher or lower according to intellectual capacity, or love of use, or selfishness, as the one brings happiness, the other unhappiness; happiness heaven, unhappiness hell, made by our good or evil wills; it seems as if we had been removed from sterile deserts to a land of fruit and flowers. Life is

classified into societies, at the head of which is Jesus, who has attained Godhood: His being an infant, a youth, a carpenter, a prophet, killed and resurrected, seems like a play of hide and seek with humanity, letting them see for a while who built the universe. All things get tinged with the writer's imagination. The Word, or the Bible, is Jesus, and Jesus is the Bible, which has an inner meaning. Jesus is God Almighty, the father lost in the son. Adam is the spiritual church, Christ is the celestial church. Such confusion exists in all theologies that they are not worthy of a place in a well ordered mind. What is good in one book, is as good as the same good in another. When we read so many theories we get acquainted with the weaknesses of so-called great men, and we doubt their sanity. Books are good company when interesting. History is an educator, teaching what has been, and what may be in the future; but theology is stale evaporations from superstitious and diseased minds. What need had the 'I am' to become human? Could not the same hand which caused the laws of progress or evolution also cause any change in the human mind without himself being lost in man?—breaking his own righteous laws? Theorists would have served their race much better if they had studied nature and the laws which govern life.

Mr. Alvin then rose and said: The writers of old theology had their imaginations well developed, some to a high degree. Language was not large enough to express their thought as they meant it should. Origen, John Chrystostom, and Augustine colored their thought to suit the time and place, or to suit those who were arriving on the field of thought and action or power, so did the Greek writers before them, but they did not pass themselves off as some wise sage long since dead, as the Hebrew or Jewish writers did, to get the tendency literature circulated by the priesthood. Some theologians seem to picture what they wish the reader should understand to be the source of life, or soul of the universe, in hideous colors. Vehement wind, or holy ghost has done great things, especially with maidens, virgins, dewy dawns, mara's or mornings, making day-dawns mothers of day-gods or saviours, who reigned in light and splendor, but as evening approached were con-

quered, and mothers wept over the sons of the morning. I will count up a few names of such day gods: Airon, Jules, Osiris, Quixelcote, Suchiquecal, Zoroaster, Buddha, Chrisna, Scipio, Pythagoras, Vulcan, Apollonios, and many others were sons of vehement wind, our word, holy ghost. Genealogy destroys miraculous birth. The human family has a genealogy and are therefore no day gods. Jesus, the head of the Christian dispensation, had a genealogy with a little of mystery thrown in to make it suit the mind of those in temporal power, but as the ages rolled by, mind has outgrown godology, and desires to set up manology; I do not mean the worship of men, or a certain man, but a desire to cultivate goodness and truthfulness in human character, not to worship one, and degrade the rest of the human race, but striving for perfection because of the love of the good of life, not individually only, but generally; to promote happiness in the largest sense of the word.

Theology or godology has had its day; it was an educator in its time. The Infinite knows why it existed, as well as its use. Our care should be that we make the right use of life in building noble characters to grace society, and the world in which we live, and educate our spiritual nature until we can see good in all things; to see that there is nothing evil; it is but the workings of nature. Let us study the laws of nature and obey them, for they are the laws of God; they are not on paper but in causes and their effects, physically, morally, and mentally. It takes many small things in building up structures which are an honor to the architect, builder, and the world.

Mr. Krantz spoke the benediction, and each one went home. The Dubens had no trouble with ennui; the girls spent much time in the open air with their knitting, crocheting, or embroidery, one reading while the other worked. Freedolph studied half of the time; but he found time to be with them an hour now and then at the swing, where Harold loved to spend his leisure moments; he was generally busy with something.

The old ladies had much to talk about; and loved to have a quiet place by themselves; while Mrs. Beverly spent

her time among musty volumes in the library. The doctor had the fields to look after and see that the work was done properly, so that his time was all taken up by cares. Mr. Krantz was busy writing, or at work painting. Days, weeks, and months went by, and the first to break away was Mrs. Beverly. Mrs. Bremer needed her, so did her little girl. A couple of days before she went home, they were all invited to a lawn party at Glenwood. It was a merry party indeed. There were only a few guests beside the Dubens, Elliotts, and a newcomer family, a retired sea captain, Hilton, and his nephew and niece, a brother and sister, Mr. and Miss Gordon, from Manchester, England, who had purchased the Rowland Mill farm, formerly owned by Mr. Elliott. The Captain was a jovial, good-looking man of sixty; Mr. and Miss Gordon were also very sociable and intelligent. Everyone was having a good time talking, or listening and laughing at the Captain's anecdotes. When dinner was ready the Captain managed to get a place at Mrs. Beverly's side; every one smiled, but no one seemed to notice him or his attentions. The day was very warm, and the old folks began to be tired, so they were invited to take the lounges in the house, and let the young people play and dance if they liked, and they did dance, and so did the Captain and Mrs. Beverly. About the time that all should start for home, a thunderstorm came and the rain poured in torrents. Night came on and still it rained, and all must be satisfied to stay all night. It rained incessantly, but no one thought about the rain; the young people played, sang songs, repeated poems, and danced, too; talked and gossiped, laughed, joked, and enjoyed themselves where they did not disturb the old people. But the Captain walked between them. Captain, said the host, come and sit down here with the old folk, and help while away the time with a sailor's yarn; did you never have a wife and children? Oh, no, a sailor should never marry.

Did you never go courting the ladies? asked the doctor. Never when a boy. Tell us how the courting went that did not bring a wife, then, said Mr. Alvin.

I presume to tell it, but you will soon know if it was worth hearing. When I came home from my last trip,

Mother said she was old enough to die, and said she wanted me to stay home and help bury her, and I obeyed. My sister had married and was a widow with two children, living with mother. I had always left my cash box with Mother whenever I came home, but never took it when I went to sea; Mother took care of it. I knew she did, so I never bothered my head about it. A little while before we laid her away, she handed me a package, saying: Look to it yourself; I am tired of it. I took it to my room, looked it over and found I was rich, and had a good name, minus a family of my own. We soon laid Mother away, and in a few months my sister too was laid away, and I had only her children and a hired woman to take care of them and the house. I owned a farm a few miles out in the country. I bought a rig and went out to see my stony, bushy land myself; but it never entered into my nautical sphere that I could make that farm better by my labor. I used only stony words; and bushes and weeds grew, but little grain. Opposite my farm was a beautiful farm, everything was in perfect order, not a stone to be seen in field, meadow or pasture; yet there was not a man on the place except hired men. The family consisted of a maiden lady and her niece. How nice it would be to join farms and families together, a man came and said: Have you heard the news? What news? said I. That Miss B. has her brother's fortune left her and her niece. That makes the farm and its owner still more attractive. I had made it a habit to stop, talk, and praise her farm, grain, vegetables, fruit and stock, and I knew she liked to hear me. She was a pleasant, genial woman, who was always busy knitting and smiling while she talked; knitting even while walking in the house or on the lawn; it being so smooth, and she so industrious. I calculated she would like to have me and my name attached to hers, so I asked her one day, and she answered: Am I not doing well enough now? I would not give up my freedom for the greatest name, or the best man in the kingdom. How could you think I would be bothered with you—or with your hard words and stony farm? Imagine my feelings, if you can. I left the stony farm to be sold for any-

thing it would bring. I heard she bought and cleaned it up. I don't fancy turning to a pillar of salt.

You have few stones on the farm you own now, said Mr. Krantz. A few more there would not be objectionable. Which or what is the most objectionable feature of the place? asked Mr. Alvin. Oh, it is the confounded smell that comes out of every feature of the big, boggy place. What do you mean? asked the doctor. I mean that the house is full of bugs, and so is the land. The house is foul, and the land is worse. The house can be cleaned, but how in the name of sense is the land to be cleaned of the un-earthly stench arising everywhere? It is a hell of a place, I tell you.

Mrs. Beverly and several other ladies came into the parlor, saying they were tired and wanted to be entertained with stories—only true stories. Mrs. Beverly asked Mr. Krantz if he felt able to tell them a story, and he said: Yes, if you can be quiet while one appears from within the old cabinet. All said yes, and it seemed like a quaker meeting until the old gentleman said: Here it is: When I was seven or eight years old a man was crossing the river a few miles from my home and was drowned. No one had seen him since he started to cross the river. Ice covered the river for months, and as usual it was a great highway to market. The man who disappeared was a friend of my father, and he grieved because the family was left poor and it was winter in a hard climate. The neighbors provided them with what was needed, but it was whispered around that it was a case of desertion—that they had not lived well together—that he had gone to the city. Such suspicious talk went from almost every mouth; at last it reached the mourning wife. The poor woman became troubled, and came near losing her reason because she knew there was some truth in it, for Gerald had not been the man of her choice. One morning about the last of February or first of March, my father slept late, and when he awoke he said: I have had a long talk with Gerald Pearson. He says that he lives; he stands on the bottom of the river only one hundred and fifty yards from the general boatlanding. He says he hears the church bells ring and many other sounds, and

it hurts him when people drive over him on the ice. You will not believe me when I say I am not dead, but it is true; I had drunk brandy with my friends; they went with me to the landing and bid me farewell, and went home as soon as they saw me start. I felt giddy, lost my balance, and here I stand. Go tell my friends. Father then gasped for breath, and fell back on the pillow as if tired nearly to death; but in an hour or so he was better and went to tell his dream.

Several men in the village felt interested in the dream, and they formed an investigating party. They said they could afford to work one day to find out how much truth there could be in a dream. They measured and cut holes and used hooks on poles; but at last they used nets with weights and hooks, and the body came and was as natural as though it had not lain a day in the water; although it had been there four months. It was taken to the house, and many people went there to see it. The day before the funeral the woman's relatives went to stay until the last rites were over; they were her brother and two sisters. When the chores were done, they locked the doors, set a lighted candle in the front room where the corpse lay, and went into the family room by the fire, and sat talking about him whose corpse was there. The babe slept in the cradle near the hearth, the others in the trundle bed. The brother was a man of twenty-five—the sisters also out of their teens. The man had reclined on the sofa, one sister lay down on the bed by the mourning wife, the other in a reclining chair. The logs in the fireplace were red with jets of yellow flame, bobbing, flickering, purring and sputtering, when hark! the door knob turns, hinges creak and in steps Gerald Pearson, just as he used to; walked to the fire, held out his hands to the heat, and then turned his back to the fire, standing there turning his hand and looking at the visitors one at a time, and then stooped over the cradle kissing the baby, and to the trundle bed and kissed the children, and to the bed, reaching his hand over the sister's face and patted his wife's cheek with a cold hand, and then went back to the fire, picked up the tongs and poked the logs so they fell apart, a glowing pile on the ashes, and dropped the tongs as though

they had burned him; he went to the door, opened and went out, shutting the door after him.

Those persons were overwhelmed with superstitious fear. The man raised up, held his breath, stared; the sisters held their breath until they went into hysteria; but the wife sat up and said: Thank God! He forgives all.

They never forgot it, for they saw, heard and felt that there was action even after human life ends. Truth is stranger than fiction, and some things which are impossible today are not so tomorrow. Just then someone said there was a tall tree on fire. The lightning must have set on fire a dry tree; I hope it has rained so the leaves and bushes cannot burn and kill hogs and cattle, said one. All went to look; Mr. Elliott said it was not a tree, it is dry lumber. The Captain went to look out in such a hurry that he came in contact with the hall door, which had not been sufficiently opened, and caused him to fall backward, hurting himself considerably, causing a few superlatives. Some whispered that the fire must be at the mill, but none spoke aloud, but Miss Gordon feared it and asked her brother if the mill was in that direction. I am not sure of it, at the same time stepping to the lantern on the porch, holding up a pocket compass to the light. Yes, it is, said he. Oh, what can be done to find out if it is the mill? asked the girl. Go and find out as soon as it stops raining, said her brother in a whisper. Don't make a fuss about it, now, so uncle hears of it; then you will feel a great deal worse; so she tried to be silent about it. The Captain struck a match on his shoe and lit his cigar while pacing the floor of the long porch, as though it was the deck of a ship. For a while all were silently looking at the yellow light over the sea of green pines. The rain still was pouring down and thunder was roaring.

The three old gentlemen had retired to the library and talked of the fire by themselves, reclining on folding lounge, sofa, and hammock. The old ladies also had retired to the rooms to rest awhile, but the young people looked and chatted until the light grew red, and no more sparks flew skyward to lose their brilliancy in falling rain, and then all came in. Someone proposed music, but no one felt like

taking the trouble, and no one felt like singing. They missed the old folk, and talked low among themselves for an hour or so, when they began yawning and feeling sleepy. Alma stepped into the library to see if all were asleep, but finding them wide awake, she begged for a story so entertaining that they could keep awake an hour.

The Doctor said: Mr. Krantz told you a story which the world would not acknowledge as truth, but only a fantasy, an illusion, etc. I want to tell you a story as true as anything in life, and yet in it is mystery. About ninety years ago there was born in the northeastern part of Europe, of yeoman parentage, a son; this child began to talk early, and manifested a very sensitive spirit. Whenever a stranger entered the room, the child must be taken out of the room or he passed into a clairvoyant state and told many things that the strangers would not like to have anyone know. He denied having said it, but said someone told him so; if any one asked why he said so. When he was sixteen years old he was very sick of nervous fever, as the doctors called it. The fever changed the color of his eyes and hair. He was called a tall youth when taken sick, but he never grew any more in height. The weakness, or clairvoyance, took another form when he recovered from the illness. He informed his parents what was to happen in the family within a day or two, or in so many hours; when asked who told him, he could not tell. At first his friends thought him flighty, but when his prophecies were always verified, they could not forbid him telling them. One morning he was obliged to go to the city with a load of charcoal and before going out he began weeping, and went to the cradle and kissed his baby sister, saying: I shall never see you any more, you darling angel. O, what shall I do without you. I shall try to live so that I can see you. Farewell, sweet angel. The child smiled and played, well and happy for hours, and before anyone was aware, she took a spasm and died.

He married and had a family but did not seem to be happy. He became a member of a society who called themselves Humanitarians or Friends. One morning in the spring of 1845, he said: I have had a dream. I was in a

beautiful banqueting hall vaulted as the heavens; frescoed with brilliant stars. There were rainbow-like arches around the walls, and beautifully carved white columns holding up the arching blue roof. Fountains played, with crystal clear water. The air was sweet with the fragrance of lilies. In the midst of this banqueting hall was a great table around which sat the patriarchs of old, Moses, Elijah, the prophets, evangelists, righteous men, and kings, eating heavenly food; speaking words of wisdom, chanting psalms of joy. I stood outside the great arching doorway, bewildered and abashed, when one arose, looked at me and asked: Who hath ascended into heaven or descended? Who hath gathered the winds in his hands? Who hath bound the waters in a garment? Who hath established all the ends of the earth? What is his name, and what is the name of his son? Knowest thou? I tremblingly answered, the Almighty; his son, Humanity.

Take him to the fountain, wash, clothe, and bring him here, said the speaker. It was quickly done, and I was presented to them all. The host then bade me eat. I was seated, took up the bread, and looked at it; and on it read, September, 1847, U. S. A. O. O. B. I looked at the faces of those who stood around or ministered to those at table, and saw mother, wife and friends who are yet living. I was much astonished at what I saw and heard; I awoke sorrowing because it was only a dream. The state church persecuted the Humanitarians, and many of them emigrated to the United States; most of them settled in Illinois and Iowa. Our clairvoyant went to Illinois. While on the Atlantic, the ship in which he sailed was wrecked. Three days before the storm, and while at dinner he became strangely absent-minded, sat motionless, looking straight before him. Suddenly he started, held out his hands and prayed a prayer which caused all who heard it to weep of sympathy. Presently he rose and went on deck, telling the captain what was to happen three days from four o'clock this evening. If you are careful no life will be lost, but one of my family, he said. Look well after the cargo, make it close, save suffering and loss of ship and cargo. The captain smiled; the sailors laughed and said: He is gone daft, poor chap. He

begged of them to bind up and get ready. I am ready to help save the ship. The passengers thought him a monomaniac. The day came, bright and sunny until three o'clock in the afternoon, when a cloud appeared in the southwest, and at four o'clock there came such a gale that it tore the sails to shreds, and in one hour most of the sailors were wounded and helpless, calling on the clairvoyant to pray for them. The storm lasted three days and nights, and the ship was a total wreck rolling on the heavy sea. The passengers and crew were expecting to sink, but the clairvoyant told them: Pump away and watch and pray, and help will come. And help did come at the last moment; but his mother was hurt, so she died. His wife and one child died after arriving at their destination.

One day in September, 1847, he came in, seating himself silently. His daughter, a child of eleven years, went to him and stroked his beard. After a few minutes he said: Dear child, be thankful that thou art not like me. My days are numbered. I need no interpreter to tell me the writing on the walls. When the pillars of this temple tremble, and soft summer winds break the windows, the soul knows it must leave the crumbling citadel which once was new and strong. I must leave thee to go where so many of my loved ones are. Remember that thy father which is in the heavens will watch over and care for thee. He who doeth the will of thy father in the heavens is thy father, mother, sister and brother. Fear not, be brave, honest and truthful. Love the good, but shun the evil in every human character, but hate not. Mind the light within; that is reason and conscience; they will guide thee aright. He embraced her, took his cane and walked out, saying, farewell. He came to the house of a friend a little before night; he was tired because he had walked several miles. He told them what he desired them to do, telling them he must go away. He ate his supper and went to bed with a child, who woke and found him lifeless at twelve o'clock that night. The child cried out and frightened everyone in the house. His spirit had gone to the great banqueting hall which he saw in his dream, and did not return. Who will say truth is not stranger than fiction?

It had now ceased raining, and the moon was rising above the tree tops. The Captain went home, and we will go with him and the Gordons. The water in the road looked like a canal, and crossing a ravine was like crossing a rushing river by fording. O, it is frightful, but the horses are strong and true, so they reach the other side in good trim, the Captain said when speaking of it: Though wet to the skin, it never hurts water rats, you know. When they came to the creek they could not see the bridge, so they alighted and walked around to keep up circulation. At last they thought of the negro hut on the hill on this side of the creek; drove over there. The people were asleep. The Captain called and frightened them out of their sleep. Thinking their lives were in danger they crept around until the Captain told who was there, and said he and family wanted to dry their clothes, so they opened and piled up all the pine knots they had on the fire, and went out hunting for more. The chimney was wet and not high, and refused to draw; the smoke stifled them. It was getting light, and the Captain was anxious to get home; so he went to the creek to find how deep the water was, and found the bridge gone. While he was gone the kind woman cooked coffee, and corn hoeecake for them, and they drank the coffee without cream or sugar because they needed something warm and the woman told them that they always drank it so. The Captain praised the coffee and cakes, and thanked her. The woman came out with a shawl for Miss Gordon, saying: I fear yo' will ketch cold; wrap this yer 'roun' yo,' Miss. Miss Gordon thanked her, wrapped it around herself, and they drove away. The creek was deep, but they crossed it successfully and the horses ran briskly for home to get their breakfast. But when they came there, they found only a few smoking embers. There is where our bones would have been smoking now if we had not gone to Glenwood yesterday. Lightning is no respecter of persons, but strikes where it pleases.

The young lady wept; she had lost everything; all souvenirs, all gifts, pictures of parents and friends, books, music, and wardrobe. What should they do? Her brother tried to comfort her by saying: Where is your horse, cow,

fowls, are they alive, or burned? They found them huddled up in a clump of bushes. A new barn, carriage, house, and other outbuildings were not burned. How did it happen that the grand old oaks and house burned when they were so far apart, and the mill so far down the creek? Had you an insurance policy, uncle? asked the young man. Oh, yes, but that went with the rest. Confound the luck!! I don't even remember the number of it, so it can never do us any good.

Let us feed the horses, and then start for somewhere. I am disgusted with the place, and the whole country. It is a God-forsaken hole. If I was not a fool I would never have looked on the accursed, stinking boggs to be eaten alive by vermin; and he emphasized by stamping. In a little while the millhands came with their little tin dinner pails, to go to work; finding no mill there, they congregated at the barn, and some lent their pails to milk the cow. Tying the food in handkerchiefs or anything that could be found. The old Captain talked to himself and walked the barn floor as though that was the only pastime he had.

Did yo'ens have much money in the house? asked one of the men. Oh, no, not in cash; but we had some things that money would not have bought yesterday; today we would give everything if we could have them, but they are gone forever. Oh, why are we here in the wilderness? Why are we not where our graves are? said the young man, and walked out.

Before noon it was known at Crystal Springs that Rowland mill and farm house were burned while the family was at Glenwood at the party. The light of the fire was seen at Glenwood. An old negro said the young lady cried, The Cappen cuss de country and stamp like he was mad, an de young man is home-sick for his mother's grave. They start right now for Portsmouth, and like enough they go back where their people's graves are, said another. I don't see why they come any how. Sea Cappen can't live in these woods nohow. City folks better stay whar they belong, said another.

The merchant said, The place has changed owners ten times since the war, and each one has gone away cursing

the country and the place; it is gone now, and I hope it will never be built up again because it is an unlucky place. It has a history, though not so fine as some, yet it is interesting because of its great age, it being one of the first mills built in this part of the wilderness, and when it was new it was a grand mill. That was before the country was a republic. In a time when roguish chaps fell into mishaps because they had not learned to sing Yankee Doodle. There was a pause, and then one of the men, a new comer said: You said the place had a history? Yes, sir, it has for sure, and if I can persuade Mr. Armitage to tell it, you will have a real romance not easily forgotten. Going to the other end of the store to ask that gentleman to tell the story under the trees in the yard, as there was plenty of benches and boxes, and expectoration would not wet the floor out there as it would if they had remained in. And adding, I'll treat when the story is completed. Well, Mr. Golding said Mr. Armitage, I reckon I can tell it as I recollect hearing it years ago, and late years there's been no mystery about it. We will go into nature's drawing room, and white, black, brown, clay bank and yellow follow with eager curiosity like so many children.

Well, gentlemen, this is a fine place to tell or hear a good story, said Mr. Armitage, waving his hand to those with him to be seated, he seating himself in a grape vine chair set against a great beech tree. He began the story thus: In the North of England lived a yeoman's son who aspired to wed a gentleman's daughter. The young yeoman was handsome. The young gentlewoman was beautiful and accomplished in every art essential to the comfort of home at that time. He also could accomplish any feat required of young men at that date, swing a scythe or axe, wield sledge or sword, or carry an argument with honor among his equals. There were three loves beside self-love in his character; the first was the love of Abbie Berkley; the next was the love for his fleet footed horse and hounds; the third was landscape gardening in which art he excelled all competitors in that part of the kingdom at that time. He laid out a beautiful park on Abbie's father's estate, in which park Abbie loved to spend leisure hours with her

sister or maid, and at times with parties of young gentries in chase or horse exercise among bushes, trees, over boulders or brooks. Among the gay crowd was the young forester or landscape gardener, Angus Colton. Abbie saw, spoke, admired and loved him, and after some trouble, married him and lived in a love of a cottage in the edge of the park in view of a mirror-like lake. England was too small for the young forester's energies, so after a few blissful years they emigrated to Virginia, where Angus Colton had a maternal uncle, who was a man of means and a bachelor, R. B. Rowland, after whom the mill received its name. He was the owner of a large tract of land covered by mammoth trees, by the side of which the trees of England were but scrubs, but it took many years to build the mill because it required skilled workmen and they were few in this country.

Rowland had his own brig in which he went to England after brick, mill stones, saws and gearings, bolts, screws and nails, clothing and food, horses, swine, sheep or cattle, which died on the way or soon after landing. The men too, died, and many were the gossips who knew more about the mill affairs than the owner himself. There was not a white woman for miles, though there were Indian and half-breed women, but they were ignorant and superstitious. The arrival of a beautiful and accomplished lady at the mill therefore, was the talk of these backwoods people for miles, even at Jamestown was the new comer spoken of as ravishingly beautiful and supposed to be wealthy; but Abbie knew nothing of wealth or beauty; all her wealth was goodness, purity and simplicity, a royal attribute in itself, but she could not be content to live in the woods, so she and her husband went back to England in the brig after a year's residence in the new world, and while on the ocean she gave birth to the mysterious character of our story. Abbie Colton was not so beautiful as her mother, but inherited her goodness and her father's love of nature. She worshipped nature in living or inanimate things. Her mother died while she was a child, but as soon as her education was completed the remaining parent took her with him to Virginia. I cannot tell all her adventures, but will

briefly state that she was kidnapped by robber Indians several times, thinking that they would be rewarded by her father or uncle for her safe return, but there was something in the nature which she worshipped that compelled them to return her without pay, having shocked them by bringing before them the forms of departed friends pleading her cause. Abbie Colton knew not what fear was; wild beasts stood awed before her while men captured them. Dogs never barked at her but crept about her as if begging for favor. Her presence awed men to silence when angry or brutal. If sick persons were brought to her she would tell them the cause of the malady and cure, or how or when they should die. If any one had a spasm and she put her hand on them the spasm ceased. She was always calm and pleasant. If speaking on any subject of which she was not familiar she closed her eyes, and a discourse followed which astonished her audience. She was often asked how she could do such things. Her answer was, I cannot tell, or I know not. If a treasure was lost she could find it, but cared not for it herself, but how she found it she could not tell. One day she told her father visitors are coming today to ask questions which I cannot answer, so I will go to Mother Courtney to spend the day. Tell them I cannot answer the questions today, but when I can I will send a written answer; pardon my absence. She took her work basket and went out. About noon a band of horsemen rode up to the door and knocked, and Mr. Colton stepped out to ask what was wanted. Beg your pardon, sir, we want to see your daughter, and ask her some questions. She is not at home now but told me before she went that visitors were coming who should ask questions which she could not answer today, but when she could she should send a written answer, but she forgot to tell me the questions you had contemplated asking her. Will you be so kind as to state them?

They had not dismounted, but rode up in line, and an intelligent looking young man said, Sir, we have been sent here by the Church Council at Jamestown to ask Miss Colton by what power she performs miracles. Is it in the name of Jesus Christ, or by God, or the Holy Ghost, the

Devil or witchcraft? Thank you, gentlemen, I am sure she will answer all those questions as soon as she can learn what or who it is. Meanwhile gentlemen, let me bid you welcome. I should be pleased to have you dismount, make yourselves comfortable, and I shall be happy to have you partake of anything my house affords. The gentlemen declined, saying, The boat is waiting at the landing. Many thanks, said their speaker, and with a bow to Mr. Colton all rode away. Year after year came and went as before, but the written answer to the questions of the Church Council never came. But people were ever coming; some were benefited, some not. The snows of many winters was gathering on the head and heart of Robert B. Rowland; he became miserly, or he had lost his fortune or his wits, for money seemed to be pouring in for the cargo the brig brought in, each time it came into port, yet the old man looked and acted like a pauper. How could he be poor? People knew he must have gold and precious stones somewhere. Mr. Colton saw that his uncle was losing his mind, and proposed that he should sell out and go to England to die and be buried among his kindred. He tried to sell the mill and land, but no one wanted it. Why do you not want it? he asked of one highly esteemed young man. Because of Abbie's witchcraft, there is not a young man in the colony who dare take it as a gift, said he. He offered the mill and land for one-fourth its value, but no one would buy.

One winter day Abbie disappeared, and no trace of her could be found until spring, when Mr. Colton went to catch fish in the creek he found her torn clothing in a pile of rubbish washed up by the freshet, and he searched and found human bones which he buried, he supposing she had been murdered and her body torn and devoured by wild beasts. There was a part of her grave stone left during the rebellion, for I saw it there, said an old man.

In a few years the mill was sold and Robert B. Rowland went down with his brig, in a storm in mid ocean.

Angus Colton was not contented to live alone, though much he loved the forests; they were too great for him. He sold for anything he could get and went to see how the

northern colonies were growing, and found a widow whom he married, and she had a son lately married to a lovely young woman who came there in company with a great medicine of some southern tribe of Indians, but she was an English girl, her name was Barbara Berkley, and the Hiltons are no less English said she, and I have not gone far to get a Colton instead of a Hilton. I think all English people resemble one another like one goose another goose, yet the gander knows them apart. I love my new daughter much, and we will plan a visit soon, said the new Mrs. Colton, and when they did, Mr. Colton was astonished to see how much the young woman resembled his lost daughter, but her complexion was darker, and form heavier. After some years they went to England together and died there, but the young couple visited Virginia together before going, and while at Jamestown heard the story of Abbie; her witchcraft, her demise, and the mystery of her being seen often at the mill at night, in company with a dark old man who used a light near the old oaks, but no one dared to speak to or interfere with them because of superstitious fear of witchcraft. That is as much of the story as I have heard about the mill, though there are many incidents, some not accounted for.

The Duben party came up to the place as the men seated themselves under the trees, and wondering what kind of a meeting was gathering, they stopped to listen and found a story telling gathering, and they listened to Mr. Armitage's narration, and expected to proceed homeward when a young man announced that he had a document like it, to read to the company, written in England long ago. Only "it is the other side of the story." He drew from his pocket a small Morocco case, from which he took a piece of yellow paper and began reading what seemed to be a letter.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, JUNE, 1756.

Dear Father—Pardon my presumption in addressing you thus. I can no longer endure the pressure of circumstances, or the thought that you have been ungenerously deceived because of my cowardice, or want of heroic spirit. I did not wish to suffer martyrdom by the hand of superstition, so

I did a deed I have ever regretted when I think of your sorrow at my demise. I found friends and sympathizers among the natives, and I was obliged at times to make use of the miller's hidden treasure to pay my way. I used no more than necessary to defray my expenses of traveling and clothes until I could establish my self where I could earn an honest living. I adopted my maiden aunt's name; I wrote to her and told her all. I have her forgiveness. I no longer need her name; my husband knows all, and tells me I did perfectly right, and that you will be glad that your daughter Abbie is still in the land of the living. Dear father, forgive your own Abbie the sorrow she has caused you. Please write me of your feelings, or come to me and tell me by your own words, is the prayer of your affectionate daughter,

ABBIE C. HILTON.

Then there was a pause of a few moments; and the young man said: I came one day too late to see the old mill, or the farmhouse, or the grand old oaks and beeches, but not too late to rake up the ashes and examine the ground where they stood yesterday. I may as well confess to these people that my name is Berkley. Led by curiosity I wandered down here to see if there was such a place as Rowland Mill, or a tract of land such as a certain document describes; not because I wish to claim them, but to assure myself it is not all a picture of the imagination of my ancestors. Mr. Colton had no more children, so there are only Hiltons of his family; but his first wife had a brother from whom came families of Berkleys and through marriage Gordons, some of whom have come to the property which once belonged in the family from which they came; not by inheritance, but by purchase. I wish to go there as soon as it can be possible, to see those people. Who will be so kind as to take me there quick as possible, for his own price? asked the young Berkley. I, said several voices. The bartender then came out with foaming beer, but the young Englishman declined, and was soon out of sight.

Let us follow in imagination to the smoking ruins of mill, house and trees, some of which were only half burned,

while others were burning deep into the soil where the roots had been. The rain had prevented the fire spreading anywhere, so that it looked strange or mysterious because of the distances, and yet burned at the same time. Was it lightning or an incendiary, was the question which first came into young Berkley's mind, soon as he had looked it over?

He found no one there when he came, but Mr. Elliott soon appeared and introduced himself to young Berkley, who in turn introduced himself and told his errand, and was invited to accompany Mr. Elliott home, where he would find Captain Hilton and family, and there make known his errand.

Mr. Berkley paid the young Virginian more than he asked and thanked him besides for his kindness; then bade him farewell and went home with Mr. Elliott, where he found his distant relatives, who were rejoiced to see him.

That evening Berkley told them the story of the mill, as he called it, and handed the Captain the little Morocco case with all there was in it, and it took until the small hours before they could understand one of the documents which Mr. Elliott said was a description of treasure buried, and the place of burial. Let us go to sleep and dream over the treasure and find it tomorrow. They went to hunt for the place the next—and many days, but found nothing.

When fall came, they went to Florida to spend the winter, leaving the place in care of Mr. Elliott.

The Dubens were happy in the society of their friends who still remained with them, except when they took a trip to some city to see how great is "our Republic." They visited schools, prisons, poorhouses, asylums and hospitals, and also churches.

The guests at Maple Ridge, Mrs. Beverly and her boy, went home to Philadelphia, but the De Merceis and Virgie Hartner remained. Freedolph and the Doctor went to the cities, sometimes, on professional visits; when summoned, they attended with alacrity and good will, and were happy because successful in relieving suffering.

The wheel of Time is ever turning, spinning in and out the thread of life. It is Christmas; everything is hushed

at Tipsico, and the housemaid has soft soles on her shoes, and has oiled all the door hinges; shutters are neither opened nor shut because the noise might disturb the tired nurses, the overwrought mother, or the tender Christmas babe: the soft, rosy bundle sleeping so sweetly. Randolph comes down to breakfast with slippers on feet. The young lady presides at table, blushing but silent. The old cook comes up to Randolph and says, "Which is it?" A boy, says he. I does gratulate yo, Marse Randolph. Yo is got a real Christmas gift. May de good Lord help you keep it to be a great, good man like his fader. And she patted Randolph on the shoulder with her black hand, and smiled on him in a very loving way. One after another congratulated him, until he was tired of hearing them, and returned to the chamber, and quietly took his place at the bedside where his wife was resting after her labor. She was a strong and sensible woman, so there was nothing to fear, if she could have rest and care, so in a few days she was gay and happy in possession of so fine a Christmas gift.

The Alvins went to see the young Elliott on New Year's Day, and Randolph said he wanted the boy christened and while talking it over they heard the grating of wheels on the gravel, and there were the two carriages from Maple Ridge to see the Christmas gift. Each brought it a New Year's present; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin a golden spoon, Dr. and Mrs. Duben \$5 in gold, De Mercëis, golden safety pins, Mr. Krantz and Virgie, elegant cloak and hood. William and Alma gave a swinging willow cradle, beautifully lined and draped with fancy tarlatan. The chamber was a large, handsomely furnished room with an open fireplace in it, and the windows were on the sunny side so it was pleasant, warm and bright, when they had laid off wraps and warmed, they went up to lay their offerings of gold and good wishes, and when all were seated Mr. Alvin went to the mother, who was in a reclining chair with the child on her lap, laid his hand on the child lightly, and said: In the name of all that is good, beautiful and true, and in the presence of these friends, I christen this infant Kendall Elliott. May he live to bless his parents and the world, is the prayer of his friends on his first New Year's Day, and will con-

tinue to be to the last day of their lives. Mr. Elliott was very happy; he shook the hand of each one heartily and then kissed his wife and babe, and led the way down to the dining room, which had been decorated beautifully, and where a rich dinner was waiting, of which each partook with pleasure, and soon returned home.

There was much poverty in the neighborhood, much of which was caused by spirituous drink and narcotic poison which was used in every form known; habits begun in childhood and hard to break. It had left its marks mentally, morally and physically. Many people could not read nor count, and acted idiotic, the whites as well as colored people. William felt sorry to see it, and spent much time trying to interest them in something which might help to enlighten them. He appointed meetings at school houses, or deserted store buildings, speaking to them as farmers, though they did not cultivate more than what might have been called a village lot, but which lay far from neighbors, hidden from view by dense forests. Many of them could not feed a horse, so they came with ox and cart, or walked with guns on their shoulders. If he appointed the meeting ten o'clock they would get there near noon. William often felt discouraged about doing the good he desired, and would go talk it over with the Elliotts, and always came away feeling better. Randolph often accompanied him and spoke encouragingly to the poor, discouraged people. One day when speaking to them of what might be, he said: You remember how despondent and careless I used to be, and how poor I was. God always helps those who try to help themselves; you and my friend and neighbor, Mr. John Alvin, gave me a hint how I might better my manhood, and with it my fortune; and you know how much it has done for me. It can do the same for you. I was in my fortieth year when I did what I should have done at twenty-one; but it is better late than never. (Laughter and applause.) I could not get money enough to buy the merest necessities of life, but as soon as I had laid tobacco and stimulants away, and began using the wits God had given me, help came. The pound laid away in a napkin is not drawing interest; we must use our wits as well as our hands. The

mind grows by use. Think, study, calculate; and take time by the forelock, and you will rise above present cramped circumstances, like the sun in the morning. It may be slow, but if you persevere you will conquer.

William spoke to them of co-operating and organizing a union of farmers, or as it is called, an Alliance, as an educator on many subjects which have not been taught in rural districts. Those who are educated, to be lecturers or teachers to the organization. But first of all we need a temperance reform, not a raid nor a prohibition craze, but simply a reform in our daily life, a school of moral suasion for our own and the good of future generations. Dr. Duben has the promise of the meetinghouse as a lecture room next Thursday night, at early candle light. Remember to come to Crystal Springs church early Thursday night, and hear the Doctor's talk on intemperance, the curse in society during his medical career. Father also will tell of some instances of intemperance in and out of church during his service in the church. We will then hear what the old gentlemen will call the course of lectures they propose giving in the near future. They then shook hands with everyone present, speaking kindly to all and bidding them farewell, and went home.

The care of the farm, cattle, horses, sheep and hogs took much of William's time, and took him to the cities to find market for those ready for marketing; but it was beginning to tell how large his remuneration could be for labor and capital, interest and all laid out in the enterprise, and it was encouraging. Mr. Krantz asked him one day when he came up to see him in his room, how much he had gained on his enterprise during the past year? I have taken \$40 per month for wages, and paid father 12 per cent instead of 4, as he agreed when I started, a little over three years ago, and I have young stock worth more than the capital invested in them; but there is always a risk in every branch of business. On which kind of stock did you gain most? asked the old gentleman. In money, I gained most on the colts, when I count the cost and time; but for future and permanent gain to my farm, saving fertilizers and labor on the fields which are fallow, is seen in that flock of

sheep, which cost me only \$2.50 a head, or \$2,500, and in one year they have brought me back the five hundred, and the flock is as good, if not better, than when bought, and the field on which they have grazed is in a better condition for sowing wheat and clover next season without commercial fertilizers, than it was with it a year ago. They are continually nibbling at the greatest drawback to cereal crops in this part of the country—the wild onion. The sheep seem to love the taste of the onion, keeping them eaten close to the earth, so that in a few years they will be exterminated, a thing which nothing else could do. I say, cheap wool and no shoddy will pay the farmer better than protection and shoddy politics. I know that we can raise fine wool sheep cheaper in the southern states than any other country in the world if we would do it, but it takes time to learn to do anything right. I shall do what I can toward raising good mutton and fine wool, and when our land is free from garlic or onion we can begin to think of profiting by raising thorough-bred cattle and hogs, but not until then, because cattle must have good hay and grain, as well as horses, and more plentifully, in order to keep them as they should be, in perfect health. I know no country where good, pure water is more abundant or climate better. It is but a question of time when this will be as good a grazing country as anywhere in the United States. You are sure then, that there is money made at farming? Yes, with care and good judgment, but farming as commonly done can no longer get a family a living. A man who cannot see what his needs will be a year ahead, if the farm is to produce a paying crop, had better hire out to work as a day laborer, and live on his wages, than run into debt for fertilizers, and be turned outdoors for it.

THE LECTURE ON INTEMPERANCE.

Thursday night came bright and cold; a little snow was on the ground, making it seem like winter, but it was only a few degrees below freezing point; very still, so that sounds were heard at great distances. The church was well filled, more people than had ever been there at one time, at night before, so people said. Alma, Virgie, and other

young girls vied with each other at songs, with accompaniment on the organ. Many of the people had never attended a temperance lecture, or a lecture of any kind, so they showed an uneasiness in their manners, like children; but when the meeting was begun with an invocation pronounced by Mr. Alvin, Sr., the house became very quiet. Doctor Duben then said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The subject of my talk tonight will be Intemperance. A great many people have small ideas of what is meant by intemperance. As soon as the word is mentioned, their thoughts fly around among the neighbors who use intoxicating drinks to excess, or to some one who, they think, is a glutton, a smoker or chewer of tobacco, as though those vices were the only forms of intemperance; Such habits are evils, but are far from being the only ones. If we look at the vices of society more closely we find very few temperate persons in the world. We are taught to be intemperate in many ways in childhood; which brings to my mind the words of a venerable priest who had a boy from a noble family in his care. When asked how he was getting on with the care of the boy, he replied: The poor child is nine-tenths ruined by his father's intemperate petting; the child has thereby become like a self-tyrannized horsefly, suffering himself and making others suffer; but all who knew the father say he was a noble soul. We see the faults in others which they see in us. How different life would be if we could see our own faults and correct them in ourselves before we could see such faults in others. It is time now that everyone should look at home, especially those who are parents should see to it that the moral faculties of their children are cultivated to the best of their abilities, so that when they reach manhood and womanhood they may be morally strong. They should never tire of watching themselves so that they never teach their children the good they do not practice themselves. We have known parents who were always saying: Overcome evil with good, except when angry, and then they were so quick to box the children's ears that we could not see how the job was done, but could hear the report, and the child mutter: Wait until I get big enough and you'll get your pay. That is intemperance

taught at home. Retaliation may become criminal if not governed by reason.

Twenty-eight years ago our next neighbor's children spent their evenings alone, while father and mother went to pray in grog shops, saloons, or at church; and many were the times they went supperless to bed, cursing such intemperance in religion. Now those are the men who spend their time in those shops or saloons guzzling and sipping liquor—or playing poker or some other game with evil companions. How much good did their parents' songs and prayers do in the cause of temperance? We pitied them then, we pity them now. What can be done to help them? They—who have been used to excesses of many kinds from infancy. If they do not yield to evil of one kind, they are liable to form evil habits of some kind, rushing for gain, until it becomes criminal; for fame, as politicians, making an evil of some overdriven sentiment or virtue; becoming fanatics.

When anyone enters a profession which public opinion calls good, he may go to excess in his line and yet be called a noble soul. If a person is formed in a magnetic mould, or of a religious or friendly turn of mind, he can go to the greatest excesses in drawing sympathy from his hearers in the cause of religion, or moral reform by word pictures of the lowest degradation; often telling tear-provoking stories built in his imagination for that purpose. He succeeds in over-ruling reason; drawing a curtain over cause and effect for a time; kindles a fire of anger or hate toward the evil-doer, while the cause of the evil is forgotten. The zeal has become deranged and the fanatical fire burns wisdom and mercy out of him and his hearers, and all the good there might have been in his religious reform is over-driven and has become a form of intemperance.

No rational ennobling can be accomplished for the public good until such over-driven sentiments or perverted virtues are put on the same bench of shame as intemperance in drink, which is the curse of the lower classes of society. The higher classes have their forms of intemperance, which are too numerous to mention, except the laudable ambition which has placed them in a higher class of society, some

have risen by trampling the rights of fellowmen underfoot, by taking advantage of some who were slow to think; filling their coffers with unjust gain; making homeless and hopeless those left in their care; thereby becoming rich and powerful among men. Such intemperance prospers for a time, but it brings no real happiness or enjoyment. The still small voice whispers, Shame. The ghostly spectre, remorse, meets the great, but unjust, man and robs him of his once peaceful slumbers, or happy day dreams.

We have seen a saintly intemperance which we call self-sacrifice. Such people rejoice in the power they have gained over self; it is easy for them to become martyrs for what they fancy to be the good of others. Sometimes it is a teacher who delights to become a martyr for his pupils, who come from his care and teaching weak and unsteady, unfit for the activities and hardships of life, because they had never been required or compelled to work out their own hard lessons, but waited to have them explained by their indulgent teacher. Such pupils when they become men are drones in the hive of busy humanity, or worse. They help fill penitentiaries and poorhouses. They are more than nine-tenths ruined. How many fathers stop to think what example they are setting before their sons; do they realize that the indulgence which has been moderate in themselves may become excessive or intemperate in their sons and cause their ruin? Many a son might well pray, father, lead us not into temptation. We have often told boys that there is nothing elevating or ennobling in the use of tobacco, and have been answered: My father uses tobacco; he is not degraded by it; it is no worse for me to use it. Let me tell you, young men, that it is no disgrace to your fathers to have sons better specimens of humanity than themselves. It never hurts the feelings or pride of any rational father to see his son live a better life than he has lived. No matter how good their life has been, they always wish they had done better, and if they could live life over they would improve opportunities better and make life less burdensome and more like a blessed holiday. We have heard young men say: I shall be well satisfied if I can live as good a life as my father. Yes, I wish to honor my parents, and

do not desire to be better than they are. Let me say to such young persons: Strive for perfection; in *that* lies the greatest honor to parents, God and yourself. Study your own nature, cultivate and improve it in every way and you will be good, honorable, and happy, whether rich or poor in this world's goods. The riches of a good conscience, and an honorable character is heavier in the scale of righteousness than millions of gold and a guilty conscience.

Any of us may become fanatical on the subject of intemperance as well as on religion, or politics. It sometimes happens that a mother delights to become a martyr for her family, especially her girls. She does everything for them, early and late, giving herself no rest, but rejoices in her daughters' idleness, thinking it a real saintly virtue she has acquired when she looks thin and pale as a fence picket. Her speech is a subdued whine; her conversation reaches no farther than her work and her sufferings from over-exertion. Her greatest care seems to be how to keep her girls looking as Neighbor A's or B's girls look. It never enters her head how she is keeping them from learning how to care for themselves; hindering them from getting used to the cares inevitably the lot of every sensible woman. Hindering them from doing something whereby they might escape becoming a burden to some hardworking man; or a slave of circumstances.

Has a mother a right to ruin the future welfare of her daughters or the happiness of the men who marry them? How many offerings have the saints of self-sacrifice a right to burn on their holy altars? When sickness comes, do those mothers find good nurses among their daughters, for whom they have done so much? They may be willing, but lack the training; they stand looking around, but seeing nothing to do, or know not how to do anything. Such women are thrown on society by the death of parents, many become burdens, sometimes a shame.

Any sentiment can be converted into an evil; any habit is easily acquired but hard to break, whether opium or morphine, tobacco, alcohol, or profanity; the battle is hard before a permanent victory is gained. So also with the habits of thoughts, such as the idea that self-sacrifice is a most no-

ble attainment; that it is religion, therefore using it to the ruin of the family.

When the welfare of society hangs so largely on the influence which temperate, judicious and enlightened parents and pastors of churches wield, would it not be well for them to see to it that those in their care get a broader, deeper and higher idea of temperance than merely cursing saloons and distilleries? Would it not be well to drop the string which has been pulled so long to no effect and let the intellect find other evils which perhaps are wrapped in the draperies of noble sentiments that have become stumbling blocks or rocks of offense, and remove them from the royal highway of life, one by one. There is a society here and there, who are beginning to see that such work is needed and are theorizing or planning how to begin the campaign of enlightenment of the mind, or educating the masses by moral suasion.

Give any, or each one something to do which lies in range with the executive abilities or agreeable to their state of intelligence, and they are momentarily on their feet, but put them where they cannot use their own hobby and they are like a race horse plowing; they act dispirited because they are out of their legitimate sphere of usefulness. The hobby often becomes a stimulant and causes excesses which are detrimental to society. Such need restraining, which can be done by aid of moral suasion. The evils which custom makes lawful, and those clothed in the vesture of theological guesswork or draped with poetical fancy, are the hardest to eradicate; few dare assail them. Many young people could be sheltered and nurtured in the great bosom of the church and she would never feel the burden. Many young men would be glad to have a place at church as a member of the family of the first born of this dispensation, with parents, sisters, and brothers, but cannot give up the right to study, observe, to think in accord with nature, science, and the laws of progress in our state of civilization. Their motives are pure as the light, their love of right as strong as death. The church needs them in growing to the stature of the regenerated or grand humanity. Many young persons get disgusted by superstitious rites; their aversion

is so great that it drives them to other extremes. A study of human nature is necessary for every one who desires to be a reformer in one form of temperance or another. Many reformers have thought more of becoming famous than of the good to be accomplished, but there is a Providence who sees the aim, and rewards the efforts of true reformers. Look in whatever direction we will, and there is intemperance in one form or another; we need not go away from our own door, there are several forms to be guarded against in ourselves. Perfection is of slow growth, but Time has power to bring it forth. It may not be attained for many centuries, but hope, man's star of promise, is pointing upward. Poverty breeds drunkenness and crime. Intemperance brings sorrow, shame, and death. The criminal is morally sick and is hard to cure. Circumstances often place men where they must commit crime, or lose their life. Punishment never makes circumstances better, but adds shame, blotting self-respect out of life, and hope of heaven in death. Our present methods are inadequate for a thorough reform. Let us hope that wiser men will step up with a more humane treatment of the poor, who are on the brink of ruin, helping them before they fall into the abyss of drunkenness and crime.

No wrong by wrong is righted. No pain is cured by pain! Our loved and honored United States is a grand Republic; it is the greatest and best in the world, but it is getting intemperate in many ways. One of these is making and adding to its laws until they become a network too extensive to spread out; their knots so tangled that Justice must stand waiting at the door of our courts, pale and haggard, when, were the cordage of law strong and straight, Justice in regal vesture draped, might be our queen. Where shall man look for perfect temperance? Is it found in Nature? Even Nature is intemperate. What man will teach the elements temperance, saying to the scorching heat, be thou cool; to the flood, stay thy destructive waves!

The human mind is but a reflection from a greater mind. Joy has tears; the rainbow smiles; the storm speaks; the flood sings—though foolish man knows it not.

Mr. Alvin then rose and spoke thus:

Dear Friends: I wish to speak to you in favor of a reform of life, not because you are greater sinners than others, but because of the happiness which can be attained by a life of temperate habits. I will illustrate what I wish to teach by a picture of a family because it is a type of state, as the state is of the nation.

Whatever is for the good of woman is for the happiness of man. The sexes are hemispheres whose equality makes a perfect whole. If the heads of the family quarrel, the children will do the same; and even the servants will neglect work and fall to bickering. The master keeps the mistress in ignorance of his business and financial affairs; does not trust her with money; she must have what she thinks is necessary, and so runs up bills to be settled in the future. The effect is appalling. The home idea is swallowed up in heartache, rebellion, and hatred. True happiness was never taken into consideration; family government and happiness is therefore a failure. Let the husband and wife look into each other's eyes with perfect love and trust, and the influence will pervade the whole household. When some homes are built, they are only built for the lawful pleasure and indulgence of the master. The mistress is a disciple of frivolity and indulgence, whom one stroke of calamity or suffering has changed to a heroine. The mind of man cannot comprehend the difference, cannot follow her; there is no harmony at home, though the woman tries in every way to exonerate her husband's actions, as human weaknesses in general. This weakness shows in the state, church, and national councils; one-sided and imperfect. The natural stimulant of every living creature is in its seed. The affectional principle in woman is beguiled by the sensual principle in man. This seed is devoured, wasted, for sensual pleasure, until a desire for external stimulants takes its place, which it never can. Men have wasted this life element more than women, which is the cause of their more intense thirst for external stimulants. To lay the stroke of the reformers' axe at the root of this great evil will cure the diseased or deranged appetite, cleansing first the inside of the cup and platter. Church and State are the outside of

the platter, holding the marriage relation, which must be cleansed from its curse or sin. There is where reformation must begin, by teaching the young what pure marriage is. There should be teachers mature and noble who understand the laws of life. The science of life is the most important of all sciences, yet the least taught or understood. We cannot compel men to reform; prohibition will not do it. Men will have alcohol as long as the thirst exists, prohibition or not. Let us try to destroy the cause by teaching the rising generation how to retain their natural stimulant by living pure and noble lives, thereby becoming perfect seed capable of crushing the serpent's head.

Young men are ready to give testimony in the lecture room in favor of temperance because it is the fashion, and so long as it is the fashion they are eager to defend it against opposition, or to show their eloquence. Let them remember that there are more important things required of them than logic or eloquence, though their arguments be ever so clear and brilliant.

Thrown as they are in daily routine of active life into the society of people of every disposition and habit; do they realize what power they are constantly exerting for good or evil, by example in word and deed for the cause they profess to love? Do they wish to be counted as men of honor, justice and truth? Then they must stand firm in their manhood, bringing their daily work and conversation far above the appearance of evil so that others through their bright and shining example may be led to build up characters true, brave, and strong. How guarded they should be, lest a word, or deed of theirs shall in the least degree blight or mar the cause they love. They should be ready and willing to carry the burdens of life on their own shoulders, never trying to make whisky, wine, or beer carry them; for they can but make them weak, dishonored, and disgraced. Some temperance reformers may have been fanatical, or failed to do the desired good because they did not know the best methods wherewith to accomplish the greatest good where reform was most needed. That is not saying anything against the temperance reform. I hope they may be successful in every measure calculated to elevate society to

such a height that to use intoxicating drinks or narcotic poisons shall be counted as sins against the laws of life, as they really are; though it is not likely that such reform can be accomplished as long as it is fashionable to use wine as a token of friendship, or love, in religion or otherwise; or so long as our leading temperance advocates use tobacco. I know many of them are good, honest men, but they are in bondage to some evil or intemperate habit themselves. Every one who cannot overcome evil habits in his own character, or life, would do well to keep out of the ranks of reformers, no matter how good their motive, or how much they love the welfare of the human race.

Many of you here tonight are yet climbing up the hill of life; take a little rest, stop and study life's varied scenery, take time to cultivate the soil of your nature and implant the temperance tree, watch its growth; let it never be neglected, until it becomes so strong and great that it is a protection from the storms of life, and bearing all manner of temperate fruit at all times. Then will you realize how much good there is in life, and when you have eaten of the fruit and drunk from the river of good, both worked and rested in the light of love, who will then over your graves say: Stormy and intemperate has thy life been; here is peace? No, more appropriate will be the words: Peaceful and temperate has been thy life; sweet is thy rest.

The young people sang some temperance songs, and when their music ended Mr. Randolph Elliott spoke what he called a temperance soliloquy.

Who is man, or the son of man, that he should attempt to teach nature, temperance? Has man roamed beyond nature, and examined the laws supernatural or preternatural, or learned their language? What man can compel heat to be cool, or cold to be warm; the storm or flood to cease? One inhalation of fire would be death. What is man? Earth's most intelligent parasite, "Not its God or Governor." Can man speak to the seasons; the fingers in God's hand Time, or hold to the spokes in the wheel of years, without being left beside the way?

Who sayest: Intemperate art thou. O Winter, with thy withering, piercing blasts? Anger speaks loud in thy howl-

ing tones. Thy breath is death to vegetable and insect life! Why this warfare? Why this jealousy? Is earth too happy in her maternal loveliness; too rich in bloom or fruitage? Why shroud her as if dead? Would'st thou cool the fire in her bosom with thy icy breath?

Who is he who commandest the whirlwind to cease, or the storm to be still, or say to the lightning, thou art my servant, obey thou me; listen while I upbraid thee. Intemperate art thou, when with fiery pen thou blottest from the book of life the record of an unoffending soul!

Who is he that speaks to the light thus: Intemperate art thou, O Sol; high in the noon of the year, with thy blue drapery around thee, casting warm kisses to forsaken and dismantled Earth, saying: Be cheerful and hopeful, beloved Earth. Old Sol, thy lover has come; put on thy soft green vesture; bedeck thyself with buds, leaves, and flowers. With joy and pride indescribable, O beautiful Earth, shall I behold thee.

Who is he that speaks to Earth thus: Intemperate art thou, O, Earth, when answering through tears: I weep for joy, O Sol, when I behold thee. Thy smile maketh the sap arise from the dead, creating anew life in bud, flower, and fruit. Thou impartest to all a hope, a life, joy of being, loving and beloved Sol!

Last and least. Who is the man that will empty the sea into the crater of Mount Vesuvius, making it cease to burn?

The cheers were rather demonstrative, but that was because Randolph had spoken, though on a graver subject than usual. It pleased everybody, though few understood its great significance. The people rose and sang the Doxology and adjourned to meet again in one week from that night. As the crowd was passing out, they met and greeted their young friends, Herbert Nickols and wife; also George Manners and wife, who were in the neighborhood visiting friends, while on their way to Florida to spend the winter. The readers will call to mind the two Yankee girls, Ida and Helen. We give them a passing notice, but only to show how much the Yankees mix up their life and posterity with the Southerners. There will be no North, No South, but

one united people, patriotic and proud of their country, the land of the free, the home of the brave.

A few days after the above scene at church, with its pleasures to the young people, who have very little to break the monotony of domestic life in the woods, there came to Maple Ridge a young man of respectable appearance, asking for food, saying that he was searching for work. On being asked, he said: Yes, I have a wife and one child in Claremont, in Surry. We saw circulars which led us to think we could earn a living there. We found nothing as represented; it is not a colony as the circulars represent, and nothing for a white man to do, so I started out to hunt for a situation somewhere, and remove my family. Have you a trade? asked the Doctor. Yes, sir, I am a harness-maker; or I could take the place of bookkeeper or telegrapher, or secretary. I came from Canada, where such situations are well filled. Your place is in a city, then, said the Doctor, and not in the woods. So it is, but I am near the end of my means, having purchased land to locate on, at Claremont.

Have you advertised for a place? asked Mr. Krantz. No, sir; I would like better to go into business at my own risk if I can find a village of a thousand inhabitants with a prosperous farming community around. Such would be the place in which to build up a trade. You would need capital to build up any business, said Mr. Krantz. Yes, sir, I have friends who would furnish that, if I can find a suitable place. I have been informed that Crystal Springs is a promising place in which to begin. How far is Crystal Springs from here? Only two and a half miles, but you cannot find what you are searching for there, or anywhere in these woods. No skill is needed here yet, where each one can make his own harness of rope, cowhide and wood, or rivet together old harnesses which were gathered up on the battlefields by their fathers, grandfathers, or uncles. There are no villages with prosperous farming communities around here in the woods. The old plantations are no more than old moss-grown huts in the forest, with scarce a road to them, or brush and stump land lately cleared by some lumber and wood contractors for northern markets. Lum-

ber companies hold great tracts of land, and are selling cheap, but not many white people wish to live so isolated.

How can a country, with climate so mild and beautiful, lie untilled if the land can be made to produce anything? asked the stranger. Oh, said Mr. Krantz, You may live to see this country settled by white, industrious people, who know how to make the land produce any kind of cereal or vegetable in great abundance and perfection, but as long as the wood is here, it is the staple product and grows without cultivation. It needs no study of chemistry, no education; only manual labor and horse power; the axe and saw, with the help of a few trucks, wagons and carts, but the day will come when men will appreciate a mild climate, even though the land is not the best. The grand trees tell us it is not barren. The wild fruit is abundant and of excellent quality. Why, then, should we not succeed in raising improved fruits, and improved stock, and improve in moral, and spiritual, as well as physical life?

How strange it is that it is not more thickly populated, when it is the oldest white settlement or colony, said the stranger. Jamestown is no more, Williamsburg is nearly gone; the same can be said of other places here in Virginia. But in other states everything is growing and prospering greatly, and when I mention it, they exclaim: That comes of class legislation. That is something I shall enquire into before I apply for citizenship, a document thousands of Canadians would be proud to own.

One Sunday morning Mr. Krantz, as was his habit, went to teach the colored people in the schoolroom. After the Bible lesson was ended, he talked to them on several topics. Among them that morning was an old negro woman, who was considered by her people to be a wise woman. Mr. Krantz talked to her for the good of those assembled. At last he asked her some questions which our best statesmen know not how to answer. Aunt Cassy, said he, What do you think of the race problem? Lah, sir, I think de Lawd can manage dat hisself in future as in de pas', widout my worryin' about it; but from de way de races look and acts, now, der will be on'y one yellow race in less den a thousen' yeahs, and mos' from white sire and colah'd dame. De

Lahd is willing, or dey wouldn't go so fast, or be so smaht. Dey mighty smaht, I tell yo,' de ole pure black people die of consumption or rumatiz, or malarý, and de young white are less an' less every yeah; de ole ones must die, and de yellow ones are mo' and mo' every yeah, and dey be smaht, dey marry an have many smaht chillon. All de black nig-gahs gone to heben, and leff ony bright yellow chillon. No pure white, no pure black pusson will be living, for de Lahd is getting him a yellow race dat will rule de worl. La! yo' know, sir, dat de Lahd made de red man of clay, and dey love to murder; and den he made de white man of bone dust, an' fine dust chalk; de black man he made of iron, and burned things; but dey be ole, and He make a new Jerusalem race, a golden race dat will rule de worl' when de Lahd's time comes.

Uncle Jared, what do you think of the race problem?

I reckon de Lahd will make it all right in his own time and way, answered he. We all trus' it to Him, sir.

That is the best thing to do, Uncle Jared, said Mr. Krantz. We may trust the future with a kind Providence. Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. That is the promise, believe, hope, and be happy.

Yes, Lahd bless yo', we shall, said Uncle Jared.

Days glided by in cool majestic splendor. The white frost glistened like diamonds in the sunlight. Every shrub, bush, or tree was arrayed in delightful hues as the morning wind began to move among fringe of the pines, and the crisp fur of the cedars, or inflexible foliage of the holly, the symbol of truth; its red fruit coated with white, glowing and sparkling like precious gems.

How splendid! said one. Beautiful! said another. Grand; gloriously bright, as a fairy land, as spirit realm; heavenly! were the exclamations from all parts of the house when the inmates looked out at the landscape which surrounded Maple Ridge. There had been a shower in the night, and then turned cold, freezing the drops of water, and above them was a light frost in large crystals like little stars, and every imaginable form of beauty to delight the esthetic faculty of the human mind. Birds of most brilliant

plumage flitted in and out among the branches of the cedars, awed to silence. What art can copy, where are the magicians who can duplicate the picture nature makes to delight our sight and love of the beautiful and sublime?

The young people at Maple Ridge were happy in each other's society, and the weather was never so cold but they could spend part of each day out riding. Nights were calm, days bright and sunny at noon, though frosty in the morning. William Alvin spent much time there, and on the road between Glenwood and there. Madame De Mercëis said that they wore out too much horsehoof and wheels for amusement; much more than books by study. Time is wasted gliding through the sombre solitudes. Mayhap their hearts will be stronger to endure the jolts and strains of life's journey. I cannot judge which way is best; I leave all to the "All Father and Mother," who watch over our lives. Yes, said Mrs. Duben, Who knows what a day may bring forth. You and I had no idea what our life would be at their age. We have traveled over the most perilous part of our journey, and before the wheel of Time has turned a dozen times on its axle we may have been left by the way. Our journey has been pleasant; there have been cloudy days, but no great storms, no wrecks, no blasted hopes, no wintry trials or protracted suffering. Thank God, for the sunshine of sympathy and love in the human soul; it is more precious than all else in life. It is hoped for, even in death, said Madame De Mercëis.

The ladies talked of coming events, for it was a certainty now that Freedolph and Virgie were to be married in the spring. They had made it known to Mr. Krantz together, and he put his hands on their heads and asked God's blessing on the union. William and Alma had also told the parents on both sides what was the wish of their hearts, and all seemed glad that they had found suitable partners, whom all could love and respect, but it was not good to think of living at Maple Ridge without young people in the house.

At Crystal Springs were two funerals. The cause of death was alcohol; delirium tremens and alcohol poisoning. Both were young men in their twenty-first year. There is

only one barroom now, and hopes are entertained of closing that. Colored men get drunk and cut one another; one went home, fought with his wife and bit one of her thumbs off. The merchant himself is in danger while the intoxicated men are there, for they threaten anyone, when in such condition. Everyone, therefore, was glad that there were temperance meetings begun at the church, and turned out to hear, and to help get the evil out of the place.

When the appointed time came there was a house full of people determined to be interested in the reform of habits, and there was quite a number of intelligent looking colored people in attendance.

A choir was formed during the week, which had learned some temperance songs, which were sung, and then the meeting was begun with invocation by Rev. Alvin.

An essay was read by Mrs. Alvin; subject:

MORAL SUASION.

Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. So many beautiful and appropriate thoughts have been expressed on this subject by many wise and great persons ages ago, so that my thoughts seem small and insignificant compared with what can be gleaned on the field of thought. But I love to do what I can for the principle we all love. I shall therefore give you my honest opinion of moral suasion in the cause of temperance. The mother must be the priestess of moral suasion in her home, beginning it in her own soul, so that it is a natural element in which her children enter as soon as their mind is able to grasp good or evil. There is nothing more profitable, precious or beautiful in childhood training than moral suasion.

In the histories of nations we find no laws recorded concerning meat and drink, except those of the Hebrew, whose priesthood, with their code, stood at the head of their government, receiving portions of meat and drink as offering. Is it necessary for us to go into such bondage? Are we sinking so low in the scale of nations that we must have laws to compel us to eat and drink what it may force upon us. Our legislature might as soon say what we must wear,

and levy a tax on some article of clothing ; such things have been done in old countries in forming class, or social grades. They might next prohibit freedom of speech or thought in religion or politics ; or exploration on the fields of science. We have read of such things in modern histories.

Common people were flogged in front of church doors because they dared to protest against such tyranny ; legislators have even gone so far as to trample on the necks of kings and emperors because the sovereigns had a desire for greater freedom, moral and politic. Too much law causes social evils, which we must guard against. We have battled for freedom of thought, speech, and press ; shall we who are free bow to oppression while yet feeling the wounds received in battling for human freedom and equal rights ? Shall we sit still and be bound in tangled cordage of law ? Oh, no, let us shake off its knotty coils and in their stead clothe ourselves in the beautiful mantle of peace and good will to all. Law or religion is often perverted and converted into instruments of oppression for the gratification of those in power.

Some say let us have laws to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spiritous liquors. Yes, let there be such. There is a law which says, Thou shalt not steal ; yet there are many thieves in and out of jail. We do not need so much written law in this enlightened age. No matter how many laws are made, they are no better than waste paper, when no one lives up to them, or enforces them when needed. Moral suasion is planting good seed in the springtime of life, when the soil of nature is ready to receive it, and the moral plants are growing day by day in the public mind. What the world needs is laws growing in the mind of humanity, and when it has matured we shall see the most beautiful fruit. Moral suasion is the greatest public school, its branches of study are too numerous to mention. The temperance reform is the branch taught in which we have become pupils. It is as necessary for us to study some of the other branches which it is teaching along the highway of life from the cradle to the grave, some of which are charity, justice, mercy and truth, putting them in practice by our work ; raising the fallen, and leading them into smoother paths, re-

joining to be the means by which good has been accomplished. If temperance societies the world over would make moral suasion their daily study, society would soon have a heavy load lifted. Our criminals cost more than all other public expenses. All the schools, ecclesiastical and secular, medical, military, and all benevolent institutions together are small figures by the side of law, lawyers, law schools, judges, courts, its servants or officers, convicts, and prisons. Yes, we have much more law than is needed, and few of our laws lived up to, even by the servants of the law themselves. Morality and reason go hand in hand. Hatred and law live close together.

Moral suasion says, agree with thy neighbor or thy enemy and make him thy friend. Sue him and make him pay costs, says law. Overcome hatred by acts of kindness, says moral suasion. Make him angry so you can have something to complain of, before the law. We will help you for money, say the servants of law. Too much law has been the curse of many countries; England is among them. There it is seen among the manor born in one way, and among the lower class in another; yet it is law, broken or enforced, which has left its mark on society in either class. The common people of the United States take the lead in good morals; we ought to be better. We have democracy; they have aristocracy. We have religious freedom, scientific and political freedom. How then is it that we are not competent to use reason in the use of alcoholic poisons? Are we so degraded that we cannot use reason in our acts in eating or drinking? If so, we are not worthy of a free government.

Morally, we are like infants who need good principles taught us continually, that they may be imprinted in our moral faculties before evil associations have hardened our nature. The earlier, therefore, the more perfect the impression is made. We love the principles taught us from childhood and fear to embrace any new phase which may come before us, but by association become accustomed to them, and if found to be good, embrace them, love them, even as those we have loved from infancy. Moral suasion may not reach to change custom in high life while we live to see it, but we can let it lead us, guard us from all demons whose

slaves we may become, if not guarded by that ever-watchful servant of humanity who is striving to make all evils unpopular among us.

There are countries where prohibitory laws have been tried, but secret drunkenness has taken as many to the grave yearly as public drunkenness did before, and families have suffered more than before, because the public did not know of it. There is another kind of drunkenness that is a thousand times worse; it is morphine or opium dosing. O, how many accomplished and beautiful men and women it has converted into idiots, or raving maniacs, many of whom were our most influential leaders of society. Can law prevent them using the poison they love? Had they in youth been taught to be brave and patient, to bear every pain, every trial, without drugs to deaden sensibility, they might have been an ornament, or useful to society until age disabled them, and their children could fill their places instead of only remembering them as maniacs looking through grated doors. Love of right is inspired by moral suasion.

Fear is inspired by the contemplation of law, because law is the rod with which crime is punished. Reason and conscience are for use, not merely as ornaments. We may hurt ourselves in many ways, and cause ourselves needless pain, but the pain is a reminder of broken laws. Even a child remembers what burned it and avoids the heat. When appetite is master, man is slave, and while in service, the heaven of mind is clouded over; reason slumbers uneasily, yet not quite dethroned; awakened by moral suasion his kingdom is safe, but if awakened by the stern arm of the law, he is still a slave in double bondage. A thief knows he may be caught and placed in jail, yet goes to steal; if frustrated in his plans he will commit murder rather than be brought before the law and punished, but if from infancy the words. Thou shalt not covet, had rung in his ears, he might have been able to form a better character, instead of I want and shall have what I wish, no matter to whom it belongs. The voice of moral suasion is the voice of God, if we listen to it always, it will teach us the law of love, we will then realize what life is. That there is a law within which will not let us break any law human or divine, we

can then say like Paul of old, If eating meat offend my brother, I will never eat meat; if drinking wine offend my brother, I will never drink wine; if by my appearance I offend, I will try to appear more appropriately. When we feel each other's sorrow so that we reach the hand impartially to help, no matter who, or what they are, what will be the use of law, when each individual is a law to himself, to his neighbor a brother, sister, or friend? Law or religion is for those who need them as a monitor, a restrainant, a schoolmaster to teach how far they may trespass, how much they may covet without it being a crime. Moral suasion speaks in or out of church; its voice is ever heard from the cradle to the grave; always tender and sweet, though often prophetic; it has followed time in its work, smoothing down the rough edges on the masterpiece of creation; leaving here and there some beautiful hint of its magic power. As the human race grows old it grows wiser and better not because of penalties forced by law, but from a love of good which has been impressed on the mind by moral suasion.

Mrs. Duben then read an essay entitled:

DEATH OF GUNPOWDER AND ALCOHOL.

Gunpowder and alcohol are nearly of an age. Alcohol or distilled vegetable, or cereal matter was commenced earlier than gunpowder, but both have been great murderers, or as murderous weapons in man's employ. Spirituous drinks were in use in the time of Alexander the Great, and some even think they existed long before that time. I cannot give you the date of his royal birth, nor the place where he began his reign, but gunpower was invented by a German alchemist or chemist January 14th, 1340. From that time until now inventive genius has not rested but worked harder each year and now the world is getting filled with every kind of mechanic, scientific, artistic, and agricultural labor saving inventions. Gunpowder and whiskey have been in the service of man a long time, both have been greatly abused and misused in all ages since their inventions. Let us look at the good which has been accomplished by the aid of gunpower. In every civilized country on earth are mines which have been worked mainly by blasting with

it. Mountains have been removed for convenience of travel or other uses, tunnels for railroads, or for water works, all for the good of civilized and enlightened man. A little more than five hundred years ago men met face to face in battle looking one another in the eyes and next instant kill and be killed. Insane men and women do so now, but not our warriors. It would take several glasses of whiskey swallowed by the kind-hearted men of our time before they would be wild enough to look a brother mortal in the eyes and next moment land him in eternity. Time has rolled on and each circle left man and mind a little more light, a clearer reason, a more enlightened conscience, and a more tender affection than ever before. The bravest soldier does not want to see his victim fall, the smoke from his gun obstructs the view.

The most noble of our race have outgrown the need of gunpower or whiskey, they are no longer necessary evils. Though they have not always been evils, nor are they so now when used by temperate men for good. When man sees a brother in every human face however degraded, he cannot be less than the lowest of the human race, pity is kindled in the nobler brother's soul and a desire to help the weak, erring one into sunnier paths is growing in his kindly heart. Yes, a kind feeling for the unfortunate, the poor or erring, is growing in every civilized breast, driving out the demon hate and destructiveness which for ages inhabited the human form. Wars are no longer made to destroy people. They are for political reform, or to make less crowned heads to support, or some religious yoke to cast off, or enslaved race to set free and clouds of superstition to blow away. There are some yet who see a prospect from their own window and think everybody is a fool who cannot see the same from theirs, but the greater number of that kind of minds have gone to rest leaving us free to view from all sides the glorious scenes liberty or perfect freedom is ever bringing forward from science to greater sciences yet unexplored. Most of you have not lived half a century, yet in that time you have seen great changes in a moral sense of right. Duels are no longer popular, religious debates are not fiery. Discussion is more free and pleasant. Church

discipline has changed greatly in ten years. We know not what a year may bring, how much less what may happen in a century.

We have heard temperance lecturers curse alcohol as though it were a bandit or devil, when we know it is but the distilled liquor in men's hands. Ask the soldier who must face the enemy's guns, which is the most destructive to life, the whiskey and water in the canteen, or the leaden balls, powder and fire in man's hands. Ask the chilled and starving sailor floating hopelessly and helplessly on the briny billows, which is the best life preserver, leaden balls from enemy's guns, or the brandy and water from some kind man's flask. The things we call evils are not such until we make them so. They were made to serve, not to ruin man. Something must come to take their place, for they are old and burdensome, they have almost finished their mission, and like old people who have outlived their friends and relatives, and must be cared for by strangers who know not what good they have done in so long a life time, therefore cannot mourn over their graves.

Dear friends of temperance, is this evening to be the funeral? Shall we from tonight bid adieu to alcohol and every evil habit; let us be in earnest about our resolve to rid ourselves of every habit, which retards us on the way to moral perfection. If we are free let us help others to attain that freedom. Have you a friend who is a slave to evil habits? Do not despise him, but help him bury from view the destroyer of his peace—his innocence; let kind acts speak louder than words. Show the way by your own conduct toward a noble manhood. The road to human perfection is smoother now than it once was. It is straight. Honesty, truth, temperance and every manly virtue are as trees planted by the way which has been traveled by so many good, noble and beautiful-hearted that it has become like the pearly paved paths to the gardens of God. Let us who are strong reach out and help the weak along on the way. We who have never been enslaved by the destroyer of nations, the destroyer of peace, of domestic happiness, let us help them to bury the tyrant who has held them in bondage; help to light up and prepare the temple;

help to overturn the tables ; help to drive out all evil habits, making the structure clean and adorned, ready to receive its lord and master, the free, enlightened, the perfect man. The funeral is in the mind. It is not man's servant, alcohol, we bury, but every degrading passion and appetite that we must bury. The love of evil of every kind such as selfishness and pride, and in their stead cultivate unselfish pride in the moral progress of society. We must be temperate in the love of self or we will have little to spare for our fellow mortals. Prejudice and partiality breeds hate, therefore we must not be partial but do good in a general way. The reason why Christianity has not made greater progress is her partiality. It is not the education of the few that makes a nation intelligent, it is the educating of the masses up to their highest capacities and an equal footing which makes a democratic government a success ; if it cannot be accomplished this great republic must eventually go down.

We must cultivate a fraternal interest in the welfare of society, a charity toward the citizens of this great union, and we must see to it that the growing mind is directed right. There is no time to spare. It is this generation which must show the world a superior government, a superior people with goodness as well as greatness of mind. Our youth of both sexes must be taught to have an interest in the welfare of others ; in public affairs ; not for the sake of fame, reward or of unworthy ambition for office, but a patriotic pride or love of country, so much, that they will have a wider, higher aim in life than mere self-gratification. It is necessary therefore to raise, to educate every mind to its highest, greatest capacity in order that they may honorably fill any place they may be called upon to occupy. All the faculties of the mind should be developed by study and practice. The moral nature first and always. This great hive of humanity needs but few drones, but many bright intelligent workers both men and women. A man or woman that cannot look at the good accomplished by others without envying them of the power of doing good, can never do good for themselves, much less for others ; they are never

happy because they have not learned in what real happiness consists.

Envy is a demon we must bury never to rise again. He has been breeding hate and destructiveness in the mind of the race since the beginning, yet he had his uses in pushing man to action when there was no higher motive, but we have higher motives. We have outgrown hatred, jealousy and envy, and have no more need of death-dealing devices. Warfare will be fables told to Nature's perfect children in ages to come, and they will listen as we do now to the sagas or myths of the Gods. Alcoholic drinks will also be forgotten as soon as humanity has overcome a desire for unnatural stimulants; and then the manufacture must cease for want of demand. The evil is in man; an inherited disease which is not easily cured, nor is it rightly understood by the people generally, but light is dawning on the field of science which will bring a certain cure, and improve the general constitution of the race. Now let me beg of you who are parents to watch yourselves so that your actions will set noble examples before the loved ones in your care. Prune the olive plant tenderly, cultivate carefully and you may live to see them bear beautiful fruit, and feel amply paid for the labor and care bestowed.

The grave is ready. Bring all the evils which oppress you, tyrannize you, and bury them together, with a firm resolve never more to return to their allegiance, and now let us unite in one grand wish; one earnest prayer, "O, God, deliver us from evil."

The young people spent a few days with friends in Washington, D. C., and it was lonely while they were gone, but when they came back there was a party at Glenwood farm and all were invited to spend the day there, and they went though it was misting and sometimes snowing, but they were covered up and comfortable. They would not miss the fun for a great deal. There are few amusements in the woods, so that every one is glad of a little recreation.

Mrs. Alvin's birds and flowers were admired by all, and William had procured rollers of canvas with rough pictures on for a dark lantern panorama to amuse his col-

ored help and teach them something of the world around them. It was really amusing, some even instructive because of the explanations given by the manager.

The farm with its well-fed cattle, horses, hogs, sheep and poultry was worth a day's journey to see; beside that, there was much labor saving machinery in use for their enjoyment, both horse power and steam, and when they had seen all they were called in to a splendid dinner. The afternoon was spent mostly in the house, talking, singing and telling stories. Some one asked Mr. Krantz if he painted much now, and he answered, I seldom do any work now, but perhaps I could work if it was necessary. You have some pictures stored away in the old cabinet which we would be much pleased with, said William. Do you feel like showing us one? I will go out and select one, and when I return I will exhibit. He was not gone long, so there was not much said while he was absent.

There was a faint smile on his face as he entered, took the easy chair in the chimney corner, saying, I used to stand while I painted. The subject of the picture is a farmer's sitting room, but we have three pictures of it. The first in 1844. I will show you one at a time.

It is evening, chores are all done, and all go in to rest. The candles are lighted, the fire bright, warm and cheerful. The moment you see the room you say: "How plain, yet how pleasant." It's size is sixteen by twenty feet, nine or ten feet high. On three sides are windows, both high and broad, in the center of the fourth side is a well built fireplace, on each side of it is a door; one of the doors is open; now look in. There is a high soft looking bed, a bureau; a great chest, some split wood or basket chairs before a fireplace, in which is a pile of red coals, and in the corner is an immense clock. It is grandpa's and grandma's room. The other door opens into the hall which has a stair on one side and doors around. Now let us look at everything the sitting room contains. Two tallow candles flicker and sputter in silver-plated candlesticks; between the candlesticks on the table is a platter of the same material holding a pair of snuffers which must often be used or have a great muss. There is on the table a leather-bound Bible, hymn book, a

book of sermons. History of the reformation, commentaries and catechism, some slates and school books, and a pitcher of home brewed ale or beer of which any one poured out what he wanted into a bright pewter cup and drank it as though it was the nectar of the gods. On a stand in one corner is a work basket and a box of mahogany wood, in which are scissors, thread, needles, thimbles, buttons and many other things. A long hair-cloth covered sofa stands on one side of the room, and in front of it is a heavy rug, one large cushioned chair, and other smaller ones stand around on a hardwood floor, with here and there a rug or mat. Linen curtains, white as snow are laid back over carved wooden holders, and shutters are closed outside. A picture called Christ in the Temple, hangs over the mantel-shelf, on which stand curiously wrought vases and relics. On the opposite wall between windows hangs a fine painting representing rural life; other spaces are occupied by maps and wreaths of bright colored autumn leaves, making beautiful tints on white walls.

One side of the fire sits grandma in her crimped white cap, knitting and rocking slowly, while her husband sits in a large arm chair asleep. Their son, a fine looking man near forty years, reads aloud from a book, perhaps history, romance, or a favorite poet, or the Bible, the book of sermons; Thomas Paine, or Swedenborg, while his good wife darns socks, and the girls mend the linen, ready for use. Young men are sitting in straight backed chairs, their arms crossed before them, at rest while they listen in silence. They disgust no one by squirting tobacco juice around, even if they use the weed it is not brought into the room where women are. Spittoons were never used except in sick chambers or hospitals. After a while grandpa wakes, goes into the kitchen where the children are playing hide and seek in the dark corners. On the mantel shelf is a box of tobacco and pipes. He fills one, sits down in his smoking chair, takes the tongs and with them picks up a coal and holds it very near his nose, to the great delight of the little ones, who crowd around his chair to see the little clouds of smoke go up the chimney. All beg for a story, "a good story," before bedtime. They crowd around the hearth, dis-

turbing the dog and cat, who growl sleepily and move away. Soon not a sound is heard, then grandpa knocks the ashes out of his pipe on the andiron, and begins the story, which makes the little ones laugh sometimes, and often nearly shed tears of sympathy. When it is finished they thank grandpa for the story, and all go in to say good night and retire, the older helping the younger children to bed. The young men and maids practice singing before retiring, father and mother as teachers, or go to the neighbors to sing, or attend reading club, or spelling class, or other recreations, where girls could go as well as boys, such as apple-parings, sugar-stewing, wool-picking, corn-husking, hop-gathering, chestnutting and the like recreations. Where your grandfather and grandmother, plighted their troth, learned to sing love songs that made us shed hot tears of sympathy; sometimes learned to sing hymns that almost frightened little children to death. I can remember yet, how frightened I was at hearing them sing "Hark From the tomb a Doleful sound," when I was about seven years old. Yet there was many worse hymns called beautiful then. If they could hear the songs of today, what would they think of them?

Let us leap over the tide of thirty years, and look at the same old room. It is evening, chores all done, and each of the family go in to rest. The kerosene lamp is lighted, it gives clear, steady light, but there is scarce room for it on the table for papers, such as New York Ledger, Saturday Night, New York Weekly, The Mercury, Fireside Companion, some local news and cheap novels. There is no room for books of a solid character. There is a dingy, loosely hung paper on the walls, windows hidden by torn paper shades, a musty, dusty, rag carpet covers the floor, a gaudily covered lounge has the place where the sofa stood, the fireplace is boarded up, a sewing machine has the corner where the workstand stood, a coal stove heats the room. On the mantelshelf are bottles of patent medicines and spoons. Pictures of Moody and Sankey and the Bliss family hang on the walls, and many colored prints—gifts with the numerous papers are the ornaments everywhere. No pleasant old lady sits knitting; no old gentleman sleeps

in the great arm chair ; no one reads aloud ; all amuse themselves by reading, sitting in one chair resting their feet on top of another chair, or the table, spittoon between them. One young lady is reclining on the lounge, sick of headache, another in a rocking chair reading a novel. The mother looks tired rocking the baby to sleep. One child is asleep on some chairs, the child is very dirty. Everything has a dusty, ill-kept look, and smells foul as a sheep pen, the stench rising from the spittoons and filth under the carpet, and want of ventilation. The lips are blue, complexion yellow, the hair unkept and frousy. The clothing is ill-fitting, thin and uncomfortable. No old gentleman tells stories ; There are no older children to put the younger ones to bed. The girls are young ladies at thirteen, and boys are men at fourteen, father and mother has to be called "the old man" and "the old woman," leaving all the work to gad or thump the piano, croquet or some worse pastime. They are even too indolent to learn to sing.

Years pass. Let us look into the old farmer's sitting-room once more.

It is evening. Chores are all done and we go in to rest. Gas lights the room and heats it. The street of the nearest town has pushed itself out to the farm, and now the farmer's home is a suburban residence, but the old sitting-room is there, replastered, papered, painted and repaired. The old furniture has been taken from the attic, has been polished and dressed, and occupies the place where it had done honor or service so long and well. A white haired old gentleman sits in the great arm chair, the same we saw reading to his father, mother and family more than forty years ago. The old lady in the rocking chair is the same woman we saw darning stockings more than forty years ago. The fireplace is open, but clean and new, no soot or ashes are in it, but it is warm, cheerful and bright. The table with its load of books and papers is there, all there. The new polished floor of hard wood with a rug here and there. The long old sofa, work stand, basket and box of mahogany wood is in its place. The picture of Christ in the temple hangs over the mantleshef, is meant to be the same, representing a lad amid a score of old men of ancient times,

some smiling, others scowling on the lad, and at a man and woman crouching near a door. The picture has been painted by a young artist. The picture of rural life between the windows is the same—painted over by a young artist in lighter shades of color. The candle sticks, snuffers, and vases are ornaments on the shelf. The young men and maids are not the same, nor is the pitcher of beer there, but the room has grown cheery and bright, with its old fashioned curtains so white, and the old furniture so massive and dark.

Everything looks new, but the people themselves are old but beautiful. They have remembered their creator all their lives. The sun, moon or stars are not darkened, all clouds have been lifted. The keepers of the house do not tremble nor do the grinders cease because few, nor does the soul look out at the windows darkened, nor the doors to the streets shut because sound of grinding is low, nor are they yet startled by the voice of birds, nor are the daughters of music brought low. They fear not for the future, nor cares burden; or will cease to act. They have reached life's sabbath, in it they do not labor because it is good to rest at the end of the journey, and prepare to embark when the ship comes to take them to the promised land. Friendship's silver cord is not loosened, nor love's golden bowl broken, nor hope's pitcher cracked at the fountain, nor fortune's wheel broken at life's cistern. God's hand has done the painting. That Infinite mind planned the scene. The distances are rightly slanted, all forms beautifully shaded. Earth and sky tinted in glory, and when life's sun sets its twilight is restful, and when they are gone to their long home the picture is as bright as ever, hung on memories' walls.

Tears glistened in smiling eyes, and when he ceased speaking many rose to reach him their hands, others spoke their thanks.

There was a guest expected that day at Glenwood farm, and he arrived as the company were summoned to dinner. He was taken to his room to rest before being presented to the company. All had been informed who the guest was whom they were invited to greet. The gentle-

man's name is Theodore Hampton, who has been in the old world for several years. He has come home to stay. No one had seen or heard when Mr. Hampton came down the stairway, though the hall door was open. From below he heard Mr. Krantz's voice, and a strong desire to hear took possession of him, and he did not stop until he could hear the story picture, and when he could step into the room he embraced Mr. Krantz as though he was a dear brother. Then followed introductions to all present; even to Master Kendall Elliott, two months old, and the little lady Huldah, one year old, whose parents were united in marriage some years before by Mr. Alvin. Will Huldah come to me? asked Mr. Hampton, holding out his hands toward her. In a moment she sprang from the arms of her father into his, putting her little hands on his neck kissing him. How lovely, was all he could say; his heart was too full. The child was small, but beautiful. One of the ladies asked permission to lift baby Kendall, and as she did so, she said, he is heavier than Huldah. Let us weigh them, said Mrs. Alvin. The scales was brought in and they weighed them in a basket, and the two-month's-old was the heavier. There must be some mistake; a child two months old cannot weigh more than a yearling. O yes, said Randolph. he is of improved stock, raised by improved methods. A roar of laughter followed. They told Mr. Hampton of their temperance society, asking him to join and help, and he promised to do so, and the company went home. Many of the guests expected to go to Maple Ridge to hear Mr. Krantz speak of New Christianity in the hall on Sunday at noon.

Sunday came, sunny as a May day. The hall was full of people.

NEW CHRISTIANITY.

Dear friends, you have come here today to learn what is meant by New Christianity. It is a condition, or state of mind which changes the character or life of man or the church into a state called regeneration. When we have a fervent desire to give up selfishness which always breeds ill-will, and cultivate charity, which breeds good will to the neighbor, then is the living Christ awakening from slumber

and ere long his soft sweet voice is heard in the soul, saying, Thou shalt love good with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thy self. God is Goodness, Wisdom and Love itself. Christ is the representative of that Infinite Good, Wisdom and Love in the human soul. It is a principle perfecting the race. God made men perfect, but they have deteriorated spiritually and physically, if not mentally. The spiritual sense has been lost by indulging and cultivating the sensuous nature, and neglecting the spiritual nature. God in divine providence whose hand is Time, created man; not an individual man, but a noble race called Adam, and placed them in a garden; a state of innocent intelligence, which through the selfishness of ages has been lost, but which has been seen by a few along the centuries past. That garden was planted eastward in Eden. Garden planted; a receptive mind cultivated; eastward, toward the rising sun; the love and wisdom of God. Eden a state of bliss. The ground, receptive faculties or understanding in human nature. Trees of Eden, the strength of sentiment, intuition and virtue of the mind; man is often likened to trees. The river of Eden is the wisdom of God, flowing into the understanding, refreshing the intellect. The land of Havilah, whose gold is good; a good will, good deeds are gold.

We may all live in Eden, in innocence, in love which never wearies; with wisdom which will never die. Our life is the garden we must dress and keep, cultivating every faculty of the mind. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom she is a tree of life to those who lay hold upon her. Love is the life of man, without it humanity cannot exist. Love and Wisdom is father and mother of the universe of living matter and mind, and there is nothing dead or useless; everything has its uses in the hand of Time. If we live right from the love of right we become righteous. If we do good works from the love of good, then we love God, for God is goodness itself. The spirit of perfected humanity has progressed so that it can see the trees of Eden growing in the human mind, can see that Divine Good is the sun in the spiritual system, is coming so near to Good itself and love itself that it can feel its presence in the soul, and when in the society of regenerated or perfected people

feel like being fed with the fruit from the tree of life.

The love of God is the tree of life. If we overcome evil by cultivating the good in our nature, we are living in Eden and will sometime eat or enjoy its fruit, its peace, hope and every blessing. Divine love has planted the trees, innocent enjoyments, joy, happiness and hope. Divine wisdom waters them and they grow. We eat of them when our intelligence or understanding can apply them spiritually to make life a blessing to all who come into our society. By their fruit ye shall know all who are dwelling or working in the Garden of Eden, or belong in the New Christianity. To love good is to love the neighbor. My neighbor's life is God's life the same as mine. If ye love me keep my commandments. A new commandment I give you that you love one another as I have loved you. God planted and watered, we must cultivate and eat, or enjoy.

The sensuous thoughts which entered the mind in Eden life is represented in the allegorical story of the serpent speaking to a woman, who is the symbol of affection.

The sensuous nature begun to be more cultivated, cared for and enjoyed than the spiritual, and at last the spiritual nature dwindled for want of culture, spiritual sight or perception was nearly obliterated, but the literal and sensuous was cultivated to great perfection. The desire to be self-reliant, independent, to be governed by self and acquire a certain kind of wisdom, which the cultivation of a certain set of faculties brought out, was charming fruit to be eaten, enjoyed, self-importance." At last they saw how naked they were, and became miserable. Ages have passed by and they were too blind spiritually to see anything but the flashing sword guarding the tree of life. The more we think of self the farther we get from the spiritual side of life; sensuality fosters pride, ambition, love of power, bigotry, and superstition; all these sentiments and affections in human nature are good and beautiful to behold, but when indulged in to excess they are a curse. By them is the God principle in man killed, nailed to the tree, which has borne such awful fruit, spiritual death. Your eyes shall be opened; shall know good from evil, shall be as gods, all from self-

consciousness or own intelligence, and each one be a god for himself.

There is where materialism began. There is the tree which bears such fine colored and well proportioned fruit. Why was it not guarded? How could it grow from a soil of innocence, purity and love? God saw that it was good.

There is a struggle throughout all nature so there must be in man and mind. There is always a positive and negative element, and a hand above, beyond, or within, which winds up all the springs and warms up to action and life, keeping the mechanism of the universe in order. That over-ruling Providence watches over us though we see it not during the heat and toil of life's day; but in the cool, restful evening a soft whisper comes, saying: Adam, where art thou? We are reminded how naked we are; reminded of our selfish pride, but God himself will clothe us, and care for us. The perfect humanity of Jesus is the pattern we must use in forming the web in the loom of our life. The genealogy shows what was his race; his inheritance; his life of unselfish labor; he fulfilled his mission and prayed for the tormentors, saying: Father forgive them, they know not what they do. He reigns supreme in the hearts of his people, and sits at the right hand of God in the heaven of celestial realms. See the man in whom the whole human race is centered, Christ. The God in him died not, but the creature or nature died. That ideal man once called good men Gods.

When grain is cleaned and sown there may be some that will not germinate; some that were not fully developed for seed; the husbandman separates, but the undeveloped grains have their uses, there is nothing lost that is created. The good in man or grain will ever remain. The New Christianity is not a sect, it exists, yes, grows daily; it began in human nature while yet it was the depository of coarse feed; the manger, now it holds the winnowed grain, truth.

New Christianity does not look back nineteen hundred years for inspiration from a personal saviour, who became a sacrifice, to appease the anger of God; to atone for the sin which we may commit. O no, we must work out our

own salvation. God is Justice, Truth and Love. New Christianity can see no anger; only mercy, justice, truth, wisdom and love. Jesus said: I am the way, the truth and the life. I am the light of the world, "age or aion," not the sun, but that light which spiritually corresponds to sunlight, love. I am the bread which came down from heaven: Divine truth, I am the vine, ye are the branches. The vine must have its roots in the earth to draw moisture and nourishment to support the branches. Natural truth underlies all things; it is seen by natural sight or intelligence, but spiritual truth is seen by our spiritual nature; reason, conscience, and the will, are the windows of the soul which open heavenward. The living, loving and working Jesus says: Behold I am with you even to the end of the age.

Corn grows, but not without husks to protect it from the elements—these therefore are as necessary as the grain within; so it is in everything. There are states and conditions, naturally, so also spiritually. We may be as happy in the old church as in the new, according to our development, or state of mind, or understanding. The cruder must protect the finer tissues or grains. Husks cannot be grain, but have their mission all the same in the order of things. The New Christianity does not discard the uses of the old church, but is building the temple of the New Jerusalem within the crude walls of the old, of better, finer, material likened to precious stones and gold, crystal-like fountains of pure water, rich new wine and even blood.

Only a few understood the beautiful explanation, and they came to thank him, smiling and happy.

The sun shone warm, the air was laden with fragrance of pine. The roadsides were carpeted with blue violets and a small flower that comes out of the earth and blooms profusely without having one leaf of foliage; the poor stunted flowers seemed to try to hide the light gray soil from view, with their pearl colored, little star like faces turned up to the sun, like little beggars in the Italian cities. How poverty stricken the flowers look without a spear of grass or a green leaf for a neighbor. Even those buttercups are so small, yet they have green leaves, but not like our butter-

cups, snowdrops or any other wild flowers, except the goldenrod and daisies, said Virgie. O yes, we have some hidden in the brakes, near brooks, and we can cultivate flowers, and they can be left out in the ground and not be killed. I like to cultivate the flower garden, said Alma. So do I, said Virgie, and I wonder if they have covered my darlings from frost this winter.

The girls had been visiting at Tipsico and were now on the way home. I like the sunny days and frosty mornings. The air is so sweet, said Virgie. It is a lovely climate in winter; summer is no better than other places. I suppose the people are kind, but I cannot converse with them. I am not certain if I understand one sentence. You conversed with Mr. Elliott and with father and mother Alvin. O Alma, you make me laugh at you; you are so sure of your future that you say, Father and mother, I cannot be so certain; I mean the girls and boys of my age. They rattle on so fast that I cannot follow the subject; so I avoid conversation rather than let them know that I do not understand. They think you too proud to speak, said Alma. "I have thought of that, but cannot help it; I should have taken more trouble with language if I were to reside among them; but I fear I would not be contented long, even at Glenwood farm with its pleasant associations, library, music, birds and flowers. But you love those who live there so well that you forget the rest of mankind and all social privileges. I love home also, but that home is where such privileges are, you remember?" I can never forget how pleasant it was, said Alma. Our lot cannot be in the same place; circumstances place us where we are; many are slaves to circumstances. I hope we may be able to move comfortably with our chains. Mr. Elliott was formerly bound to his farm, but is now thinking of going to spend time among gay and happy northern people at the seaside; even with that great baby, heavy enough to break one's back to lift it. Delia says she is able to take care of it herself; she never allows anyone to handle him, not even Randolph; so, young Kendall lies smiling and crowing when awake, which is not long; when he is hungry she takes the pillow with the child on it; gives him the breast, and when he is

satisfied she changes, dries him, and returning him to the cradle, which is soft and warm; draws the tarlatan close around it, looks to see that no cat or dog is in the room, shuts the door, leaving the child while she looks to her housework, which takes her an hour. The child sleeps two hours at a time, never minding singing, or the noise of the organ. She never wakes the child to show him; everyone must be satisfied to see him asleep.

Aunty said the other day that Mrs. Elliott is a noble woman, and wished the world was blessed with many such, then they would have the power to reform the world, because of the respect men would bear for them; would help them to live better lives, therefore happier, and their children will bless them. Uncle Joseph said: It is goodness in the character which will sometimes shine like stars on the firmament of mind. He said something about you, too, said Alma, but it may make you vain to tell you. We are a little inclined that way. Perhaps, said Virgie, though pride is necessary too, or we might become slack, lose self-respect. We might not be as good without pride as with it. I mean to be respectable, or dress with care, no matter what anyone says. I love to please others even in dress, therefore it would be good to know what he thinks about that. I shall not say what caused the words to be spoken. I'll only repeat them. He said: The dear child is as good as she is pretty, and so careful to use her means for the best and most useful purposes possible. O yes, said Virgie, he said, when we were talking over such affairs, that he could not understand how I could dress so cheaply in such costly materials, and he was much astonished when I explained it by telling him that I am my own dressmaker and milliner, besides knitting all my own stockings, scarfs, capes and other wraps. I always buy the best materials, sometimes ordering them to be made for me at the factory. I am comfortable in my clothes; aunty says they look well, becoming and respectable, and I am satisfied. I am sure she has always shown good taste in dress and appearance. I know I am dressed well, whether expensively or not; she has helped me in that, as in all other things; aunty loves to see me well dressed, and tells me what is most becoming.

I admire good clothing, and feel sorry for those who cannot have such for lack of means.

Poverty is a word which ought to be unknown in this great republic; but whether from poverty or personal neglect, or carelessness I know not, but I have seen more shabby costumes here than I saw at home since I can remember. Look at these grand old beeches, pines and oaks; they show no signs of poverty; they are leafless, but are strong and grand. If they were in a certain place I know of they would be worth a great deal; they would soon be worked up into useful articles, such as houses, doors, safes, sofas, tables and other things, now they only charm the eyes of some who pass by. Here are no people who need them, or any one to work at such things; all work is done by machines in great factories, under superintendents, and individual work-shops are not patronized, but are either vacant or used for some other purpose. I shall never forget the grand columnar woods or the whispering shadowy groves. God's first temples, nor the level earth at their roots, not a stone or pebble, neither hills nor valleys, only here and there a washout with springs in them, pouring out floods of cool, soft, sparkling water. How can it be that there are not pretty little homes along the roads near these springs? Why are there so few hamlets or villages or towns, where the climate is so lovely and mild?

William says the soil is not good for anything but tree growth; to get grain to grow it must be fed with the chemical substances that are lacking, and it is harder to do that than to go northwest to hunt up a home where they are naturally in the earth, said Alma. This country is too new to be pleasant to live in. Home sweet home, Dear Old Geneva. Come, go home with us, you and William; you have means to go. Let us all be married the first of May, and cross the water together. I have suggested it, I wish it. Freedolph will be "so glad." I wonder if they have returned home. Alma remained silent sometime, but just before they came to the gate she said, They need me at home. Send for Aunt Bremer; and Mrs. Beverly is coming here with the children in June to stay two months. You can come without William; he can come and marry you in Ge-

neva when he is ready, and bring you home. Alma said not a word.

A few days after the above William Alvin came after Freedolph to set a broken leg for one of the colored men, who fell from the loft of the great barn. On the road Freedolph talked to William on the same subject as Virgie had talked with Alma, William promising to think about it.

The temperance meetings were doing the people good, they had lived isolated so long, that they were losing interest in human progress, and slowly going down to barbarism. New interest was awakened and they came out to see how the world of mind was moving and many found themselves lagging behind in the march toward moral, as well as mental perfection. Many families took no newspaper; could not spare the money, though the whiskey bottle and tobacco pouch had been well kept, being replenished every Saturday at least. They had forgotten how to read, so it was too laborious a task to read the news, although they could read their chapter every morning and repeat a prayer from habit; not because they felt like worship, but fulfilling a duty toward their angry God, who knew how sinful they were. And the minister said in his sermon that the drunkard and extortioner could not inherit the kingdom of heaven, so it set them to thinking.

One day, not many weeks after the arrival of Theodore Hampton, he and Mr. J. Alvin were invited to take part in a revival meeting near Murfreesboro, by a minister who had once held revival meetings at Crystal Springs. They went and were well received, but did not feel at liberty to speak their own mind. Therefore they could only help with prayer; but not with logical discourse because they were Unitarians, while the minister's teaching was Trinitarian. They went to visit some old schoolmates who resided there, and they invited neighbors and friends to come to see and hear the old ministers at the end of the revival meetings, and the house was crowded with people, because every father took his family along. The house not being large was filled to overflowing and as it was a windy day they could not be outside, so they nailed up new white muslin around the porches to make it comfortable to sit there, and

all doors and windows opening on the porches were open and the stairs and furniture were all used as seats; besides that there was boards brought in, quilts spread on and all that could be done to make things comfortable. As soon as all were seated an old white-haired gentleman rose and asked Mr. Hampton to tell them something about the holy land, and give his honest opinion of the truth of Bible history. Mr. Hampton then rose and addressed the people thus:

Ladies and Gentlemen: When I was with you before I was a materialist. I was then anxious to do good, for the love of good, in the external or materialistic sense, or way. It was right that I should do so while I was in that state of mind, or with the light I had. I sought after the literal or outward shell of truth, and found it much worn, faded and patched up. I then began pounding and rubbing to get at the pure grains of truth, with the husks off, winnowed and ready to grind in God's mill and bake into bread and when once eaten I soon hungered for more. I have now found the living bread which came down from heaven; that is from Divine mind, or the source of life, God! A tree must have time to mature its wood and its sap before it can bear fruit, so it is with you or me. I am glad to become satisfied with heaven within, or a state of happiness attained by shunning evil as sin, and performing every duty with a willing mind; hell cannot then find any place there. The word of truth is not all written on paper, but on everything which the sun shines upon. The writing is seen on land or sea, mountains or plain, in earth or sky, in every living creature, most of all in highly organized matter or mind; the mature, the enlightened man. Everything which is written as tendency literature inspired from a love of good which dwells in the souls of exalted humanity, has an inner and outer meaning, such as allegories, parables, and proems or prophesy, having their correspondences spiritually; when we crack nuts we find they are protected by two kinds of shells, one to protect it while growing, but when mature that rubs off, but the hard shell is to preserve the germ of life, or meat from decay; until it can germinate for a growth, or be fit for food. I hope you can see by this illustration that

the written story is but the outer shell in which is the beginning and birth of true religion. The hard shell corresponds to law natural and moral, which always surrounds and protects the truth or religion from desecration in the human understanding. It will not shock you then, if you should find the mature nut with the shell rubbed off.

Now then, I will try to give you a word picture of Palestine as it is and has ever been, a poor, barren, desolate land with here and there a rich and lovely spot. Jaffa, our landing place, lies on a sloping hill, picturesque, but crowded and dingy, containing about 20,000 inhabitants. The orange orchards on the hill along the road toward Jerusalem are rich in fragrance, bloom and fruit, so delicious, so juicy and cheap. There is a wagon road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, the distance of 36 miles. The gardens are fenced with cactus hedges, between which are green little open fields. This plain reaches from Jaffa to Cesarea, the southern part of Sharon, and thence to the mountains of Judea. Sharon is the most fertile part of Palestine. The Turks keep up the road so that they can collect the tax. Near Rumley is a tower since crusaders' times, it is square with fine windows, and there are the ruins of convents or monasteries amid groves of olives, and tradition marks it as the home of Joseph of Aramathia. Now the road winds in among hills where nothing can feed on the thin short grass but goats or sheep; here are no houses except some watch towers on the hills. Latron is a ruined village with a decent hotel in it, and some signs of life, but now rocks protrude through the soil on every side; but on reaching the valley where David killed Goliath called Wady Kulouvek is rich, though narrow, it has pretty fields and luxuriant olive orchards extending to Ain Karem, the supposed home of Zachariah and Elizabeth, the parents of John the Baptist; the olive trees here are very old. Before we come to the Jaffa gate, there are many fine hotels and pilgrims' hospitals for Christians of the Greek faith. The city seems low inside of the walls, so that to get a good view we must look from Mount Olivet. There we can look at the great mosque, beneath which is hidden from vulgar gaze the holy Mount Moriah. Benares, the holy city of the Hindoos is

greater and much more beautiful than the holy city of the Hebrew and Christian, yet the Christian thinks he has the only true God, and all other people are idolaters, some do worship idols, so do some Christians. "Hero worship is idolatry." The mountains of Judea have shrunk to hills, very tiresome to climb. The holy city of Jerusalem is only two and a half miles in circumference, and has never contained more than 50,000 souls at one time, and Palestine could never have contained more than three million population in its most glorious periods, and has not more than one-third of that number now. The great bodies of Christian and Mohammedan churches are always quarreling over where the exact spot is where Abraham offered to slay his son, or where Moses saw the burning bush, or where David and Solomon rendered justice. The city was destroyed by Titus, A. D. 70, and all landmarks obliterated, so there is not one stone upon another to show its ancient glory. Now grand structures cover supposed sacred spots to get money from fanatical pilgrims.

Ecce Homo or Arch of Pilate is a Roman structure of Hadrian's time, in the second century, and is the oldest of the sacred piles. The other wonderful buildings are not old after seeing sacred buildings in other countries. None of the monuments were heard of until the fourth century; they are Greco-Roman. Every church, chapel, or convent covers some grotto which contains inscriptions to show that they are tombs of kings, princes, prophets, patriarchs, or messiahs. Old cisterns, reservoirs and cesspools are built over and made to resemble ancient sepulchers which have changed their location many times during the dark ages. The garden of Gethsamene is probably the same as it was, situated on the Mount Olivet side of the Kedron; it is a walled inclosure of about an acre in extent containing some very old trees, some nineteen feet in circumference; but Titus had all trees cut down and destroyed, so that these can only be sprouts of or seedlings from the ancient trees. The City of David consists mostly of fine irregular square towers on an elevation called Zions Hill. the foundation is ancient, and is probably the place where the king's palace stood. On the Olivet side of the valley of Jehosaphat is

the old Hebrew or Jewish cemetery, where many Christians believe they must appear to be judged on a certain day, "rather a small place for such an assemblage." Under the city is a quarry, lofty and grand, where stone was taken and chiseled and polished so that there were no noises in building the temple or other structures. Herod must have taken stone there for the building of the temple which was destroyed by the Romans. There are grand caves under the Mosques covering the holy rock of Mount Moriah, about a hundred feet deep, called Solomon's stables. There the imagination can picture what might have been done ages ago between the grand pillars which bear up the holy rock, under which lies buried the ark of the covenant, on it was written the name of God, Shemhamphorash.

The grand buildings are too great to be described, but the sacred rock over which they are built is fifty seven feet long and forty three feet wide and seven feet high from the pavement, inclosed with a large wrought iron screen, the holy of holies stood there; all great Bible characters prayed there before it, therefore the rock must be holy; it is the rock of ages to the materialist, and they are yet the most numerous. The spiritualist sees no holy rock there, nothing but human folly closely allied to barbarism; yet the germ of indestructible intelligence lies buried in the rubbish of ages. An hour's drive brings us from Jerusalem to the town of Bethlehem. The inhabitants are mostly Armenian Christians, number about five thousand, they have clear complexions with dark eyes, having very pretty children in their schools. They have the oldest church in Palestine, being built by Helene, the mother of Constantine the Great, the founder of the Roman Catholic church in the beginning of the fourth century. Sacred candles are always burning and under the choir is the cave of the nativity, lighted by thirty-two or thirty-three lamps; here also is the chapel of the manger, tomb of St. Jerome, and the Innocents. Bethlehem is a pilgrimage of no small interest, and the place maintains itself. We go back to the holy city, but stop outside the Damascus gate, where on a knoll is the site of Calvary or Golgotha. In the fourth century a church was built over the sacred grotto, but many such have since

been burned, and now, as ever, there are great contentions among the leaders of the three great faiths, for the supremacy, or the site of their chapels, or over the rights of pilgrims to worship in either chapel on Easter mornings, for they are numerous, poor and fanatical.

On the southeastern side of Olivet is situated a village of perhaps fifty houses and hovels, which is supposed to be Bethany. Here are gardens and groves of olives, figs and almonds, surrounded by low stone walls or fences; the ground is stony and barren; here begins the wilderness of Judea. Bethany bears the marks of age; here is the house of Mary and Martha; the tomb of Lazarus; also the house of Simon the leper, and the sacred spot where Martha met Jesus. Lazarus is a Moslem saint—his tomb seems most probable. The pilgrim's rest is a stone where Jesus rested when coming from Jericho. The pilgrims go there and kiss the stone now. Midway between Jerusalem and Jericho is a well, localized as the place where the man was wounded by robbers, and was kindly cared for by a good Samaritan. Not many leagues beyond is a canon, and at the end of it is a cave, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. The road to Jericho is a hard road to travel, but a glimpse of the Jordan valley is a refreshing sight, the same as Moses saw from Mount Nebo, the land of milk and honey. Here is Elisha's spring which fertilizes the greater part of the valley. The greatest mountain among those which surround this sunken garden spot is Mount Nebo. Here are remains of ancient irrigating reservoirs.

The ruins of Jericho are situated just above the beautiful bubbling spring issuing from the rocks. Wherever there is a little soil between the rocks, wildflowers of the most exquisite color and form, open their disk to the sun and nod, giving their fragrance to the balmy air. Here cactus grows to be trees, mostly used as hedges. Here the Greek faith has a fine church and hotel. The valley is nine hundred feet below sea level, and thirty-four hundred feet below Jerusalem. The Dead Sea is a beautiful salt water lake, forty miles long and five to ten miles wide. River Jordan empties its double mouth into the lake, and fish carried into the lake die and roll onto shore. The prin-

cipal river of Palestine is the Jordan; about one hundred feet wide with high clay banks, but it never dries up because fed by many springs; a little back from the river are silver leaved maple and willows. Pilgrims visit the Jordan to see the spot where John the Baptist baptized Jesus in its muddy tide; and also to see the grotto where he lived. In all these places dwell the descendants of Ishmael and always salute every one with a word which sounds like "Backshish," and when we enter a house, or otherwise need accommodation, they say *Barnck haben*; welcome, or when taking our departure they say, "God keep you," in their own language. They are very religious. The outer shell of religion was necessary for its development, and as soon as perfect that crumbles, but the fruit or grain is there, ripe, rich and good. I perceive the plan, the growth and maturity, and doubts like clouds have been blown from the firmament of my mind, as the sun of my earth life nears its setting. Now dear friends I have told you all I could think of, as of any interest to you. At some other time I might remember other scenes of equal interest.

Many of the people rose and came to speak to him, and many remembered him as a young man. He also recognized old schoolmates. Refreshments were brought in, of which all partook with relish, and when all had been refreshed they had a recess for half an hour, and when again seated the same old gentleman asked Mr. Alvin to give them his honest opinion of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Alvin then rose and addressed them thus:

Dear Friends: I know why this question has been asked. I know that you have heard it said that I have become an infidel to Christ. Now then, let us imagine ourselves in Solomon's porch in the temple at Jerusalem, at the feast of dedication. The chief men of the Theocracy were there. Jesus stood among them. One of them asked, How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Messiah tell us plainly. In answer to it among other things Jesus said, I and my father are one. The majority of Christians think he meant to say, I am *God the Esse*; the source of life; the soul of the universe. The minority think he meant that he and the All Father was one in purpose, work

and love, according to degree. If he meant that he was *God* why flee from the stones they cast? If he meant that he was only one with the Father in purpose, why not say so and all could understand. That riot in Solomon's porch was a small thing compared with church quarrels over those same words for ages past. My humble opinion is that he meant one in spiritual essence; that the organism of Jesus was simply the medium through which the spirit of God operated. The spirit within was conscious that it was the spirit of God; feeling its oneness in everything but degree, and spoke from the consciousness when he said, My father is greater than I. I seek nothing but the reasonable view. There is not so much difference in our view of Christ's Godhood as on the status of manhood because I believe we are one with Infinite Good or God as far as we live in unity with it. I claim that God has always been manifest in the flesh in higher or lower degree, as long as a human being has breathed, or a soul loved. Although Jesus is essentially God or Good yet every man is his spiritual brother sharing in some degree a portion of divinity; that in the course of our eternal progress the time will come when we will be able to recall like Jesus our original existence in the bosom of the father; identifying it with the existence of infinite love. Yes, it is my humble belief that we shall come more and more into rapport with God and read past eternity and identify its glorious achievement, as constituting our own experience while previously connected and forming a part of the first and the last, for if our souls, or spirits came from God no matter how low or debased they have become, they will struggle back, let it take ever so long, neither is there a soul useless which he issues. All life, wisdom, love, judgment or virtue in our souls, have been, are now, and will be his forever. Spiritual beings may multiply for ages, yet such existence will not increase or decrease Infinite power; we are but conscious specks or atoms in the grand man which is Christ.

Jesus as the individual was spoken through by the Divine force which dwelt in the soul, and the will was in perfect accord with that divine force or will; and he obeyed as though from himself and he said so in the garden. Not

my will but thine, Jesus was conscious of his divinity and spiritual existence. Whenever we become as free from sin as he was, and as little trammelled by animal nature, then each one of us will be able to look into our own souls and rapturously exclaim, I and my father are one!

Now dear classmates and friends, do you say, he is an infidel? Let me say, you are in the old church. I am in the new. You are materialists. I am a spiritualist. You are good in your place, so am I in my place, but you will become like me when the husk has fallen away. Some times the process is left until at the door of the great storehouse. We can leave all things in the hands of the great husbandman; sure that nothing is lost, but cleaned and used.

How beautiful said some! I do hope it is true.

Every one was busy at Maple Ridge; busy as bees, getting ready to celebrate Easter as usual. The weather was lovely and the whole family was out at work to make the garden look clean and show off the flowers better, when a boy came up and whispered something to the doctor, and the next moment he beckoned to Freedolph to follow, and they left the garden with the boy. Mr. Krantz and the ladies looked to where they went, and then began to talk of what might have happened. Aunt Eliza had been failing bodily and mentally, and her children were in the city at service, and her grandchildren were tired of caring for her, but the doctor had supplied every want, and paid the young folks for caring for her. She was much emaciated, but always rose every morning, took her medicine and sat all day in her easy chair by the fire. This morning she attempted to do the same, but lost her balance and fell with her head against the andiron and cut herself, but she was not alone, so they helped her into her chair, and tried to give her medicine, but she could not swallow, and they were much frightened, and when the doctor came in he saw she was palsied and could not live long. They laid her on the bed. She died in a few minutes, while Freedolph and the granddaughter stood looking at her. Freedolph tied a red handkerchief around the head of the corpse, and otherwise made it look natural, and then lifted one child at a time

up to see granny. Granny is dead now, said the granddaughter, and in a moment their eyes bulged out with fear, and ran for the door and no more was seen of them.

Everything was done to make a respectable funeral, and a colored preacher sent for, and some of her children came to see her buried, where her people were buried on a red clay hill, several miles away in the woods. Two men were sent ahead with axe and saw to clear the road, but trees had fallen over the road and some were too large to remove, so a road must be made around them, and the procession was obliged to stop to have a road opened, and when they arrived at the spot the grave was not dug deep enough, so some of the colored men took off their coats and finished digging, and by that time it was sunset. Large slabs of cedar wood had been prepared to set at the head and foot of the grave. The best there was there. Freedolph and Virgie had never been at a colored people's funeral, so they waited to set the head and foot board, and it was dark when they started for home, but Mrs. Duben had put a lantern in the carriage, saying you will need it, I know how slow they are, and you will need Joe to carry the light for you in the woods. So Joe went with them and carried the light at the head of the procession which was not large now, for the most of them had gone before the grave was covered. When they reached home they were hungry and tired, but glad because they were not hurt, though the buggy upset by the wheel going over a stump, but they went so slow that they only rolled out, and were ready to get in again in a minute.

What! said Alma, as Virgie sighed and said, "But," and then said no more, only looking into the fire in silence. O, I doubt those people's Christianity. Why? asked Alma. I know not why myself, but I did not understand what that man said at the grave, but I presume the rest of you know what he said. The hymn was the same. I heard not a word, and the woods prolonged the sound. O, is it not awful lonely, sad, gloomy? O, I can never forget it. Yes, said Alma, it is lonely, but I do not feel sad. The life which was worn out in that body needed it no more, and there is nothing sad about laying it away, but when young persons

die then it is sad if they leave many to mourn. I never knew of an easier death than Aunt Eliza's. I have attended several colored funerals, but none so nice as this. They have been laid in stained pine, or cloth covered pine boxes; this was solid hard wood, fine white handles and glass, and an outside box good and strong, and a new cashmere shroud, and many flowers. I am glad we could lay her away among her kindred as well as we have. To be sure, you have laid her away respectfully, but it is the living which makes me shudder. Their fear, superstition, or religion, or whatever it is. Semi-barbarism you mean to say, said Freedolph. How could you expect anything better? I think they have done well to get as far mentally as they have, considering the way they were treated while enslaved.

Easter morning dawned. The eastern sky was red, growing purple and then a dark slate color in the south and west. The sun looked like a ball of fire when emerging from the wall of green pine woods in the edge of the field. O, how terrible! sighed Virgie. How warm, thought Alma; and then observing how solemn and sad Virgie looked, she said, I think we will soon have rain. Then there will be no people here to see our decorations, nor will our William or Freedolph come to speak for us. O, said Alma, it may not last long, and if they cannot come, perhaps someone else will do as well. O, but that would spoil the programme. O, what is our little silly programme worth, by the side of the programme hidden from us now in the hand of Time? It will open ere long and then shall we know something of God's programme of future work, love, sorrow, or joy. Just when the play is ready the curtain will be lifted, and we shall behold Hephzibah and also Beulah. We will leave all to the hand that guides. Now let us go to see how time leads the rest of the household. Virgie took hold of Alma's warm, strong hand and they descended the stairs together. Just as they looked out at the open hall door a flash of lightning almost blinded them. They closed the door, and entered the parlor, where they found Mr. Krantz and Mother Duben and Aunt De Mercëis. The doctor had been called to go to Crystal Springs, because Mr. Golding was

very sick and had been gone two hours. All were waiting for him and fearing he would be wet. The girls went to the window and saw him coming up the road, and then Alma called Joe to go open the gate. He was a good, obedient boy, so he was there in time, and had for his trouble a kindly smile, a thank you, Joe, and a ride up the hill. The doctor gave him the lines and went in and up to get ready for breakfast, and when he came down all went with him. While at table he told them what was the matter with or ailed Mr. Golding. He is sick of alcohol poison, on the verge of the tremers, the colored maid said, and she told the truth, but I think he will come to his senses during the day, and if his stomach or head is not too much pickled he may get cured of his thirst. We shall hope so.

The rain poured down and it was so dark that they could scarce see one another across the table, and the thunder rolled and rattled like cannonading at some great celebration. That is glorious salutes, is it not? said Mr. Krantz, looking at the doctor. Yes, answered he, but I was not able to count the discharges, so I know not how many guns were fired, but we can leave that to nature's laws; they are all known and obeyed and when we learn to obey our nature rightly, our little spheres will move joyfully onward in the orbit designed for us. Did you ever notice how healthy some delicate people are? I remember a woman who was so pale, thin in flesh, and feeble in voice, who was the mother of five beautiful children. I saw her at a friend's house several times and began to take an interest in her and her family. She was then a widow. I said to her one day that I thought she had a hard life if she must do all the work and bear all the cares for such a family. O no, she said, I am strong, I have never been real sick in my life, and my children are God's greatest blessing to me. They have never been very sick neither. I try to have them obey nature's laws with a cheerful mind, never be hasty in word or deed; eat only when hungry, drink only when thirsty; work or exercise calmly, consistently, cease when tired, and go to bed to sleep. That is a good plan to save suffering, doctors' bills, and time spent in a horizontal position.

An hour of rain and hard wind had washed the ground clean, and when the clouds went away, the grass looked so green and bright that all felt refreshed, and the time did not seem long before some of the neighbors arrived. Alma went to her room, and there on the bed was an open box containing a soft, delicate flesh colored gown, trimmed with lace of nearly the same color, and a set of pearl jewelry and a sweet scented note to her. At the same time Virgie found something like it, except that her's was creamy white, with gold jewelry, small and delicate in design, being the form of violets, with sets like little drops of dew. They were delighted, and cried out in astonishment at the same time. The gowns were not expensive, being only merino and plain, but fitted beautifully. They helped each other to dress, and went up to the hall together blushing because unused to such dress. They had helped to train the eight children who attended Sunday school, and helped to make their gowns, but did not know that gowns had been bought for themselves until time to dress. They soon forgot themselves by trying to entertain others.

It was time to begin exercises when William and Free-dolph came in company with other guests, but the girls saw them not, for they were reading their lessons behind the arch or grotto. The arch was formed of English ivy climbing over and covering, making a chancel of a corner, on a platform ten inches high, the arch reaching nearly to the roof. In the center of the platform was a stand on which were placed two beautiful urns or pots of Easter lilies, or sacred lilies in full bloom. Back in the corner was a pyramid of snowdrops, narcissus, and bright green foliage. On the floor in front of each pillar of the arch was a pot of large blooming callas, and on each side on the platform inside the arch were pots of pink and white roses, and in the center of the arch was hung a wreath of creamy white roses; and the platform was covered with green baize. The organ stood in the opposite corner with an arch of the same material, with a wreath of laurel and fuchsias hung in the center, while at the foot stood white and pink oleanders in bloom. Madame De Mercëis was playing on the organ and singing a chant, soft and low, when suddenly a choir of

children's voices sang a beautiful anthem. The girls were dressed in white flowing gowns, white fine netting scarfs was fastened over the brow with a white rose and some smilax. The boys were dressed in pink flowing gowns, a toga of pink tarlatan falling from a wreath of pink roses and myrtle leaves, encircling their head. Glory to God in the Highest, sang the girls. On earth peace and good will to men, sang the boys. The Lord is in his garden, let all his flowers rejoice, sang the girls. The Lord is in his temple, let all his saints rejoice, sang the boys. Then all sang together. Angel voices sang his praises forever. Amen. Hosanna in the Highest, Alleluiah, Alleluiah, Amen. The tones of the organ, or the sweet voices of the children had scarce died away, when Virgie emerged from her low seat behind the stand in the chancel and stood like a fairy picture in an emerald frame; standing perfectly still for a moment, her eyes raised above the audience, and in a clear child-like voice spoke thus:

Thee shall my soul it's offering bring, O Father, Creator and God,
Thee will I honor with my heart, and with the music of my voice,
With reverence think of all thy grace, thy power, thy councils wonderful;
Life and being thou hast given to all in heaven and on earth,
Thy great mild name, thou hast written, so in nature as thy word;
In all thou hast revealed thy self, O Father, Creator and God.

Alleluiah Amen, sang the children.

Thou fashioned all thy worlds in beauty, and made an end of every trial,
But for our hope, our joys not any, for thou, O God, a God of love;
Thou shieldest all with father's hand, and answerest every just demand;

No darkness now my soul doth hinder, to see and
reverence thy command;
Each little star in space appearing, bears witness of
thy majesty,
And smallest lilies in my path, O God, are words
of cheer from thee.

Alleluiah Amen, sand the children.

Therefore, O Father in the highest, I in thy hand my
welfare trust,
I know thy loving father's eyes see even worms that
creep in dust;
On joyous and on sorrow's paths, thou leadest me to
thee at last,
O Lord to thee will I be calling, when evening stars
in glory shine,
When morning dew like pearls are falling, to Thee I'll
raise my humble praise;
Thy precepts good I'll ne'er forget, O, Father, Cre-
ator and God.

Alleluiah Amen, sang the children, and the organ
sounded a beautiful accompaniment, and Virgie disappeared
among the flowers. Alma then stood in the arch, stately as
a queen for a moment. Then her rich womanly voice struck
a key-note in every heart as she said:

JUDGE NOT, HATE NOT.

When the mighty upon earth trample on a race de-
spised
And in south as well as north, power over all is right;
And the weak must bow to might, within they bosom
close thysself,
And there, make peace with all.
If the day star in the highest look down on thee in joy
and peace,
Hate not, that clear eye, the depth of thy heart doth
see;

Cometh evening with its stars; evening is a relative
of peace;

Lock thy breast from hate as soon as thy door from
winds of night.

Judge not soon the erring, proud brother; treat him
not with scorn;

Thou hast not weighed the burden fate upon his shoul-
der laid,

Thou hast not fought the battles, he for his virtue
fought.

Thou knowest not what he suffers, of repentance or of
shame,

Thou who teachest hate and vengeance, in thine own
heavens name.

Seest thou not heaven giveth room for all within its
arms?

Of eternities hidden treasures, what knowest thou?

Who has measured mercy's bottomless depths, hast
thou?

Ah! what matter it, what we call this father, mother
which is ours;

All oracles perchance may fall, that which is essential
still remains.

Will the wise with all his learning ere so deep so won-
derfully built,

Come the world's God nearer than simple, mild
and virtuous man?

Oh, man, some heavenly flame lives within thee, ward
it well,

Peace and love must be inherited, from thy fatherly
friend.

Knowest thou a truer, sweeter answer on the checkered
page of time

Than to love, forgive, and be forgiven, by your Father's
children?

Art thou lucky, rejoice with one and all, the more of
joy thou givest

The greater is thy own, reach us thy hand, hold back
from none,

Let each joy thou hast known fly through the realm of
brotherhood like an electric shock.
If thou suffer; if thou fallest, unknown without coun-
selor or hope
Then through life's prison bars, into open heaven look;
There each bitter hateful soul blackens like an ex-
tinguished coal.
But reconciliation sitteth on the highest power's right
hand,
Youth, "thou whose star is rolling toward life's para-
dise,
Sun thy self upon thy heights; hate not, be glad, be
good and wise;
While yet care its silence keep, drink from the fount
of love.
Drink thy self warm ere thou descend into the year's
cold vale.
Thou, who in purity with full hands upon life's heights
standest;
Do good ere thou retrace thy steps down the vale with
faded hair.
Build with heated brow thy dwelling, build it in the
peaceful land.
Bid each enemy reconciliation, to each friend a helping
hand;
Thou, who art the last stone dragging upon life's
pyramid
Wouldst thou from its height view the scene without
fear? Make peace thine own.
'Ah! thou know'st not where thou landest from death's
cold calm sea,
Therefore good spirits beckon, only good ones to thy
grave!
Long before thy place is vacant among the living,
do good,
Die, and hope, among the dead, no revenge; all plac-
ability and at-one-ment.
No remorse, anger, or repentance, to thy deathbed
crowd themselves,

But may calm salvation spread its still pure wings
o'er thee.

(From the Swedish of Bishop E. Tegner).

Our father who art in the heavens, sang the children.

After the chanting was over, Mr. Krantz spoke thus: My dear young friends, you have made me very happy today; you have shown me by your efforts to entertain your friends that you are kind, loving and obedient children; of such is the kingdom of heaven, not in the skies, but within you. That is, a good character is established which brings happiness. Continue to be obedient and kind, and your future years will be sunny and bright. I will now tell you that our Easter is not to celebrate any certain historical event, but a day of rejoicing over the spiritual resurrection of wisdom, love and truth in the human soul. A day of thankfulness for the light we enjoy, natural, scientific and religious. A few lines back on the page of time we could not send messages around the globe in any way but by ship. Now we can send messages under the ocean and over the land on a metallic belt in a few hours. Is not that a great miracle? We have even a greater miracle—the propelling power, and light which converts our cities into fairy land pictures at night. The telephone to reproduce or carry sounds, and heating without fuel; all these are miraculous to those who have not learned the science which has made them the servants of man. We ought to be happy to see the race progressing.

We must throw away semi-barbaric rites and ceremonies and put in their place something more beautiful and ennobling. We must give up drinking wine to represent drinking the blood of our God; that is barbarism crowded in at a lovely feast. We must not forget that we are mature-thinking mortals who must shun evils, but gather up the good things of life, ever remembering to do our best to live pure and noble lives; our natures are not sinful. God created and saw that it was good, but human nature has not been developed as it should have been, but has been taught barbaric falsehoods as truth, which has caused moral

darkness or demoralization. The outward shell of religion is needed no longer, but is rubbed off by the great hand—Time. Spiritual light is increasing also in the various chambers in the temple not built or lighted by the hand of man. The natural sciences have gone ahead with outward communication, propelling and illuminating power. Should not religion keep pace with his friend science in the race of enlightenment? Science is young but growing in strength day by day; its wisdom is apparent to every intelligent mind. It has wrought wonders since its birth. Armed with the sword of knowledge, having truth as its clothing—its path lighted by the torch of reason, it is marching on triumphantly. Not long since it was a tender plant, not reared in propitious soil, nor watered by the hand of love, or fanned by favored breezes, but planted in the soil of adversity, chilled by frosts of hatred, and shaken by blasts of despotism. It has survived them all, and has taken deep root in human intelligence. Its warfare has been against ignorance, prejudice and superstition. Today it is a mighty tree whose branches reaches far into the air of truth.

Science has turned the theories of the dark ages into absurdities, and given us instead glimpses of a glorious universe. Words fail, for they can add no splendor to a crown so great. Religion is old as our race. Who can deny it? Beneath our rough exterior, hidden from rude gaze, lies something undefined which makes us nobler for its presence. We need no pilgrimages to distant lands to find it, for it is a native plant and it will grow and become more perfect by cultivation. Not in the temples of India, the mosques of the Turk, St. Peter's of Rome, or beneath the glittering spires of our own land is true religion, but in the life of the people.

Let us not look at the blotted pages of history but remember the precepts taught us as the children of one God—origin of all life. That truth is the guide of youth, the sword of man and the staff of age; the silent influence of which, is developing a nobility in humanity which is divine. Religion needs no crown or sceptre for it would add no glory to its fame. It was not religion which persecuted astronomers, geologists and chemists, but a love of power,

a low and selfish ambition, not love of human welfare or religious sentiments. To shield the misdeeds of church or state under a cloak of religion is cowardice, making the name of a sacred principle a mockery. Man is progressive, so is his religion. As the old thought is insufficient to satisfy our opinions today, so also are the word pictures of the nature and attributes of Deity insufficient to meet the ideas of the present age. The church went to extremes against science and science went to extremes against church; some devotees of science tried to force upon the world hypotheses that have not stood the test of time; so also has the church. Thus war between two great principles has done harm to the participants, but the principles themselves move on by the light of reason and ere long we shall see them with hands joined, scientific swords converted into mental telescopes and theological spears into benevolent acts and practical knowledge.

There can be no stronger, nobler co-workers than science and religion. The greater minds have seen glimpses often penetrating the thick clouds of error and superstition, but had not the power to lift the curtain and behold the glory themselves, much less show it to others. Many there are now who desire light, more light, but find no one able to open the great book of nature, pointing out to them the unknown dots, jots and phenomenas, increasing the desired light, revealing hidden meanings of signs and wonders. Why should we fear to employ science as a tutor as well as religion as our professor in the school of morality? They are both friends of the human race; both exceedingly useful and good. Let us welcome them both; giving all the encouragement in our power, showing our willingness to learn even if we cannot grasp all the wisdom or see the motive through the phenomena ever passing before us.

William Alvin then rose and said: Dear friends and neighbors, let me speak a few words to you on the subject of Godology. It is a subject of which you or I have no personal knowledge. We only believe in it. My mind has not been able to see godhood in any living mortal, only so far as human goodness is akin to infinite good. Mortals are not yet able to understand what infinite good is, and when

personified it is brought down too low and to so small a degree of the principle which we believe to be good or a gift from infinite good, an inheritance from the source of life, which is love. That life is too far above our conceptions. That love could not be contained in one human body at one time. Human life is too small to be infinite in power, wisdom and truth. The God-hood of Jesus Christ was denied in his death as well as birth. All who are born of woman are human, yet we hope that our souls have a germ of immortality belonging in, or emanating from, infinite life or love. The great power which keeps the universe in order has never been nor ever can be perfectly understood by the human race as constituted in this life. But we may call it any name according to our intelligence without sin, if honest in our conviction of its truth. We must be idiots not to see that this visible or invisible power is not and never has been human. I see a wonderful intelligence in every thing the eyes rest upon, and there are ever organized forces and signs of intelligence even in the smallest insects. Yes, also in inanimate things. Human intelligence appreciates and enjoys the certainty that there is law and order in nature, and the thought that there is a Providence whose care keeps all the forces in perfect order. We need not mix the thought concerning the soul of the universe with the small affairs of man, nor call it a person, but let it remain what it is,—the Almighty, which is, and ever will be, far above our conception, nor is there anything under the sun to which it can be likened. The representative of our race before the court of heaven may be named if there is such a representative or a court of justice. If the almighty architect built us human temples and furnishes all the light, life and harmony fit for his worship, then perhaps in ages to come we will become something better than mother earth's most intelligent parasites.

Perhaps when we are done with earth and have paid back what we have taken, we will still be conscious little spheres though ethereal and bright as drops of morning dew, becoming parts of invisible yet organized forces in nature, or a preservative force or element in the spiritual nature of humanity. Jesus as a representative of humanity

to the court of heaven, could not get there by rising bodily to the clouds, because neither God nor man is there. His kingdom is not outward but reigns in man's moral and religious spheres. By his character we build ours and rejoice that we have a model of perfect proportions of what we may attain; a perfect human body and mind, by shunning evil and performing every duty with a willing mind and happy, loving spirit. All who are born of woman are human and subject to death. All who are born of spirit are beyond human flesh and blood, therefore beyond death. Jesus rises in the heaven of the human mind; in the beginning the heaven is cloudy, but at last the resurrection shines as bright as the noon day sun. Hope forms a bow of promise in charming colors and grand proportions. Faith is ever looking onward and upward to that which is true and sublime—helped along heavenward by man's guardian angel, Charity. Why should man be sad, when there are so many beautiful scenes before him; when if he minds the voice within, he will never stumble or go astray, nor can anything make him afraid because of the presence who whispers, I am with you to the end of the world. No man can perceive what the soul or life of the universe is; nor should he aspire to know. But to know the one true and living principle governing humanity can be understood, appreciated, loved and acknowledged in the person of Jesus Christ or the spirit of truth.

Freedolph then rose and spoke thus:

Dear Friends: I will give you my humble convictions or understanding of the resurrection which we today celebrate. First, I must explain some symbols: Father is the past; son is the present; the babe in the manger the future man. The manger is the symbol of our animal beginning and natural dependence on the laws of life. The cross is the symbol of immortality and is not of Christian origin. The Christian fathers adopted it as a symbol of true faith; it was ever crowned with flowers and precious gems, as pledges of love, or a sign of faith in or hope of resurrection. To bear the cross is to resist and overcome evil when tempted. To fall into evil practices or sins is spiritual death. To overcome evil in thought and deed, is right-

eousness. To do good for the love of good itself, is living a spiritual life. When we have lived good, pure and noble lives because we have loved good for itself, and not from selfish pride or ambition, then will we be worthy to enter into eternal life, and the spirit within will rise above death, regenerated into a life of live, of joy and hope. When life's day is ended mother earth receives into her bosom the dusty mantle we drop when our spirits are rising above the clouds of error, superstition and doubt which envelop human perception, unfettered, joyous and light, we rest among the souls of blessed people who have experienced a glorious resurrection. We have a literal resurrection to teach of a spiritual resurrection, or humanity might have lost the hope of immortality. We need not look back to the one event of long ago, but forward to a resurrection in which we shall take a part. Let us live so that we may be worthy to enter and enjoy the society of the good and great of all ages of man, and be able to look at the sun of heaven enjoying its light and heat even as we enjoy the light and heat of the sun of our planetary system.

Love, Wisdom and Truth are Divine attributes or principles we must cherish in our souls if we shall enjoy the society of the Just, made perfect. They are the three Divine attributes from the source of life which are perfecting the human race.

The children sang a beautiful song and the meeting was turned into a social party, with much handshaking.

Captain Hilton and Mr. Gordon and Mr. Berkley and wife had come from Florida and came to celebrate Easter with the Dubens and neighbors, for it seemed to be the only place which had manifested any life since they came back. Crystal Springs seemed to have gone to sleep, and had not raised a curtain on Easter morning at nine o'clock. The doctor told them of Mr. Golding's sickness and the apparent cause. They all descended to the parlor and library and soon refreshments were brought in and all had a pleasant time. Mr. Hampton had brought some curiosities which he had gathered up in oriental lands and told of many strange customs and religious ceremonies, all of which delighted people's eyes and ears. It was a beautiful day and

the people had something to think about for many days.

The children had never had so busy nor so pleasant a day since the Balder fest in June, when they were fairies, and now they had served as singers and fairy waiters and then had a feast of good things all by themselves in the dining room, being waited upon as though they were fairy kings and queens.

William had many private talks with Mr. Krantz up in his room, for Mr. Krantz was not able to walk very far nor was a ride so pleasant as it used to be, but he was not sick, only a little tired. Sometimes Alma had long conversations also with Mr. Krantz. About a week after Easter they—William and Alma—came into the parlor and announced that they would be married at the same time as Freedolph and Virgie and go on the journey with them. Mr. Hampton had promised to look to the farm with his father, and everything was in good condition to be left. And Mrs. Bremer, Mrs. Beverly and children were coming to stay with the Dubens. Every one at Maple Ridge was busy sewing, embroidering and planning. Freedolph went to visit some medical institution in the west and expected to be back a few days before the marriage feast. William also was gone to find a market for cattle, horses and sheep, because he must have money to use for the journey and for use on the farm while he is absent. Alma had traveled with her parents and was used to the ways of the world, so had the De Mercëis, so it was nothing new to them, but William had never been beyond the gates of his native land and could scarce speak a word of any foreign language, though he had spent sometime on the study of languages but had never put the learning into practice. For him therefore it would seem an awkward beginning, but English is used everywhere more or less.

The old people dreaded to be left alone—dreaded to say farewell, but the world must move and they with it.

The day came bright and clear. The ceremony was simple yet impressive. The hour was nine in the morning. A few guests were there to witness the compact and partake of the grand breakfast. The brides were beautiful, and the bridegrooms were both handsome, noble looking

men. Mr. Hampton joined the bands of both pairs and all joined in asking the blessing of God on the nuptials by chanting the benediction of Moses, and Mrs. Elliott played the wedding march, and when the breakfast was over all dressed for traveling and started for the steamboat landing, and the whole party went to see them on the boat. The young people cannot realize how hard it was to see them leave, some never to return. The steady old boat soon glided out of view on the broad glistening bosom of the historic James with its precious freight. The air seemed filled with music of migrating birds and fragrance of flowers. There were fields of azalias and wild honeysuckle, but the bereaved parents saw them not, nor knew of their fragrance, but they did not mourn for their children. O, no, but the parting had overcome them like a heavy cloud passing between them and the sun on a sunny day. The rest of the party was merry.

The pines, beeches and oaks echoed the music of happy voices.

The busy season took up the time planting, cultivating and weeding, was the order of the days, and loneliness found no room anywhere and letters came with every mail which was once each day.

At Crystal Springs there was a change. The last bar-room had been closed. The apple brandy had been poured out on the road, the cider set for vinegar and the whiskey set away for medical purposes, and Mr. Golding is to be baptized next Sunday and become a Christian temperance man. The colored people scarce knew if they dare go in "de sto foh bacca," but they soon find the same man behind the counter, and prices high as ever, some things even more so, as a contractor he was close as ever, and wood cutters felt as oppressed as before, but the contribution basket had a few more nickels in it after services on Sundays. Pride and poverty, ignorance and superstition, laziness and filth show yet, even among the better class of white people. Gossip is plentiful; to speak falsehoods and live in licentiousness seem to be no disgrace even to church people. It is a great sin to be a free thinker no matter how good and noble one's life is. There is a fear of him as of a

pestilence; nor is it to be wondered at when he is constantly denounced by the clergy as worse than malefactors. The picture of the good Samaritan has never yet been hung up on the wall of the room where charity abides in the human soul. Let us keep it as a loved souvenir; let us put into practice the lesson it teaches, and by our forbearance, pity and deeds of kindness plant the seed, good will to all, in the moral soil, so barren, so sterile and cold; let us not give it up in disgust, but cultivate with kind words of cheer, or kindly reproof, a look of pity or sympathy, a smile of love to warm up and soften, and God will give blessings as rain to make it grow.

The fighting has ceased in front of the stores and bar-rooms, and peace reigns, but there is nothing to show any awakening enterprise, schoolhouses are empty, at least the white childrens' house, and the colored school though full of life is not full of learning. The teaching is crude indeed, only one step above barbarism, but better than slavery, and there is hope for better sentiments in the future. Even the old slave holder begins to look at it in a different light. In speaking of old times and institutions, he said, slavery would have ended itself in time, when the curse of it had left a mark on society too hideous to be borne. I think it is black enough now. Yes, even so, it keeps enterprising people away because of trouble anticipated in the future, and such fears are not floating and shifting clouds, but are steadily growing in volume and strength. Shall we give up our beautiful native vine-covered homes, our cool sweet springs of crystal clear water, our mild healthful climate to the negro race? Is this the punishment our children must bear for our sin and folly of advocating human slavery? Time will tell. It certainly looks like it now. The negro race is no longer black, it is brown, of many shades, strong, contented and happy, willing to work and endure privation much more than their black great grandmothers or grandfathers were. There is enough of white in them to impart a love of home and to possess something—a thing which the real negro cares little for. Therefore we have more to fear when they become strong enough to drive us off from the land they covet.

Crystal Springs is a wood station and nothing more. That is the case with every hamlet in these woods, and they can never be any more in this generation, but I would like to come back and have a good look at the place in 1988, to see who lay stretched out on the wood fast asleep while the ox stands waiting to hear orders to move on or feel the cut of whiplash.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott were making preparations to go north, leaving the English people to look to their home while they are gone summering. The captain is not a farmer, but Mr. Berkley is, having left his farm to seek his fortune in America, and Mr. Gordon can turn his hands to do almost everything, so they will remain until autumn, hoping in that time to find a purchaser for their land.

Mr. Theodore Hampton was filling William Alvin's place on the farm as well as in the Farmers' Club, or Alliance, as he called it, and he had been asked to lecture on the subject of foreign missions at Crystal Springs for the benefit of the church there, and he felt that they needed to have the church in good condition and was therefore willing to help. The committee told him that if they could get more money than was needed for current expenses they would send it to the foreign missions.

There had been some northerners at the station during the winter spending their time hunting and rustivating. Now they were leaving and the houses were left vacant as retreats for tramps, but it is nothing new, it is repeated year after year.

Mrs. Bremer and Mrs. Beverly and the children came to Maple Ridge a few days before the lecture was to come off and as soon as Captain Hilton heard of their arrival he paid Maple Ridge a visit, and saw the person who long had occupied a considerable space in his mind. Captain Hilton arrived early and had a pleasant visit before Theodore Hampton arrived. The captain asked Mrs. Beverly if she had seen the missionary and was answered negatively. Let me have the pleasure of escorting you to the lecture to night? said he. Yes, said Mrs. Beverly. The family carriage will be crowded and I shall think it a fortunate

turn of chance to get a ride with you there and home again. Yes, I thank you captain. She had scarce said the words when there was a ring at the door. The doctor answered the bell himself and found it was Mr. Hampton but the gentlemen went to the library until supper was announced, and then all met in the hall, and the doctor introduced Mr. Hampton to the ladies, and later when the children were being seated at table he also presented Harold Beverly and Mary, who have come to take the place of those who have left us, added Mrs. Duben. After supper Mr. Hampton went with Mr. Krantz to his room until time to go to the lecture, when he and Mr. Krantz went out together and rode slowly and talked so the other carriages came close together and filled several pews in the church which seemed to have been reserved for them. The house was well filled with respectable looking people though it seemed a little strange to the city people to see so many dogs in the house of worship, and when the men seated themselves there was a knock that jarred the seat. Was it a canteen bottle or a pistol? whispered the annoyed ladies, who felt the shock. After a few minutes they went out with as much clatter as when they came in, their dogs following, but soon returning, perfuming the air around them with tobacco smoke and spirituous drinks; but for all that, the crowd was quietly waiting and expecting to hear of a land whose people were greater pagans than themselves, and we leave the reader to judge where the difference is.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I will give you a description of the people as much as possible of those with whom I worked and visited. I will also give you my opinion of foreign missions as they have been and are now. Japan and its people is what I desire to speak of first. It is an Island Empire. There are about thirty-eight millions of inhabitants or 250 person to the square mile. They cultivate about 950,000 acres to sustain life. The country is mountainous, agriculture is therefore laborious, much being done by terracing and walling with rocks and bamboo rails. The

valleys are all used for raising rice, and there is no land to spare for grazing, so the breeding of horses and cattle has been much neglected, and man takes the place of draught animals. There is no place for machinery, the spade, shovel, hoe, rake and fork are sufficient in the hands of the patient toilers, and manuring to improve the soil is a science known to perfection. There are no idlers or loafers, all must labor in one way or another for a livelihood. Theirs is a truly beautiful climate, and they cultivate some of all kinds of cereals, but rice is the staple food product. A famine has never been known, though they lived in isolation for centuries, they prospered. They are a hopeful, contented people. The agricultural class are at least 15,000,000, who toil patiently, are well fed and as well clothed, but prefer nakedness when at work, but when in retirement are neat in their houses and well dressed. Their system of irrigation is excellent, and water is plenty and can be controlled to suit their crops. They apply liquid manures, which give the earth a dark, rich, loamy appearance. Three to five acres is as large a field as a family can cultivate, and the renter must pay the owner one-tenth of the product, and a total tax to the government of five per cent; and for every tree cut or mutilated one or more must be planted, whether fruit trees or otherwise, but among the many groves of all varieties of trees the bamboo takes the lead; it is used for nearly everything from house to the smallest article of household use. Rice straw is next in importance in household economy; the roof, the matting on the floors, and many useful articles of clothing are manufactured from straw. The Japanese are a small people, but a rugged and long-lived race; affable and polite to one another, whether peasant, merchant or noble; they love to greet each other with respect. Their courtesy when entering their houses makes one feel at home among them. You have all seen pictures of their style of dress, but nudity is at first shocking, but one sees it so much that it becomes less so, and in time it is not even noticed. The Japanese live much in the open air, and his home may be read like an open book in a universal language. The picturesque villages seem to be full of healthy playful chil-

dren, laughing, hallooing, screaming like flocks of geese, but their faces are not pretty—for you must remember they are mongolians, but show good manners, when they see any one approaching they invariably bow and salute them with good morning, or a word signifying the same. They are neat about their black hair and white teeth until they marry, and then the women black their teeth and shave their eye brows, though this practice is not so strictly followed as formerly. The common people generally eat rice, fish, vegetables and fruit, and drink tea they raise. They are very temperate; their language pleasant and musical to hear, but hard to learn, as its characters represents syllables. Their mode of travel is novel indeed. The jinricsha, a small two-wheeled phaeton for one or two persons. Think of it, to be asked to ride; helped in and out, tucks the blanket around you in the carriage, by the same being who trots along, avoiding every rough spot in the road; runs twelve miles without a halt; footman driver and horse, oils the axles, furnishes his own food and drink, all for seven cents per hour. It is a ride never to be forgotten. He seems to share in the pleasure of the ride, and laughs at its fatigues. But such fast runners do not live long. Everybody has a garden, if ever so small, and flower beds of grotesque shape even with limited space. Their windows are of rice paper with outside shutters. No glass is used, but there soon will be glass, as already there are steamboats and railways. The laws are very strict, and the law is sure to mete out punishment to fit the crime. The streets of the Japanese cities look clean but smell badly. The school system is now in good working order and many of their young people are good scholars. The state religion is the Shintoo, but there is no restraint on faith, but Buddha holds the minds of religious people yet, but ere long the sciences will help to dispel mysticism from their enlightened understanding and ripen them for conversion to a religion of less display, and more moral and spiritual force, when the conscience is awakened and individuality has become matured enough to seek a positive basis to build upon. Other nations will slowly follow but not to Christianity as it has been taught, but as it may be taught in the future, for they have

had enough of mysticism, and need a moral and spiritual religion—not rites and ceremonies, the original meaning of which no one knows. “Foreign missions,” how they have been begged for, preached about, and prayed for; entertainments of every kind imaginable; exhibitions planned and played, sewing societies have worked and gossiped, suppers sold to those who gave the viands. Taxes levied on church members and everything reasonable and unreasonable done to help sectarianism into India, China and Syria, Turkey, Egypt and Islands in the ocean. Printing houses, schools, convents, monasteries, and merchantile houses, built and kept up by mission funds; enabling the missionaries to live in idle luxury, giving the natives the idea that they were banished princes, kings or emperors.

I must confess that I felt a great interest in heathen nations for many years, and at last thought it my duty to go teach them to be good Christians; that making over what the creator had slighted was a grand or magnanimous act. I do not condemn people for neglecting home and native land to benefit other countries, but think if the Almighty Creator has seen fit to have one nation yellow, another brown, another red, white or black, each having their own peculiarities, that is all in the mind whose hand time fashions everything to its own pleasure, which is far above my understanding, and whether they worship one name or another is nothing to me now.

“He,” or the unimaginable force in which we all live and have our being, knows how we are all constituted, giving all wisdom sufficient for present need. If one nation is more advanced in arts and sciences than another, there is always some one who will have ability to comprehend, when there is friendly interchange of civilities, and adopt the wisest way of solving philosophical or philanthropic as well as political and moral problems. When diplomatic circles know that our government is the most nobly planned government on earth, then will they make it expedient to adopt it as their own, so will it be with everything which will educate the people mentally, morally and spiritually. Charity begins at home, and right here in our beautiful and

beloved land of liberty, there are abuses to correct, much ignorance and superstition to overcome.

Great men have generally served their own country, or their own race first, as a father serves his family. Luther and Melanchthon did not go to foreign lands to reform foreigners, neither did any of the other reformers. John and Charles Wesley did not go to foreign lands to teach Methodism, but braved the criticism at home, did their best and Methodism spread like an epidemic. Our political reformers brave dangers by sea and land for our country; many have fallen for freedom from foreign oppression; many to preserve the vast and glorious union; and to abolish slavery. We have martyr spirits not a few, and many noble statesmen who gave their best years, if not their lives for the cause of liberty of thought and speech; political, religious or social and scientific liberties, and equal rights not enjoyed in any other country; for which we ought to be both proud and thankful, yet in many respects we are not as happy and contented as many people who have less privileges than we enjoy. England has done more to Christianize the pagan world by colonization than all others have done by sending missionaries. This earth has more than ten hundred millions population; two hundred million Christians, and one hundred million Mahommedans, all others are pagans, or idolaters. Why does the All Father let it be so, if they are not just as good in his sight as the Christian? Many of the heathen are far above the nominal Christian, who will misrepresent or tell lies, for personal gain, or worship Mammon as it is commonly called. I know there are many more whose mind is of a higher grade among Christians, than those of other religious faiths, but who can tell how that superior wisdom has come to us; it is certainly not from our schools of theology—for they are materialism to the very core; too crude for the heathen to submit to.

The church has done her part well for foreign countries, but at the same time neglecting home. If the millions of dollars that they have worse than wasted on foreign soil, had been judiciously used here for the moral training of the poor in our large cities, thereby preventing crime

and suffering, what blessing would the church receive from those who now curse it. I am glad to see all nations prosper and become enlightened, but feel sorrow because of the wickedness, ignorance and superstition at home. Money rules our churches as well as our civil government, and when closely inspected we see deformity where beauty and perfect symmetry was expected. Vanity selfishness and pride sits in the place where honor, justice and truth always should preside. Our clergy with a few exceptions are a chain of bigots, heavy crude and strong, but the change is coming, they go the way which all humanity must travel, and at the end embark in the ship, unseen by mortals, which takes the spirit to the land of souls. The chain is not of fine metal, therefore corroding, but a new chain is being formed of lighter, better composition, which will not so easily corrode. Skepticism and infidelity are growing in the church much more than outside. Freethinking minds do not lean on the chain of creeds for moral support, but on reason, conscience, and they love human welfare. I have asked children if they believe the creeds of their parents, and was answered that they knew not what their parents believed, only that it is stylish to belong to some popular church, and I have even heard the prayer spoken, O Lord! help us to be stylish.

The missionaries in China are great lords and love to rule. They have forgotten that they are living on the charity of the people and if they withhold their support they will not be so rich and powerful, though there are some who are well established and can live well on what has been provided, which has been well invested. The mission has had many good men and women who have done their duty faithfully. They labored, suffered and died teaching that God, by breaking the law he had established through all nature, mixed seed of himself, thereby restoring to the human race their lost divinity. Yet, let that divine being be killed by the priests of a low, illiterate race, without having left an heir to perpetuate the half god, half human race which was intended. Ah, it is finished. What sorrow, humiliation and disgrace has come to many who started out on what they thought a glorious mission. Many con-

verted Christians, from paganism, are more the children of hell than they were before they were converted to Christianity, because they do not understand such conflicting theories, and have not the inner light to lead them onward and upward to a spiritual religion as it should be. They become moral cowards or worse, are not good citizens or neighbors. Many good missionaries have suffered and died in foreign lands, when they might have lived long and useful lives at home, a blessing to posterity. Millions of dollars have been foolishly spent in the hope of accomplishing great and permanent good, and there are a few converts at all the missions, but no permanent public good seems to have been accomplished. Costly ruins stand like spectres pointing heavenward as if praying for pity, while heathen authorities have driven the licentious Christian priests out of the country, or hidden them away in prisons where the sun cannot shine on their disgraced countenances. I asked the reverend father of one of the stations how many Christians they were making yearly? O said he, we do very little of such work now. There is not much interest taken in school or religion now, but we must try to keep it up and have the people give, or they will lose interest and sympathy for us at home.

A young Indian said to me, You white folk have a strange notion about the great God or spirit of life. Ever since I can remember they have told men that he had a good son by a maid, and when he was grown, he let a lot of bad priests condemn him because he told of who he was and who was his father, and because he persisted in it they killed him, and had him as a sacrifice for sin, and now you eat his flesh and drink his blood by proxy as those wicked priests must have done in reality; and this good son, illegitimate though he was, came to life the third day, and talked to many, and ate fish and bread with his friends, and they saw him rise into the air before and above them, and is now their great spirit father or creator and all who believe this to be true will be saved from the punishment for evil deeds and thoughts while they live here, and have a place with happy spirits after death in the land of spirits. Your God may seem good and fatherly to you, but to me he seems

neither just, good or fatherly to let priests murder his best or only son. The nation that murders their bravest and most noble chieftain will look long for a truly noble and gifted prince.

The great Spirit we worship has not eaten the food of earth. Man must eat, not God; man is born, not God; man dies, not God; neither has man's eyes seen the body of God rise. Thou shalt make no picture or statue of anything and call it God. Man though good as a glorified spirit is only a man spirit, not the universal soul or life, of which we are but conscious particles. Justice is with good men and must be from the spirit of life. Your great book of wisdom is but the wisdom men have recorded for the good of future times, and reveals no more than wise men can know or imagine they will know. White men, Christians, call us heathen because we worship not the white man's God. We worship none who clear the guilty, we despise such. Everything that breathes must at last cease to breathe and die. Vegetation when it has left its seed, must cease to grow; it rots. Theories rot as fast when the wise man can prove them unsound. Many kinds of people live on this planet; each nation has its own color, language and laws, but one sun shines on all.

History is an imperfect eyeglass through which we look at the past; nothing has yet been invented to look at the future with, but the *will* often gets his neighbor, *imagination* to paint and hope to illuminate the pictures of years which are seldom realized. The sight we have through other means than nature and natural sciences give no satisfaction to minds who cannot adopt unnatural lenses, giving a false light.

If for a thousand years we have been taught a theory ever so unnatural or absurd, it will be seen by us as natural, and practically true, but to an untutored mind who has never been trained into absurdities, it strikes the simple natural mind with a feeling of disgust. For example the Just slain for the unjust in order that the unjust might become heirs to the kingdom of the good. It is an ill-got up story to fill the coffers of villainous priests and magicians. The whole plan of salvation seems untrue. I am as much

related to sun, moon and stars as to the Great life, for I am smaller than all, and God is greater than all. I am but an atom, an outgrowth from nature; so are even trees. We need all the elements in nature to give us life and strength. Some minds who cannot give the Great mind the problem, but think they hold it themselves, will pick up any theory which might help the masterpiece of creation to a relationship to God in order to be worshipped. But the existent power through this glorious universe will ever remain beyond our comprehension. I do not wish you to think there are no good missionaries because I am disgusted with them. There are many good missionaries who could do a thousand times more good at home. All over the United States are people who need encouragement to do good and not ill. They are needed to go talk to the poor in our large cities and help them to plan, to make life better; how to leave the paths of sin and shame; leading by their loving sympathy into flowery fields of hope and material prosperity, by honest employment. Go teach moral lessons, not dead theories or mummy-like creeds, but lessons of life here, which shall bring the life of the future above fear and superstitious dread. Take them to hear the gospel of humanity preached, not to the grand structures where the disciples of Mammon worship in the name of Christ. O, no. Do not take them to the market of souls. The pompous airs of the worshippers has disgusted them; some of these very poor would have been in good circumstances now, if they had not been defrauded by some one of the good members of some grand congregation; and these very persons have been greatly lauded for their generosity when all that they laid at the apostles' feet had been taken from the widow and the fatherless.

It is not strange or unnatural that the poor should curse the big gilded steeples as they pass by hungry and cold when they know that they were built by money which has been so remorselessly robbed from their hard-earned little fortunes. I speak from experience. I know how the defrauded feel. I know of shareholders in savings banks who have divided the hard-earned savings between themselves and retired into suburban villas and live in luxury while

the poor defrauded live in poverty and toil, until death mercifully ends their sufferings. I have seen attorneys who have pressed every farthing men in good circumstances had to show their colleagues how smart they are, and such form the aristocracy of our large cities. Oh, how we need missionaries here. The law of our land lies a tangled cord on the floors of our judgment halls, while our lawyers like foxes eat all our sweet grapes, and now and then an unwary fowl is unceremoniously picked between them. The well-fed gouty judge sits dreaming of honor, the bulk of which weighs no more in the philosopher's scales, than a Hebrew juryman's empty stomach. O, send no more missionaries to the heathen, until these Christian deformers have straightened every crook and tangle they have made in the cordage of law, never more to be trampled underfoot but elevated as a sign of friendship and fraternal regard, and placed as a crown of honor on the noble brow of perfect manhood.

Clergymen cannot do the mission work needed here. O no, you must not require it of them. It would soil their ears to hear profane words, soil their tongues to speak words of wisdom, counsel and good cheer to those who are on the road to destruction in filthy places; some poor fallen angel might touch the hem of his holy gown, or some poor drunkard might stumble over him, or the fumes of whiskey and tobacco might follow him to the house of God and defile the holy place; yet they stand in Jesus' place, and should do as he did to reform the fallen of humanity, the associates of publicans and sinners. The lawyers and lawmakers stand in Moses' stead before the folk of today, so must the Christian ministers stand where the master stood before the people. O no, that would never do, for men of refinement to go speak to the poor and needy in their filthy homes; the poormaster can send deputies to look after such low specimens of the human race; clergymen have more important pastoral duties to perform. The gospel to the poor is out of style and their houses are too insignificant or filthy, or smell of sour-cROUT, fried onions, old pork or codfish; children's faces smeared with molasses and coal dust. The poor, tired mother has not

smoothed her hair, her apron is ragged and dirty. The baby screams. Little mischievous brats come and put their grimy fingers on the shiny spot on his knees, while the poor, tired and ill-dressed man of the house puffs away at his clay pipe, seeing nothing out of place. A few visits like that would kill bookworms such as most of our clergymen of today. How can it be expected that such men should come down on a level with other men of today? O, no, their world is in their study or the pulpit, or gloved, starched and perfumed for pastoral calls among the favored few. My heart has ached for them when I have seen them going through some churchman's thickly painted gate, the sanctimonious smile was not becoming; there was no divine inspiration in it. I step one side with a bundle of old clothes grudgingly given by the ladies of the mansion. The best mission is at home, at our neighbor's and among the poor around us, to say the word of cheer to the sick and sorrowing. Happy are all who fulfill their mission.

Many were shocked at what they had heard and did not know how to take such a lecture from the mouth of a clergyman who was once so anxious to serve as a missionary. Some came and greeted him, a few asked to have an introduction. And Mr. Alvin was glad that some one was able to understand what the lecture was expected to teach. Some said that his irony was too flat. Some said he was a fullfledged infidel, and his was worse than the Ingersoll lectures.

As soon as the captain and Mrs. Beverly were well seated in the carriage, he asked her what she thought of the lecture. I do not precisely know how to express myself in any other way than to say I was astonished. I expected a laudatory commendation of those saintly self-sacrificing servants of Christianity. Do you believe he told the truth? asked the captain. Yes, answered Mrs. Beverly. How did you take it captain? Well, one thing I can say for certain that he has seen and heard more than an old salt like myself, but if I had sailed on land as far and long as on the briny wave, I might have seen and heard as much, but to tell it all in so few words would have been impossible for me.

Some superlatives, participles, interjections, prepositions, and so forth, might have crowded in and taken up the time. Mrs. Beverly laughed. How did you like the old mouth-piece's looks, Mrs. Beverly? O, that is a strange name to give an old clergyman, said Mrs. Beverly. Not at all, but it is not a name; it is an appellation. But I will give you the benefit of my mind on that subject gratis, and it may help you in settling your mind. I say he looks like a deuced fine man and will take well in these woods. I see that far, but as far as my own craft can sail I reckon that I have lost the true set of the compass.

I do not understand your words very well, but take it that you feel despondent in these woods. I do not wonder at that, but you have means to travel where you like. I think that is good, you can then learn by actual experience where the most suitable place is and remain there; as far as friendship is concerned, we are all your friends, said she, and wish you could be contented to stay even though your nephew does not make up his mind to stay. There are good people who would farm for you, and you could stay where you like. That might be possible, yet it would not please the boss. I tell you what I would like best; it is to go to England with a certain American lady I know as my wife. They had arrived at the steps and a colored man took the reins while the captain helped the lady to alight. The other carriages were also there, and the doctor would not hear of the captain's return home that night, and as it was a merry company of old folks he submitted. They were all in good health; the weather fine, crops growing and hope lighted up wrinkled faces, making them seem many years younger. The ladies went up to their rooms to lay off their wraps and came down to the fire which looked so cheerful and bright. They had not been there long when all the gentlemen came in and began talking about the sweet fragrance of the air and wondered why it was so heavily laden to-night. Perhaps it predicts rain in a few hours. I have noticed it and remembered that it generally rains after such still fragrant atmosphere at night, said Mrs. Duben.

There was a moment's silence, broken by Mrs. Beverly asking the captain if it was true that Mr. Gordon was thinking of marrying Mrs. Elliott's ward? Yes, said the captain, I was in hopes he would marry an older woman, but he has set his heart on the Yankee girl, and he is going to sail for Newport so as to be there when they arrive; so you see I am left entirely alone in my bachelorhood unless some lady will happen along and take pity on me. There are more people unmatched than matched here. The men who come here are generally old soldiers, who have a pension to live on, and like to spend their last days in these solitudes, but their wives and children cannot endure it, so they go back north, east and west leaving the men to become hermits. I have found them in huts in the woods with no human being near enough to hear their call, said the doctor, and not long since one such was found lifeless laying in his doorway, and no one could tell how long he had lain there. I was called to examine into the cause of death, and found no food particles in the stomach. He must have been sick of fever, and had tried to go out for water when in his weakness he fell and died. I was told of a case of malarial fever last fall. I hunted the woods for many miles, but found no hut, but just as I was giving up the search Freedolph saw a well sweep and we went to look and found a pile of ashes, and in them pieces of human bones, nothing more. The colored people knew nothing about him only that he came there a few months since, and dug the well and built a log house, hiring colored help. Said he came from Ohio; his name was Smith, but no one had seen a letter or paper about the house.

Many men fall into bad habits here that would disgrace them any other place, and the families cannot endure privation, abuse and disgrace, so they work their way back to their friends, leaving the degenerated husband and father to live and die with the wild beasts in the lonely forest. Some are lured here by land speculators' advertisements, and get swindled out of their money, and know not how to get away. City people pay for land on the installment plan, and when they come find a swamp full of deadly poisons and go home with pockets empty, but with a little experi-

ence from the school of disappointment, which often set men to thinking. Some have learned the lesson they needed. Yes, said Mr. Alvin, people have such wonderful grand ideas of the value of Virginia land. I should think that they could see how poor it is by its color; but I suppose they think that when wood can grow so fast everything else can grow also. I feel very sorry for them when the inevitable disappointment comes after labor is uselessly spent.

Harold, said Mr. Krantz, will you repeat that little rhyme about Claus Blunderbus? I think you can repeat it. Yes, let us hear it, said Mr. Hampton, who had become very fond of the bright happy boy. I will try, said Harold. He went to the farther corner of the room and stood straight a moment, and made a bow and said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Claus Blunderbus shouldered his gun one day,
And traveled o'er prairies through mire and clay,
But never so much as a rabbit did spy
Though like an eagle he scanned earth and sky.
At night he came home tired, hungry and cross,
Said he to his spouse, put to sleep little Claus,
And I'll tell you what I'm going to do,
Though I have to travel the whole world through.
I'm tired of trying to live by my gun,
Yet I know of no other game that is fun.
Farewell, ye beautiful scenes of my youth,
I must go where there is something to shoot.
To the south will I go in search of game,
And if fortune favors I'll go angling for fame.
Get drowned did you say, dear? Never fear.
Claus's head is level he'll learn how to steer,
The boat that I sail in is a mighty old craft,
Claus'll be faithful whether forward or aft.
Adieu to the fast going folk of the north,
I am hunting for some of another sort.
These prairies are settled by people so fast,
That not even migrating birds dare fly past.
The ground is so dear that no animal

Dare set foot on soil so terrestrial.
 I, too, must take to the woods to spend
 Powder and shot to my life's end.
 Come to grief, did you say? not I,
 While tide in the old James runs high,
 I'll plant a vineyard and build a cot,
 On a sunny hillside or secluded spot,
 And winter on rabbit, squirrel and coon,
 Claus'll not grow gray on such very soon.
 Pine bark do me for bread, did you say?
 It 'twill do for others, why not for me, pray?
 The climate is glorious, 'tis the land of the sun;
 'Tis a picture of deeds their children have done.
 That song will have another tune, did you say?
 I'll sing its praises better day after day,
 Or I tell you, there'll be the devil to pay.
 Yes, when your money is spent, clothes rent,
 And your wife and children to the poor house sent.
 I say your head will be white as snow,
 Before you will learn how to shoot a crow.
 Claus Blunderbus, shoulder your ax
 Though for the act you must pay a tax,
 Cut deep to the heart, don't care how you wound,
 Fell every falsehood down to the ground.
 Why trouble your neighbors with click of gun?
 You ought to know the sound is no fun,
 But go to your cot in the columnar wood,
 Woo dame nature in her sweet silent mood.
 Zephyrs will blow the smoke from your face
 And sunbeams will kiss of warfare all trace,
 Warm showers will soon bring beauty and grace.
 Your cottage is empty, your vineyard is bare,
 The spring still bubbles, but no foot step is there.

* * * * *

Claus Blunderbus shouldered his gun again,
And wended his way through wooded glen,
His stomach was empty, his feet were sore
While hunting and fishing on Powhattan shore.
His wife and children of starvation died,
And all his friends of malaria beside.
Poor man, how he suffers abuse and neglect
Because he could not see to shoot crow correct.

Thank you Harold, said Mr. Krantz, you have done well. Yes, it was well done said all. Claus is always spreading his shot all around, yet many of them hit where it was intended. He means to hit the bird, but it never comes near enough to take effect—so it is with all of us some time in life, we load, take aim, and pull the trigger, but the bird goes on unharmed, and we stand wondering why we have such poor luck. Many talk and hope, but can never set about anything and make it a success, said Mr. Alvin. And all soon retired.

The rain pattered in a sleepy way on the window sills the next morning, but the guests must go home, so they wrap up, say farewell, and drive off. At Glenwood farm everything looked cheerful and bright. The birds sang in the conservatory. A yellow boy lay on the porch floor playing on a jewsharp. A girl of the same color was singing and playing on a guitar, and several men were sitting on a bench listening or trying to sing the song with them, and they certainly looked contented and happy. The men arose and saluted the lady and gentlemen and took the reins, and the old folk were glad to be home again. Mrs. Alvin found everything as it should be. The gentlemen went to the library and found the mail already in, and found among others a letter from William; took it and went to read it to mother, but found she had gone to the bath room, so he read it for himself only, and read it again when she came in refreshed and ready for anything. Mr. Alvin was smiling and held his right hand behind his back. What have you there, that you are so happy over? and she stepped around to see, and then he held it far above her head. in

a moment his left hand was around her and almost carried her to the sofa near the window, seating her and himself with their backs to the light, he read the letter.

Brackenfeld House,
Geneva, Switzerland, May 23, 1889.

Dear Parents: I know you wish to hear from us even if we only tell you that our health is good, so I write. Our health is excellent, and hope soon to hear the same from you. We have greatly enjoyed our journey from first to last, and at less expense than was expected. We have also enjoyed the sights, but it is impossible for me to describe anything in a letter, you can read good descriptions in the papers, or in books written for that purpose. I will speak only of ourselves.

We are at home with Freedolph and family in their old broad cottage only one hour's drive uphill from the City of Geneva. There are as many tenants on his farm as I have laborers. They live in comfortable stone cottages, with barns and out-buildings also of stone, on stony hill-sides. But their gardens are a joy, and their little fields are a pleasure to look at. The gardens are terraced with strong stone walls to hold the earth in place, and water has been brought down from a mountain stream, cold and pure. We can look down on the city and lake in the distance. The air makes one wish to stir—work. The voyage was exceedingly pleasant. The ocean's majesty impressed me much with its immensity, yet how lightly held in the bosom of the immeasurable universe. Alma sends her love to you. Madam says she wishes you were here. Freedolph says he believes you would enjoy the journey yet, and thinks the air rejuvenating. Virgie says old Virginia is level and good to travel over, or to cultivate, but has too many forests, which makes it gloomy; her homes are pretty and pleasant. But old Switzerland homes are beautiful and lovely because our people are like ourselves; are our friends and neighbors, not like yours, a dark disgusting race; and she is right there, but we love Virginia homes just as well. Though we have not the privileges they have of social intercourse and every entertainment a city like that can give, yet when we have

never had them, we can live and never miss them. We expect to visit Paris soon—and later visit Berlin and other places of note. We may go with a party of students, and others to see the midnight sun that Father Duben has talked so much about.

Give my best regards to our friend and helper, Theodore Hampton, also to our brown boys and girls. I shall remember them all with something when the time comes.

Delia wrote she was having a splendid time, so of course Randolph could say the same. Alma writes to her parents and friends. I must now bid you farewell.

With much love from your son,

WILLIAM ALVIN.

To Father and Mother.

Mr. Alvin laid the letter in his wife's lap, leaned forward and looked in her face. She smiled but her eyes were full of tears; he drew her gently to his side, bowed over and kissed her, saying, Did it not sound like our noble boy? Yes, was all she could say.

The doctor had been having work done on the Beverly property and Mr. Krantz did not feel able to go along as usual so Harold went with him. The doctor found only half as much work done as was promised, and had to speak very plainly. Harold stood listening some time, at last he said, Old Harold Beverly said: No work, no pay. Work, eat, drink and get rich, so says young Harold Beverly and he will try the game himself. There was a pile of stones and near it was an old decayed stump and he began pulling away the rotten wood, and rolling away the stones as many as he was able to handle, until the doctor called him to go home. On the road the doctor asked him what he meant to do; he answered, I mean to find what my grandfather lost. What did he lose? A leather bag containing a silver gold lined snuff box full of gold coins. How do you know he lost it? asked the doctor. He tells me when I sleep. That is only a dream, said the doctor. Well, may be it is, said he, but it is mine, and whoever finds it must give it to me. My name is on it anyhow. How do you know your name

is on it? asked the doctor. Because he tells me; it is engraved in the lid.

The next Sunday Captain Hilton and Mr. Hampton came early to have a visit more than for the sake of the Sunday school, which had now only a few scholars, and Mr. Krantz was so weak he could not go to teach in the colored school room that morning, so the doctor was alone to teach. The interest of the two gentlemen was Mrs. Beverly. The captain showed it the most. Mr. Hampton went with Harold to Mr. Krantz's room where they had a pleasant chat. Mr. Krantz told them that the great change was nearing, but he feared it not. I am not sick, but weak. I do not feel like work. My Sabbath has dawned, but how long the day may be, I know not. See how many love letters I get; they are such a comfort, read them if you like while Harold helps me to dress for dinner. After dinner Mr. Hampton, the children and Mrs. Duben went out to the garden and gathered flowers for the rooms, the children leading Mr. Hampton by their hands, and all went up to the hall and had Sunday school as usual—but the exercises did not last long because there were few. A spirit of loneliness pervaded all.

The doctor was busy looking after work to see that they did not destroy the most valuable trees. One day Mrs. Beverly asked to go along, take lunch and stay all day, taking the children with her. Of course if you wish to go you can take the carriage and the old team. The corn had been cultivated and they had leisure. Can I take a hoe and rake along? asked Harold. Of course you may. They got there all right and Harold went to work. What is the fuss about? asked his mother; are you going to make a flower bed, or what is it? You will find out sometime. The doctor and the wood contractor came up just then and heard her ask and the boy's answer. The doctor said to her, Your son is working in his sleep. Harold had leveled the old stump, and hoed, and was raking the rotten wood away. Can I have help to roll these large stones away? asked Harold. Yes, I think we can set them rolling down in the hollow if you want to. The doctor and the man rolled them away, and then went away to their wood inspection, and Mrs.

Beverly and the little girl went to the graves. Harold was tired and went there too, and they went to the spring which had moved farther up on the bank, and the grand old beech lay dead down in the water below. O, how it has changed here said Mrs. Beverly. They drank and went back to the horses, and Harold worked away until it was time to go home. He had found nothing, but was not discouraged, but joked on the way home. I think you might tell me what you are raking the earth for, said the mother. If you will keep still about it I will, said he. Well, I am hunting for Grandfather Beverly's silver snuff box. Oh! exclaimed his mother. What on earth has put such a ridiculous notion into your head? A dream, said Harold.

There was a heavy rain, so they did not go to Beverly place for some time, and hogs went there and rooted and wallowed, and Harold could scarce find the place, but he hoed and raked and found the precious box, but the leather bag must have decayed for he saw nothing of it. When the rake struck the metal he felt the shock through his system, and dropped the rake and was on his knees in a moment, raking the earth with his fingers. When he felt it he thought it a pebble, but rather long and curious shape, took it, looked at it a moment, and took a long breath, then called out: I found it, grandfather. It was dirty and somewhat corroded but he rubbed it until it began to show its color and then he went to make it known, and started to go to where he heard the sound of chopping, but he thought himself and went to the old stone wall of the cellar, where he had so often built play houses, but his thoughts were not of play houses now, he only wondered how he should open the box, but it is so little, thought he, it cannot contain any great riches, but it is mighty heavy. He put his foot up on the wall and rubbed the little thing on his shoe and it grew bright fast, at last he saw two little red spots on one side, and concluded that was the hinges, and on the other side was a thumb place like on his watch, he took his penknife and scraped and found where the crease was where it came together he shook it and at last pried with the knife and it flew open. The coins clung together, but he counted twenty rings. The inside of the lid looked

green, so he took his handkerchief and wiped and rubbed until he could read his name in the lid, and put it in his pocket, but it felt so bad when he walked, so he tried to get into the vest pocket, but it ripped open. I must hold it in my hand, go to the buggy and put it in my coat pocket and went to get the hoe and rake to put into the buggy. Then he saw the doctor coming along the path, he called out, I have it.

The doctor stood still a moment and the boy ran toward him, forgetting the hoe and rake. Here it is, he said, holding it out. It is mine, my name is on the inside. The doctor did not say anything until they were seated in the buggy. Then he said, What are you going to do with it? Keep it, said Harold. But what are you going to do with the coins? Grandfather said, buy a scholarship. I mean to do it. You had a strange dream, my boy. How did it seem? asked the doctor. It did not seem like a dream. I saw the stump and stones and the old man standing by them, and say, Harold Beverly you must find my silver gold-lined snuff box, it has your name engraved on the lid, and with its contents buy a scholarship. I lost it there somewhere, pointing at the stump, and when I saw the stump I thought of the dream and minded it, that is all. Was it night when you dreamed it? asked the doctor. No, I was studying my lesson, and was tired. It was in the morning. I had repeated the lesson right through with my eyes shut, and then laid my head on my hands on the study table and was asleep in a moment and saw and heard. And when I saw the same, I did my best, that is all, but I am so glad I did it. Yes, you have done well finding that box, and I hope you will always do well, said the doctor.

When he came home he ran up to Mr. Krantz, holding out to him the box. Mr. Krantz was writing, but he laid his pen down, took the box, which was so heavy that the hand came down on the desk with a thud that made Harold laugh. Mr. Krantz opened the box and examined, and cleaned the coins for him and said, Go show it to the ladies. He was not slow getting there, and there was a good deal of noise heard from the sitting room to the room above, but amid it all Mr. Krantz spoke within himself thus: Thank

God for this little revelation. At breakfast next day. Harold said he would like to go to Glenwood "to show how rich I am." His speech caused a laugh, but he said he really meant what he said. The doctor had a patient in that direction and they might take the carriage and follow, so they would not get lost. They left Mr. Krantz and his sister, Mrs. Bremer, at home to look after the house. They found all well at Glenwood and had a splendid time. Harold came to his mother saying, Let me show grandfather's snuff box. She unlocked the handbag and handed it to him, saying, it smells bad. That is no wonder when it was dead and buried so long, and so lately resurrected, said the boy, and there was considerable fun made over the box and the speech. The doctor asked Mrs. Beverly if she had ever heard how Old Harold Beverly came to lose the snuff box? Yes, I remember them talking about it, but I was so young then that I did not understand exactly what happened, though I have a notion that he fell from his horse there, and was hurt so that he never recovered enough to ride out again, therefore could not find the box. Some thought he had been attacked by some one near a clump of cherry trees, but no one knew for certain what happened.

The doctor was asked how he found his patient, and said there might have been something done if placed in other circumstances, but now, I know not what to do. I think it most likely he will die. What seems to be the matter? asked Mr. Hampton. Alcoholism, said the doctor. Is it delirium tremens? asked Mrs. Beverly. No, said he, it is blood poison from excessive use of minerals with whiskey to cure chills.

Day by day the summer flits away. It is Sunday. Mr. Hampton came early to have a visit with Mr. Krantz. They knew he was ailing, though he said he had no pain, was only weak. "The days are so warm they nearly prostrate me." He was still able to go down to the rooms, and to dinner, but did not go far from the house. After an hour or so spent in conversation they strolled out toward the spring. There the ladies were and the children, on a moss bank under the maples. The children were weaving gar-

lands of leaves and asked Mr. Hampton to help them cut some roses and buds from the vines on the spring house. A smile lit up his face as he answered yes, and rose to go with them. Their mother colored and said low to Mrs. Duben, I feel ashamed to have the children so forward with Mr. Hampton. The moment they see him they seem to want to monopolize his whole time. I have told them repeatedly not to do so, but they forget. It is his own fault, said Mrs. Duben. I saw him the other day when he was here with Sissy on his knee out in the play room, and heard her say she wished he was her papa, and he makes a confidant of Harold too, but some men are more fond of children than others. The doctor is very fond of Harold and says he is a remarkable boy, and will do anything for him, but not as a pet, but a young man. I can see how proud he is of him, when he has accomplished a difficult task, like the Latin lesson last night. Yes, said Mrs. Beverly, if it had not been for the doctor we would all have been dead, for we were nearly so when he came, and two great tears rolled out of her beautiful dark eyes and fell on her bosom. You were certainly unfortunate in getting burned out and left to mourn, but your boy has already done more good for you and his own future, then he could have done here in a life time. O yes, I am happier than I ever was on the farm, for there was sorrow, sickness and death all the time, and a fear of bad people in the neighborhood. I am so glad to have no one to fear, and have so many good and noble people as my friends.

The conversation was broken by the arrival of Captain Hilton who seemed to be in a happy mood, smiling, hand-shaking and joking. The weather was very warm causing drowsiness which was hard to conquer, but the cold water and cool shade was refreshing and so was pleasant association until the bell announced dinner. All must follow my example said the doctor, then stepping up to Mrs. Bremer, he bowed and said something which the rest of the company did not understand, but she rose, took his arm, bowed to the company and walked toward the house. Mr. Krantz followed the example with Mrs. Duben, so did captain Hilton with Mrs. Beverly, bowing to Mr. Hampton and the

children, happy as the birds above them in the trees. Mr. Hampton joined hands with the children and came there as soon as the first, laughing because Mr. Hampton had their garlands hanging from his neck to his feet. He then decorated the dining room with them, saying, This is a lovely home, one would hate to die and leave it.

After dinner the captain asked Mrs. Beverly to go with him to divine service at the colored church near Crystal Springs. She was glad of the opportunity to go to see and hear how much they had improved since last she attended meeting there, which was several years ago, she said. "And I am very thankful for your kind invitation, Captain Hilton. You are very kind." She said also, I never had so many friends, or so many things at one time to be thankful for in my life. It was late when they came back so the captain did not come in. The family were all on the porch so he bade all a pleasant good night where they were, and all responded and he rode off at a rapid pace because he had many miles to travel, but the moon gave its cool soft light and he could keep the road all right. Mr. Hampton had gone home some time before.

Harvest had come on wet and rather cool weather for the growth of corn; much of it was red and worm eaten. Oats rotted in the cocks, and many fields of grain were not cut at all, but lay rotting on the ground; peanuts too looked sickly or grassy, so also the potatoes. Many of the small farmers were destitute and discouraged, and as many as could get away went west, a few north, but the poorest could go nowhere. They could not have been able to get a railway ticket for the Dakotas for a farm of a hundred acres, and a blessed thing it was that they could not. The Farmers' Alliance has given some encouragement, and times are better, but not as good as might be.

One morning while the Duben family were at breakfast there was a rap at the screen door of the back porch. The housemaid stepped out and found a smoky looking man there. He was a white man. Good mornning mam, said the stranger, is the doctah in? Yes, answered the girl, but the family are at breakfast now, but you can see him when

the meal is finished. You had better come in. I kin stay out yeah, said the man. O, you can follow me to the sitting room and wait a few minutes. He looked at his pants, brushed horse hair off from them, stamped the dust out of his cracked and creased earth-colored shoes passed his hands from his shoulders to his hands to brush the dust, raised his hat, combed his hair with his fingers, putting his hat on; squirting a mouthful of tobacco juice, and stroking his face, pulling his beard and vest, and then said, I reckon I kin go in. The maid opened the screen door and led the way to the sitting room, telling him to amuse himself with the papers until the family should come up. O, I only want to see the doctor, said he. Yes, sir, he will be up soon said the girl. He looked around the room and then said: Its fine enough foh the Govenah to live in. Then seating himself near the fire place and was about in the act of depositing a mouthful of juice, when he became so astonished that he was on the point of swallowing his quid of tobacco. He rose to let it out of the window and squirted it at the screen wire. "Gosh Amighty!" this is a fine prison. I shant be moh astonished if I see these Yankees makin vegetables in the chimly. Who ever seen a great lot of snake grass growing in a fireplace, or ivy vines climbing sutty bricks and cresses growing out o' wattah? looking at the hearth, where sand had been placed to hold moisture and oxalis and other small plants had started to grow. The maid told him the sand could be used as a spittoon, as tobacco was the same as manure, and those large plants are ferns planted in a box under which are rollers to move when fire is needed; the ivy is also in the box covered with moss but the vine climbs on wire netting, so it does not get sooty and the chimney has been swept thoroughly.

The doctor then came in and the maid left. Good morning, said the doctor. Is any one sick? O, no, sir, but I have some trouble and want a little help to get out of it, so I wanted to see you alone, as I don't like to have gossip about. The girl met the rest of the family, saying. There is a man who wants a secret interview with the doctor. The family therefore went into the library, each choosing a book to read for an hour, and

the children studied their lessons. The doors being open the family could hear now and then a word, but not so they understood the subject of conversation, for that reason I will give the reader what happened in my own way. The first man, a southerner or by birthright, a Virginian; second man a northerner by birthright. Ohioan or a Buckeye, no names. The Virginian like others kept a drove of starving cattle and hogs at public expense. He never provided anything to feed with. It was hard enough to make corn enough for bread. Furs, hides and such things of wild and domestic animals; feathers, eggs of many kinds made up a good portion, and smoked pork and beef was the staple product. These cattle and hogs must get their own living somewhere and some how, the owner cared not; let everybody protect themselves. I have a right to pasture the woods, said he. I have my cattle and hogs marked and carry them home at least once a week to be salted and I don't mahk other people's animals as mine neithah. The doctor listened a while, and then said, put yourself in your neighbor's place, and him where you are, you would not enjoy it well to have his hogs destroy all your grain and vegetables. You would have complained long ago. I, yes sah. I came to get some men to judge how much the cohn is woth that has been eaten by them shoats, afoh he grinds them to fertilizers foh his next crap, then we'uns wont have no meat to eat, noh to sell, and we'uns have made and sold twenty hundred poun yeahly foh yeahs. I am sorry, but have not time to go. I have to watch night and day to keep wild hogs and cattle out of my fields, and wild dogs from my sheep. When I find any four-legged thieves in the grain, I don't wait to make fertilizers of them, but simply give the buzzards a good dinner. I cannot afford to let wild cattle and hogs ruin my grain. I must have my crops to feed my family and my animals.

The doctor rose and said, let us go and see how I keep my animals. I am proud of them; they are my friends. They speak to me. They pay well for the care they get. Their voices had but died away on the air, and their foot steps by distance when there was a ring at the door bell. The girl answered it and found a man who asked to see the

doctor. She told him that he was out looking at the animals in the barn. Come in and I will call him. O, no; said the man. I will go there to see him. When he saw the doctor and who his companion was he knew not what to do or think for a moment, he was so overcome by his astonishment, but he walked up to them, but did not give his name or business. He simply said, good morning gentlemen. The doctor did not ask the name of either man, but waited patiently for what must some time be made known. The horses talked to the doctor, and he talked and patted them; the cattle the same; the sheep crowded up to him. The hogs came to be rubbed and laid down to be petted. The fowls all wanted petting; even the brahma cock and hens wanted to be lifted and stroked like the cat and dog.

Now gentlemen, what do you think of my animals? asked the doctor. They are fine, said the Buckeye. Mighty nice, said the Virginian. I love my animals. I also love my neighbors; they shall always have their rights protected by me. I love my enemies if I have any among the human race, but I love not their evils any more than I love my own faults. We all need to pray sincerely, deliver us from evil—our own evils are the nearest and most to be feared, said the doctor. Man makes his own evils and is often his neighbor's worst devil, but there is no devil except in degraded humanity. God has not created any devil, but man does create a devil of himself, or imagines that there is an anti-natural man-beast, who has power to make man a demon, but it is the will which is perverted and lets the evil passions rule, instead of being servants in subjection under reason, conscience and all the moral faculties of the mind; a good will drives evil out and lets in the sunshine of life. Love, to every good principle, and charity to the neighbor, or as we read it—Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will to man. The church did well to give the world the Bible; it shows how humanity has progressed under church infallibility, church law.

THE FABLE.—THE KING OF TERRORS AND THE
FARMER'S SOUL.

The doctor said, gentlemen, sit down here with me and I'll tell you a story. Once on a time in a foreign clime lived a poor boy who wished to be very rich and great. A fairy heard it and said, Your wish shall be granted if you will sign away your soul to the king of terrors; having had the use of these good things you have wished for as long as you think right. You may have as long a life as you think best, but you must sign it away on a certain day and year. The boy thought it good; signed the document which should make him rich and great for a long life time, at the end of which he should lose his soul, saying to himself: I might lose that anyway, so there is no use fretting about that. His wish was realized; he became very rich and great and enjoyed everything, but one thought always caused a shudder, but he was so happy and so busy that he seldom thought of it. His farms produced more and better than other farms, his stock was of superior grade. His banker always smiled, his merchant the same. He married the maid he loved, and she proved to be an excellent wife and mother and brought him handsome goodly sons and amiable beautiful daughters. He loved everything in nature and best of all that which could speak. He learned the languages of animals and conversed with them.

At last after a well-spent life the day arrived when he must give up his soul. He informed his great and happy family and they grieved sorely. His friends which were many wept but could not help him. He told his horses, cattle, goats, sheep, swine, cat and dog, the fowls also and the males of each kind said: I will fight for you my good and noble master. The man left his family and went to the hut where he was born, to await the king of terrors. The horse followed and stood guard at the door, but while on the way a lion came and demanded his body for dinner. O, please wait a while, king lion, said the horse. I want to see the king of terrors take my master's soul. I will, said the lion, for I want to see it myself. The bull went on his way when a bear came and said, I am hungry and you

will be a good dinner for me. O, please king bear, wait, while I see the king of terrors take my master's soul. So I will, said the bear, for I want to see it myself. The buck was going along and a panther came and said, Turn your spears away while I eat your hairy carcass. No I shan't, you impudent sneak. I shall see the king of terrors take my master's soul. Is that so? said the panther, I want to see it too. The ram came along and a wolf ran up to him and said: Stop while I eat your woolly carcass. The ram fell on his knees and prayed to be spared to see the king of terrors take the soul of his master. The dog met a wild cat and prevailed with him to wait. The cat also had his adventure with a fox, and the gander and all the rest of the fowls theirs, but we will let the king of terrors tell it after we have told our side of the story.

The day was spent, the sun went down and twilight appeared and with it a carriage stopped near the door. A gentleman descended, but driver and footman remained at the carriage, while the gaunt, tall, pale gentleman went toward the door. There stood the farmer's stallion guarding it, and kicked him so he came in limping, and in the entry the bull horned him in through the open door into the farmer's room, where the buck butted one side and the ram the other. The dog growled and bit him; the cat snarled and scratched him. The swan hissed and shouted, the gander snapped, screamed and scolded. The turkey laughed in derision and scorn most hideous. The brahma cock flapped his wings and yelled: Who, who, who are you? The duck, guinea fowl and the grand peacock said in chorus with all their might: Go out, get out, go out, get out, while all the wild beasts of the forest looked in at the doors and open windows. There was no way out of the room but by the chimney; and wounded though he was, he leaped into the fire place and ascended through the chimney calling to his driver to come nearer so that he might jump into the carriage and be gone, but he did not know his master, neither did the footman know him, so he had to make himself invisible for a time and rescue his servants and himself minus the farmer's soul. As he stood near the chimney looking down for some way of escape, he spied the old boar; he

entered the good old swine, and he went straight to the carriage and there he came out of the swine, and the swine died on the spot, but the wild beasts would not taste of him, though ever so hungry.

As soon as the king of terrors was safe inside the vehicle he drew a long breath, and shook his servants to know if all was right. O, groaned they. I am here, said the king, don't you know me? O, have mercy on us, said the coachman. O, be gracious to us, prayed the frightened footman, and the steeds fell on their knees in fear. "What ails you all? asked the king; tell me or I'll send you to a place bad as where I have been." If I must, I must, said the coachman. O, have mercy on me, king of terrors, but you are black and smell sooty, and O! (and he cowed). What more? asked the king. O, sir, there are horns on your head, and on your knees; there are sickles on your elbows, and saw-blades on your spine; your face is inhuman; "one foot is horse, the other cattle foot, and your hands are claws." Is it true? asked the king, and the footman and steeds said, Yes. I have been to a worse splace than the inferno, and I must bear the marks for ages. What could have happened? asked the coachman. I met the blacksmith at the door, and he sledged me. I met the thresherman in the entry, and he took me on his fork and threw me through an open door, where stood two harvester youths, who stuck spears into me. I met a furious priest and he preached and at last attacked me. I met a witch woman, who scratched me. Demons hissed, shouted and scolded. The prince of demons laughed and gabbled with rage, ready for murder. A little watchman grabbed his weapons in great anger, calling out at the top of his voice, Who, who, who are you; and small folk of the household all decked out with precious gems, flaunting in their pride screamed, Get out, go out, get out, go out, with all their might, while all the arch demons stood looking in at me from the open doors and windows, leering to see me conquered, while the soul sat smiling complacently saying not a word. I spied a tunnel and leaped into it and escaped, though it was hot as dooms day. I was tired, looked down among the crowd of demons and saw an old glutton now gouty, but still an inebriate, not

able to stand. I made myself invisible for a moment, and entered into him and came to the vehicle, and am now as you see me.

Now my friends, I will explain the fable. The boy is humanity in youth. The man or farmer, common people. Domestic animals correspond to domestic virtues, wild animals correspond to passions. Domestic fowl correspond to thought, learning, love, hate, natural grace, or pride. The horse, the understanding of principles. The ox, the will. Bull, executive ability, and is ever in the male; feminine gender denotes use or a passive element, or affections in human nature, and it is the understanding and will which is to be educated as well as reason. Conscience also can become benighted, and love of riches a natural propensity, perverted to become sinful, and yet we may be materially poor; and only the domestic virtues can raise us above the self-love which makes man a brute. If a man has a propensity to want all he sees, which is not his, he has signed away the good of life, his manhood, his soul, for a mess of cold beans. If a man gives away to anger or otherwise, he is a beast, but if he overcomes evil by cultivating every good faculty of mind, everything in life will be his friends, even his enemies will bear respect for him, because of his superior manhood, and he will not fear death, but take it with a calm resignation, and nothing can disturb the peace in his soul. Now if you wish to have a good life and a peaceful death, make every virtue your constant companion and friend, and let all men have their rights even though it seems to infringe on your own rights at the time; patience and a knowledge of human nature as well as the civil code, will help to keep peace. I have found that nothing is lost by studying human nature, and civil rights and liberties, and every man who is not an idiot knows it is an evil to harbor in himself a covetous spirit, it will grow upon him until that spirit becomes a thieving spirit and a criminal, and the hand of law will smite. Where is then self-esteem? A man must keep his character clean or he is among the criminal hordes, and every clear seeing man sees through him, pities him, he has sold his soul and has nothing for it, because he has not cultivated the domestic virtues, the greatest

of which is to love the neighbor as we love ourselves, respect his rights and help to defend, if it is necessary, and all the demons in hell cannot harm his soul.

Now gentlemen if you have anything you want to say, I am ready to hear? I have had losses by this man's hogs and cattle eating and destroying my crops, and I cannot find a man who is willing to come and estimate the value of my loss, for fear of opening a feud, but I want no more than my right, and my neighbor has nothing to give for law. I came to see if you could suggest some way by which we might settle without law. This is the second crop they have destroyed and if I did not let some one know it, there would be no end to it, only by secret murder, or by leaving a good home and let this man continue to plague all who come after me here. I want to know what you think would be right to do. I am —. I live on an estate once owned by this neighbor's grandfather, but I now hold a clear title to the land and ought to be left in peace when I molest no one. I have witnesses who have seen him turn his cattle and hogs in and call them out many times, but I will not make it public if he will give something for my loss, or do something to prevent such trespasses in the future. I love to have peace with all.

What say you, Mr. B.? asked the doctor. I have nothing to say, and nothing to give. Everything I have there is my daughter's, and if ye kin take anything of her, ye are smahter than steel traps. She ain't to home so I have to look to her things while she is gone. Well, we will see, said the doctor; girls have no more right to destroy people's grain than men have, and if anything is a nuisance it can be removed. Your daughter will do best to remove the cattle and hogs herself, or the county must do it, and the expense must be paid by the person who has kept the nuisance, for they are outlawed when so breechy. County officers, perhaps, will not help the northerners to get rid of such pests, but higher justice will. So you can think it over and tell your daughter that she will do best to sell her cattle to some friend for enough to settle up, and then keep no more than she can feed at home; the same with the hogs.

I must bid you good day, said the doctor, and went into the house, and the two men rode off.

The doctor had calls to make and left home after a few minutes. Harold had learned his lesson and was reciting it when the doctor asked if he could have his company on his ride. They rode out together all the time now, or some one of the ladies went, because Mr. Krantz seldom felt able to ride, the jolting hurt him. This morning they were on the road to a little hamlet in the woods, where all were very poor and discouraged, and it seemed as though suffering had made them hard-hearted rough and uncouth. All they seemed to care for was to smoke and chew tobacco, the women as well as men, and children were neglected. Hogs, fowls, dogs and children wallowed together in the dirt; fleas were very plenty everywhere, and caused great uneasiness, and every known parasite or vermin reveled in luxury. Skin diseases showed on every face, or hands; but the sick unto death were two children, one of cholera infantum, and the other sore throat. They were the younger of large families of pale, thin, ill-kept children, who knew not what it was like to be perfectly clean and comfortable. Squalor and filth showed in the clothing and everything but the floor, which had been scoured by some negro woman for a nickel to get "bacca" to smoke or chew. The schoolhouse door stood open and an old sow, lean and lank, lay suckling her numerous family in the middle of the floor.

Is this a civilized country, or where are we? asked Harold. O, there are such places here and there in all countries on this noble planet, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. How lonely and sad it is! Yes, it is not like going along Chestnut street or other thoroughfares where people are enterprising and good. But we must not think of them; we must do our missionary work where it is most needed; these people have been too long neglected, but their children must be rescued ere it is too late. So you must tell Mr. Hampton what a missionary field we have found. O, yes, I shall, said Harold. I like Mr. Hampton, so does sister. I like to stay at Maple Ridge; the place is so pleasant—so orderly and clean, and everybody is so happy; even the animals play, skip and have fun and want me

to know it, and I love them, they seem so knowing or smart and jolly, and I love Joe, he is real kind, and smart too. I wish he could go to school. I think he can, said the doctor, there will be some way when he is old enough. I shall see about that if I live; he was only a little child when we came, but he was useful even then. He shall lose nothing by being obedient and kind. The colored help are all kind, and so respectful to us. O, yes, kindness begets kindness, and respect brings respect, they will never forget the lesson they have learned. I came here to do good, and have done what I could and am soon ready to relinquish my self-imposed mission to younger energies. I feel old today.

As they came a mile or so out of the clearing or settlement in the woods, they caught up with a long row of carts filled with wood, drawn by a mule or ox, so starved looking and weak, and yet bearing half of the loads on their backs or necks, while many of the men lay stretched on the load yelling or singing, and the others walked, cracking their whips and talking all the bad words they could remember, to make others laugh. Many of the animals had sores on their backs and sides large as a man's hand and bloody. Harold was shocked both at their speeches and their sore and starved animals, who reeled under their loads. After they had passed them he asked where they went with their wood. The doctor said they put it by the railroad tracks, where it is loaded on open cars and taken to wood dealers in the cities. These people get very little for their trouble, if there is any gain in the wood business the contractor gets that; and these people barely keep alive, but many of their animals die yearly, but more are growing up in the woods ready to train. "It is a mean business," said the boy. Yes, but they know of no other way to get their hoe cake and bacon, or whiskey and tobacco, so we cannot blame them. Why do they stay? asked Harold. Because they have nothing to go with and know not how to earn a living. If they had learned a trade they might be brave enough to go somewhere to seek employment, but they have learned nothing but to beat mules or oxen and shoot; they are good at that. I would learn a trade and be able to live where I like, and earn a living by my work where I could have some of the

privileges of a civilized country; I never knew it was so hard to get a living.

It is harder than it was some years ago, because of the change which is coming over society by giving up every industry to manufacturing monopolies, so that no mechanic can be his own master, but must work in the great shops or starve. It is changing men from independent men, to cowards, making labor ignoble and degraded. I shall not live to see the strife between labor-monopolies and independent manhood. I can remember the time when a poor young man could put up a little shop and take orders to furnish families with every article of furniture made by his own hands, strong and perfect, and by his labor was enabled to raise and educate a large family, while his sons, though equally good workmen now can get nothing to do, unless they leave home and go to work in a great work shop, where the wages are so low that it would be impossible to support their families on it, so they have to farm a few acres to get the food, and he puts in his work for clothing and other expenses, and they only see him once in three or four months, but a change must come sometime; the human race is progressive and the struggle will at last bring the desired results.

It was a long ride and they arrived home tired and hungry. Dinner had been postponed until they should come, and as soon as they came out of the bath-room the dinner was served, and after dinner there were letters to read: one from Alma which made the whole family glad to hear, and one from Freedolph very pleasant indeed; and still another from Mr. and Mrs. Elliott with invitations to all the members of the household to visit them next winter in their new home in Washington, D. C. Then they are not coming home! O, how Mr. and Mrs. Alvin will miss them, was the general remark.

Mr. Hampton came to Maple Ridge every Sunday, but the captain did not come. It was said that the English people had begun making preparations to start for England and at the same time stop to see Mr. Gordon married to the American girl and go home together.

Mr. Elliott had sold his farm and Captain Hilton's to a rich New Yorker, and he sent a man to look after the prop-

erty, sending a thousand sheep with him, and their keeper. The men said the New Yorker had been cheated in the bargain on the estate, because it had nothing on it—not even weeds. It is a barren wilderness, he said to Mr. Alvin. O, no, said he, come to my house and see how you can improve land here. The man saw but did not understand how to put it in such a condition, nor could it have been done in five years' time with the best care and knowledge, so the man went north, thoroughly disgusted with Virginia farming, before his year was out.

Mr. Krantz was visibly weaker every day, but the doctor gave him stimulating little pellets and he was able to be up and walk about the house, read letters and papers and write articles for his friends' periodicals, but his sister spent much time with him in his room, so that if anything was needed she could get it for him, but the morning before Thanksgiving, he was in bed yet when she came in. She asked if he was in pain and he said no, but I feel cold. She laid more covers on his bed and asked if he would like a cup of hot coffee or tea. Yes, he said, so she went as fast as possible—and it was ready for him, and she ran up to him with it, set it on the stand and said Joseph, here it is, but he moved not, he was asleep. She bowed down on her knees, putting her cheek to his; it was cold! O, yes, she said, you are asleep, and she did not rise until the doctor came in and raised her up, saying: It is a beautiful sleep, he has been tired, but will never be weary again; may we all fulfill our mission as truly and nobly as he has. Dear friend, how shall we do without your kind counsel and advice? He said only the other day that he hoped to be near us, to help watch over and care for those he loved. O! may it be so.

Every one on the place came up to see what was left of their friend, Mr. Krantz. Many wept because they had loved him for his kind, encouraging lessons in moral perfection, or New Christianity as he called it. It was only last Sunday he told us to strive for moral perfection. The foundation of the temple must be strong and of the right proportions, and then the building can be safe as well as beautiful to behold; do not slight the work anywhere. The least spot in the character will worry you in the years to

come so much, though perhaps no one sees the blemish but the architect himself; but you will be reminded of it time after time and try to hide it, but you know it is there, and you cannot pick it out of the structure, memory retains the impressions and conscience points them out to be looked at, remorse, sorrow, repentance, cannot obliterate it. No, not even when forgiven by God, or man, can we forget, or cease to regret. Let no evils enter where the spirit divine should dwell. Guard every door, keep it ever clean and ready and the holy one will come and sup with you.

Thanksgiving day Mr. and Mrs. Alvin and Mr. Hampton came with many others to take a last look at all that was left of their friend. There were papers and little poems left to be given and sent to friends north, east and west, and they were all sent on their mission. The property was left to his sister during her life, and at her death it would go to Freedolph and Virgie, and all his books, pictures and curios were willed to the doctor, his wife and daughter, to do what they like; with many good wishes to all. A scholarship for Joe Hepburn was found among Harold's legacies, which consisted of an old violin, a psalmodicon and harpsichord, and a note for one thousand dollars, the cash to be delivered when he should be twenty-one years old, all these were to be left in care of Doctor Duben until the boys should arrive at manhood.

The doctor and wife went with Mrs. Bremer to bury their loved brother and friend's remains, where his kindred are buried. Mrs. Bremer remained in her home in the city, but Dr. and Mrs. Duben returned to Maple Ridge after a few days' visit with old friends. Mrs. Beverly and the children were alone with the housekeeper and the colored people, while they were gone, and when they were speaking of homes in the city and home in the country, Mrs. Beverly said: I am a country woman; I love country homes when in such condition that they can give support to the family, but to live in the country with starvation and enemies staring one in the face, then it is better to be a servant in some one's kitchen, where there is food and protection from feud. What do you mean by feud or enemies? asked Mrs. Duben. O, relatives who hate and try to destroy one's property and

even threaten life itself for so trivial a thing as the supposed demise of an old male hog or calf, who like as not died of some kind of disease. It followed my father and brothers to their death, and then it took to me until we had no home, no food, and nothing but the graves of our friends. They are all dead but one now, and he cannot last long; he leaves only a daughter and she knows nothing of me, but I have heard that she is always trying to cause a feud, and her father upholds and aids her to accomplish her deadly schemes. They keep cattle and hogs to destroy people's crops, and if they resist them they will *begin* their tricks, shoot into the cows' udders with *bird shot*; and then fire comes, burns the fences, barns and houses and when there is nothing else to get, take your life or save you to see your husband mutilated and killed, or some of the children so.

O, "can such things be possible?" O, yes, they are inoffensive and illiterate people, and can do no harm, it is said, but I know how much they can do. O, God! save us from such neighbors. The doctor listened in silence, but he remembered what the man said of his daughter one morning that summer, and he inquired around, but no one knew any such people. Not long after that a colored man came and asked the doctor to come to a "gemmen's house nigh wer I live and hep em, foh a o'man is done got goad in de stomach, in de yahd." Yes, I will follow you, I do not know the way, so you will have to guide me there. "Yes sah!" Mrs. Beverly, said the doctor, will you accompany me today? I have a case which may need your help. Yes, I can go, she said.

After nearly two hours' hard riding they stopped to enter a lawn through a pretty iron gate. The fence also was of fancy ironwork. The trees were large oaks and beech, with here and there a cedar and pine as nature had planted them. The house was new, good, but not pretentious, and had a northern look. The barn was rather large for Virginia, but there were few other houses or sheds.

We must now tell the reader what had happened there early that morning. The moon shone bright, the farmer and family were aroused from their slumbers about four

o'clock by baying of the dog in the back yard and a shot. The dog howled for a moment and then all was still for a few minutes, when they heard the hoarse roaring of the bull, every one jumped out of bed and dressed in haste. They all felt there was something wrong out there, so they loaded their weapons for self-defense and went out; they saw nothing there, but the bull roared; they went into the barn for corn and put it in the feed box. The cows came and ate but the bull would not come, so they went into the yard and saw what he had there, and lifted the woman and carried her into the house, while her fine little horse pawed the ground and neighed, where he stood tied to a tree back of the barn yard. They sent for the colored man who lived nearest to go for a doctor and he rode with all the speed the horse was able to Maple Ridge, and others were sent for neighbors to come and help care for her, though they knew not who she was or why she was there, or how she could get into the cow yard, or who killed the dog; but time reveals every mystery. They made a bed for her in the sitting-room, relieving her of the soiled clothing, gently bathing her face, binding up the wound and gave her medicines to deaden pain until the doctor came. She had not spoken to any one, only moaned in pain. When he looked at her he was astonished for a moment, because she was young and fair, and she was one of the Sunday school scholars at his house often, though she never made herself free to speak. She was always accompanied by the same young man, Jesse Ramsey. The doctor had spoken with him.

Ettie do you know me? asked the doctor when he saw her eyes rest a moment on his. Yes, she whispered. Where are you hurt, asked he? to find out if her mind was conscious, and she laid her hand on the wound. Shall I look at it? Yes, she whispered. He examined the wound, gave her some medicine and sat looking at her to perceive what effect the medicines would have. She suddenly raised her eyes to him. He bent over her and asked, Shall I send for Jesse? Yes, she whispered. He stepped out of the room a moment to give the order, and when he came back near enough to speak, she said, Doctor, will it kill me? Say so,

if it is so. I cannot tell for certain, but it may prove fatal, but we will do all we can to save you. It's no matter about that; I don't care. I'ds lieve die as live. I've had it hard, and it'll be so always and I wish I was dead now. I've nothing to live for. Can you tell me why you came and how you got into the cattle pen this morning? I'd rather dad'd tell you when I am dead. Well it is no matter about it, you try to rest, or can I do something for you; tell me any thing you want me or any one to know? I'll leave it for dad to tell. Shall I send for him? O, no. She closed her eyes and groaned.

The doctor gave her more medicine and left the room, and Mrs. Beverly went in to sit with her, or do what was necessary for her, but she said nothing. The young man came in great haste, and was alone in the room with the girl for an hour, when the doctor went to see how she seemed to be, and found considerable fever. The lady of the house was not well, so there was only hired help to do for the girl, but the young man sat there. The doctor introduced him to the gentlemen of the house, who said they could not account for the young woman's presence, and showed their sorrow, but were much worried about the mystery of her being in the cattle yard and who shot the dog? If she lives you may never know, but if she dies I reckon ye will find out some how, but now she don't want to say. Mrs. Beverly left the girl in the care of a smart northern girl and went back with the doctor. On the road she said that she believed the girl was a victim of a feud, and it is well if it does not take more lives. I believe it is the last daughter who was driven by threats to do what was impossible, and now lies dying because of insane envy and hate.

The next day the doctor brought Joe with him, and found the girl unconscious. She could not live long, so he did not stay long, but he said to the man that he feared it was a murder. How fares your neighbor, whose daughter had cattle and hogs to feed on your crops. Is his daughter at home now? She is here dying, and young Ramsey and my son went to his house this morning to tell him, but the negro woman said he went to town yesterday and is not home yet. Is the daughter home? asked my son. No sah; she

took her hoss and rode off early yistaday mohning, and she has not come yit. When do you expect them home? I dun know. I reckon dey come wen dey want ter; dey doan tell me. I also fear foul play, said the man. What did he do with the cattle and hogs? O, he took some into the next county, and some he sold in town, and there are some around here yet. But what he means to do to us next we cannot tell. We will have an inquest and we want to find out what was the real cause of death. There is something horrible in the way things are going on, and we must keep a watch night and day. I cannot understand why the girl should be in the lot, or why she would not tell us something about it. The doctor was called upon to go to the examination of the corpse, and found that the wound was not inflicted by the short, thick horn of the bull, but with a sharp long blade thrust downward, so that she was hurt before she came into the lot. Her father had not yet come the day she was found, but several had gone in search of him.

A colored man found him lying on the ground unconscious, about twelve miles from home the next day, his mule grazing a few rods away still hitched to the cart, in which was a broken quart bottle, the man's hat and one shoe. He was lifted into his cart and taken home, and the doctor sent for as soon as possible the next morning, and soon as he saw him he knew he was doomed, but he was not delirious, but was as rational as he had ever been in his life. Doctor you can't do anything for me. I have lived as near in hell as I could foh yeahs, and I reckon I kaint git it much wuss. I learnt only tricks from the cradle, and I kept it up till I'm tiahd of it and want to say quit. Worrited the life out o' my o'man and all my children, and myself, too. How soon can I gasp out my last damn breath, doctor? O, said the doctor, you may live several weeks, and you may not live twenty-four hours. Why have you lived bad? I was learned to live so and did not know that I was living wuss than othahs till two or three yeahs ago, when I got rid o' my wife, then I begun thinking, but I was so hard I could not stop. I on'y took moh whiskey. My daughter she was smaht an she ran off, an I could not git

after her, but at last she sassed me, an I hit her, an then I hauled her an tossed her to the beasts, an they finished her. Your fable was true. I sold my soul and my life when young and expected to be rich and great, but it hasn't been as much account as a mess of cold beans, foh I've been a nuisance all my days. Why sah, I have been a terror to the Gilchrists an Blandfords, and Beverlys, an othahs, but I leave no moh to pester anybody. When the devil takes me he'll git a tough an bittah nut to crack, that's all. If the officers come to make them northerners trouble foh Ettie, tell them how it is, and that'll make it all right foh them. I shall have swallowed the devil, or he have swallowed me befoh that. I never meant to live so bad, but I did. I never learnt to pray and its too late now.

O, no! you can have time to pray many days yet, if you feel like it would do you good, and I think it will do you good. I will say the Lord's prayer and you can repeat it after me, said the doctor, and he did so. The doctor left as soon as he was asleep—leaving medicines to give him when he should wake up, and he lived a little over a week, suffering greatly in mind as well as bodily, until the last moment.

Thus soliloquized the doctor: They had been neglected until they had become barbarians. How sad to think of a life thus wasted. They were born, lived, and died in a Christian community, but for generations they had lived such lives and knew not that they were any worse than others in character. Whose fault is it that such things are permitted? Where have our missionaries been these many years, that they did not visit the benighted people in these lovely solitudes? Why did they not send teachers—good moral humanitarians, who love every soul which the All Father issues? So that by contrast of life and teaching they could see where they were and depart from evil and do well because of the good of life. "The happiness which follows goodness or righteousness. They always tell me, when I speak of a good life. That won't take any one to heaven, if you are not washed in the blood of the lamb. O, that the world could remember the Christian principles, as well as they remember symbols of faith, which is wrapped in

swaddling cloths and laid in the manger. How long shall we let it be thus bound and fettered? Let the infant Christ grow in every life strong and active, in favor with God and man, learning and asking questions, then when care comes the divine nature is so well developed and strong, that the duties of life are but pleasures, and every man is a brother, a friend, and the beastly nature was left at the little box where our narrow creed tied us; but thank God, mercy's gracious hand is as large as the human race and if the light did not reach us here, in earthly caverns, it may reach us some time in the infinite circles of spirit existence. The Father of all will not see anyone entirely lost. The kernel of corn is not entirely lost though eaten by the worm; the worm has its uses in nature as well as everything, but every thing has its own uses and their moral lessons for man.

Mr. Hampton came to speak a few words to those who followed poor Ettie to the grave. The grave, said he, covers many a secret shame that would not best for the world to know, and many pure and noble natures have been crushed to such a degree, that the grave was to them a lovely retreat. The grave holds nothing but the earthly garment laid by when the man or woman goes to a higher life. This life is the introductory service to eternity. If we are good and faithful servants during our trial period, we will be apt to continue to be such and progress as the ages roll by. It is well that we should have charity toward the erring, but shun the error and give it no room in our character; sin is sin, whether I commit it or another. We are all alike precious to the great artist who created us, good, pure, noble, structures, worthy of a place among the gods, as they expressed it in ages past, but they have sought out many inventions to lower humanity in hope of building up a godology, to be worshipped, instead of cultivating the God-like principles already in the human organism. O, how glad we should be for the advance of the sciences; they are the beacon lights to guide us along the breakers of old theology, saving us from being shipwrecked ere we find the better landing in the spheres of the blessed.

The doctor and his wife and the children rode ahead, Mr. Hampton and Mrs. Beverly came after, and while on

the road to and from an unfortunate girl's funeral, there were long talks of love and matrimony—not like young people's dreams of perfect bliss, but for pleasant associations and true conjugal trust; love, such as only comes with age. Jealousy can never enter and sit scowling at the family feasts there.

As soon as they were all in the parlor that night they told what contract they had made, and asked if they thought it was all right. Yes, said the doctor, but there is one thing more I would like to have added to it, and that is, that Mr. Hampton buys Maple Ridge to give his bride as a wedding present. How can you part with this beautiful home that you have worked so hard to improve? I know that I cannot live always, and have known it all the while I was doing it for some one else, and I should like it well if you were the possessors. Do you favor the plan? Mr. Hampton did not answer for some time. You give me time to meet the payments along, as I have payments coming in for property sold, and I will, providing the place is not beyond my means. The doctor told the price, and then Mr. Hampton came and reached the doctor his hand; he rose and they shook hands so hard that the prisms on the lamp shook and rattled; and they came to Mrs. Duben asking if she was willing, and when she said yes, they stepped one each side of her chair lifting it several feet up before she could think what they were doing. They set her gently down and went to where Mrs. Beverly was sitting, laughing, but she and the children were running around the room in great glee. Could it be that this was to be their home? O, the tears and smiles were chasing one another, came and went, like April sunshine and showers. Harold came and laid his head against the doctor's cheek. The doctor drew him close and kissed him, and whispered in the boy's ear, and he smiled, and went and put his arms about Mr. Hampton's neck and kissed him, then kissed Mrs. Duben and his mother. Mary did as Harold had done and then retired.

At Glenwood, as soon as Mr. Hampton had attended to some business letters which had come while he was away, and when all were seated by the fire, he told them of what had happened, and they were greatly surprised; they wished

him much joy of both contracts, but felt sorry to lose the foreign element which had caused such a change in the moral and religious sentiment of this neighborhood.

The doctor must retire, he cannot endure the fatigue of riding around the country as he has been doing of late. Mrs. Duben has no society here outside of her own family, and those children must be in school; so they take the children with them and Mrs. Beverly will take me, and the homestead, but she accepted me as her lover or husband before the other contract was thought of; that is one consolation I have, she gave herself to me before the home was in the bargain.

A few days after the above conversation there came a letter from the children. I wish they were safe at home. I am tired of the thought that I may never see them, and wonder where or how they are situated, said Mrs. Alvin. Mr. Alvin read the letter, and enjoyed it greatly, but tears sparkled in the mother's eyes. I will give the reader a glimpse at the letter.

Florence, Italy, Dec. 2, 1889.

Dear Parents: We received your welcome letter yesterday, which gave us much pleasure. I know how you look for an interesting letter. You read in the papers true descriptions of the countries through which we have traveled so that I cannot picture anything so beautiful as you have already seen. The country is as fine as any we have passed through, but here are many more ruins than in Switzerland, Germany or France. These castles seem to be whole as we pass but on close inspection they are ruins to remind the traveler of raging conflicts in ages past. Convents, churches in ruins in the fields, or near the railroad. We have passed through many tunnels, and the electric lights are burning all the time. The sites of buried cities are being built upon again. Is it not marvelous how people should want to build a live city over a dead one. The Italians are not like what we have seen of them. They are genteel, and agreeable though naturally excitable; men and women are good looking with black eyes and hair, but the thoroughfares are full of beggars. The weather is fine so we can be out to

look for objects of interest, which are legion. The streets, houses, shops, studios, museums, all are full of quaint designs of sculptures, pictures, architecture. The churches are always open, so that we can have time to see the many statues of marble or bronze. The fountains, too, are exquisitely, and some most beautifully made of marble or bronze. Convents, monasteries and courts, and conservatories of relics and beautiful flowers. The cathedral is the most gorgeous of any we have seen, outwardly, but inside it is inferior. The baptistry is famous for its bronze doves, and is a fine old structure filled with ancient altars. Clouds of pigeons light on the building; many children go there every day to feed the pigeons. We have seen some old masters' paintings. I am no artist but could see the fine shading to make the pictures stand out from the canvas like a form in front of a dark background and not like many pictures pronounced good, which looked flat and even hollow to me. I am glad that I could see them. The statuary impressed me much. The expressions on the marble or bronze faces and attitudes were marvelous works of the imagination, told by the fine workmanship of ages of man. We attended mass. If I had not learned my prayers in Latin, I would have had no good of it, as it was I did not hear every word distinctly, but even if I had heard it, there seemed to be no more religious worship in it than the sound of the wind through lofty pine and beeches over the rill, or little waterfall in the brook at home. The organ seemed to wheeze, groan and cry, as if in pain or grief for the blood of the martyr souls of ages gone.

If nothing happens we will spend Christmas in Rome. I like to look at works of man imitating the works of nature. There are many Americans here now, who expect to remain over winter. It is pleasant here, but we came here to see the wonderful things—gathered upon the fields of Time.

We have good company and pleasant rooms, and are blessed with good health. Alma says I wish they were here. I know they would enjoy sight-seeing as well as we.

Give our regards to all our friends, and most of all to Mr. Hampton. Our love and best wishes to you, our dear

ones at home, where we hope to see you well and happy in the spring. Now farewell.

From William and Alma to Father and Mother Alvin.

Christmas came and a wedding ceremony was again repeated in the parlor at Maple Ridge. The room was decorated with holly, mistletoe and cedar vine, very pretty. The bride and groom were appropriately attired and looked well. There were a couple of Mr. Hampton's friends there, and two ladies from Philadelphia, friends of Mrs. Beverly, nieces of Mrs. Bremer's husband, who came to see their friend married. They visited at Dubens when they lived in Pennsylvania, so they came to stay while Mr. Hampton and bride went to visit friends in North Carolina as their wedding trip, and one of William Alvin's friends in Portsmouth came to take Mr. Hampton's place at Glenwood farm, a Mr. Dinsmore, a middle-aged gentleman, good looking; a bachelor. The church at Crystal Springs was not used much now, the old people felt tired and there were no young people who cared for any recreation. Once in two weeks the Farmers' Alliance met at the school house, but it was a secret order, so many would not join it on that account. They feared that they would be led into bondage of some kind, and poverty was bondage enough. Yes, such abject poverty in a land of plenty. There seemed to be a curse resting on the ground, it would not bring anything no matter how well it was cultivated. Mould on the grain, lice on the grapes, hops, cabbage and beets, beetles and bugs on everything else, worms in the corn plants; worms in the ears of corn and weevils or moths in the kernels, destroying it all. Cattle died of murrain and bone rot and fever.

People were dying of despair or malarial typhoid fever—some of slow starvation. All who had friends anywhere to go to left, begging to be helped to come home, leaving pretty cottages and large vineyards and orchards. The fences are gone, some of the houses also, but many cannot be seen for young pines growing so thickly around them. The colored people have taken possession of some. The vineyards have been tramped down, the orchards burned up

or broken and destroyed. Many farms have been sold for the delinquent tax money, so that some men who make it a practice to bid on tax sales, have thousands of acres of good land lying ready for enterprising settlers, and some day these lands will be very valuable because of the even temperature, and so near the best markets in the world. You may search the world over and not find a more pleasant climate.

Mr. and Mrs. Hampton found many good friends where they visited, and came away with many good wishes and tokens of remembrance, or friendship and love, and some promises of visits during the winter. Doctor and Mrs. Duben went to Philadelphia as soon as they could get things right, and took the children. Joe wept for joy; he did not know what to say when he was told that he was rich enough to go to school, but the next day he came in and told the doctor he was very happy to go and said, I shall try to do all I can to pay you for your kindness to me. Mama says she shall pray to God for you always. Papa, too, says he shall always remember your kindness and try to live by your example.

Even Mr. Golding was sorry that the Dubens were going away, but Doctor Duben told him he left a younger, better man in his place; a southerner, too, of the best, purest and noblest type of humanity. You would have a glorious country if you had enough of them to make it so. I have done what I could, now others must take up the skein and wind away until it is finished. This country needs strong, young men and not only here and there one, like my son-in-law, William Alvin. If the country were filled up by such, then it would be a country as fine as any on this globe. Money grows in some young men's hands, and in others it shrinks to nothing. A good education has done much for him, said Mr. Golding. Yes, that is true, but I have seen young men as well educated that were not worth anything because they had no executive ability. These woods would not stand like prison walls all around you if there was a young man like William Alvin on each hundred acres. No, you would see good homes, and a nation growing up, the like of which have never had a place in

any country on earth, or on the pages of romance or history. There are so few of that kind of men that they are almost worshipped and many are ruined by the homage or honor cast before them. They become egoists. They worship the work of their own hands and forget the great hand which has created them.

Why Doctor, I thought you was an infidel, you don't talk like it, said Mr. Golding. I am a freethinker. I belong to no denomination of Christians, yet I am a friend to all true religions. True religion teaches the brotherhood of man, and divinity in humanity; no matter how it got there, it matter little whether of Paul or Apollos, one creed or another, one old scripture or another; where the spirit of love and truth is there is the holy Bible. The temple of good, or God, is man. Heaven or hell also is in man and is found nowhere else. Jesus taught so, even though he wrote not a word but in the sand, which corresponds to time. The hand of the Infinite Creative power is Time, in time we are born, live and die, but we guess at Future Time, calling it Eternity. Very true, said Mr. Golding.

I have learned some things here which I shall speak of, some to be regretted, said the doctor. The colored people on the place and in the neighborhood have improved greatly in five years just passed; but the white population has neither increased nor improved in any way seen by brother man, but perhaps the Infinite eye sees the inward progress, and takes note of it. To be sure there are not bars in every country store now, but we meet drunken men on the road now as formerly, though perhaps not so often. There are very few of the slave owning aristocracy left here, but some old men come up to me and introduce themselves as, "Only one of the pooah white trash," and laughs and seems to be happy because they have comfortable homes in a country they love, while former great landlords stand behind counters serving the whims or needs of their former slaves, or their children. The white Virginian despises work, and feels mortified beyond description if seen at work. The look given you is like a reproach for some great injury done them. I cannot understand how they can feel as they do about it when it is well known that they live in poverty,

scarcely able to procure the bare necessities of life. I have never seen such keen feeling on the supposed degradation of labor anywhere else. This is the greatest drawback to the material progress of the country. If they find a white woman at work in her garden alone, she is disgraced, but if she stands there to look how colored people are doing it for her though she has nothing to pay them with, she is honored, because she did not bend her back or hold the hoe. The same can be said of the men, though necessity has driven the folly out in some cases.

Life has no greater blessing than its antagonisms. How stupid and indifferent we would become if there was nothing to trouble us. The Infinite hand wafts us all little undesirable experiences which we call troubles; they are only polishing or refining processes on character or operations on the spiritual features of the great artist's work. But most of our troubles are imaginary, or caused by ourselves or we look for them in the future, cultivating a moral cowardice about troubles and diseases entirely unnecessary. The habit of making much of petty evils indicates defeat, when if taken differently would show a life full of joy, victorious over selfishness and its small affairs. Many women are defeated by ordinary household duties, as men are by weeds and thistles; they can never face the day with a smile and song which brings with it a love to do any task time and circumstances make imperative, which should be performed joyfully; yet they are grudgingly done, and life is robbed of its greatest joy. No occupation need be disgusting or an irksome task if an interest can be found in it.

Our first duty as parents is to show a cheerful disposition under every difficulty, always endeavoring to find something interesting in work as well as in what is called pleasure. The same can be done with studies and they will not weary the mind. Teachers who cannot inspire in their pupils an interest or love of knowledge are lacking in education themselves, such troubles rarely begin at school, but in the home where every duty is a heavy task, where grumbling is the only music learned to perfection, where the word work, conveys to them only misery. This beautiful world

to them is all wrong, and even their pleasures are clouded over by the dread of work in the future. No wonder that children in such homes hate work even that which brings the greatest pleasures to others. Any kind of pleasures cannot be satisfactory without labor, thought, and speculation of many kinds, and very little self-sacrifice unless we have false conceptions of pleasure.

Life has a better side to it if we are able to see it. Our choicest gifts and blessings lie the other side of our saddest moments; it is like climbing mountains to see the distant ocean glistening in the sunlight of a summer day. Does it pay for the heated brow, the weariness? Climbing to get a glimpse of early sunrise or view the midnight sun in a cold mist so dense that nothing can be seen but the great red ball, not even companions' faces, and you seem alone in the universe. Yet it pays all along the rugged path with bits of rural sights and sounds, and there are fern-bordered glens and flower-decked bowers and cool crystal clear springs shaded by beautiful trees where rest can be enjoyed, where there is peace—silence. Yes it pays to live, love, toil, think, hope, admire, worship. It pays to love all good in nature and in the heart of humanity, striving to overcome evil with good. God has given more power than we think we have, and provided many interesting specimens, scientific, crude or natural, for every step of the way so that when we live widely, think nobly, and study the world as it is, we find the roughest, coarsest, cheapest materials inclose the richest food or the most precious gems. But if we refuse to remove the outer husk we will never enjoy the glories or uses they hold; science and literature cannot be enjoyed until we have acquired a taste for them. The world is a richly spread feast for the senses, or for the intellect, but there are many yet who refuse to eat eggs or drink milk, or learn the language of color, or harmony of sounds, because they cannot be attained without application.

One question may truly be asked which sounds like this: Are you getting your portion of, or the best of the feast which the world spreads before you, or are you satisfied with husks? Tradition, theories, creeds, myths, sagas or fables? They are the husks in which lay hidden infinite

truths to those who wrote, spoke or sang, and they had their antagonisms. Those same truths we find fresh from the hand of God as displayed through nature, science, art and spiritual development of the human mind, or as some call it, correspondences with our environments. They are so near to us as they were to Moses, Elias, or Jesus and the apostles. Each one is a temple in which dwell some redeeming virtues. Creative power through the ages past has made humanity as we see it, from the highest to the lowest, from the animal plane to the perfect man, the son of God; not the only begotten, but the many who have overcome all antagonisms and live at one with the divine principles who govern the world, Wisdom, Love and Truth.

I believe you are right doctor, said Mr. Golding. Time is changing everything, and with the rest old Virginia must change, and the change will be for better times than she has ever known. Her resources are inexhaustible; her grand waterways indestructible; her mineral deposit beyond calculation; her woods a wealth already and still growing fast; her springs the nectar of gods; the air just cold enough to know that it is winter, clear, sunshiny, yet below freezing. It stimulates man to work to be warm, yet zero is seldom heard of.

I am in love with old Virginia with all her faults and wrinkles.

Alma wrote every week and her parents wrote to her, so that she was informed of what occurred, but when the news came of Mr. Hampton's marriage and purchase, she was much astonished, and William said he was thunder-struck. But we will believe it is the best thing that could happen, especially on the ladies' side. She will have a lovely home and a retreat for her children when tired of life's busy strife. How that boy loves Maple Ridge! He, at least, knows what a good home is worth to him, said Alma. I believe the girl will appreciate it as much as any one, though a very quiet child, said William, and you remember mother wrote in her last letter that she had a wonderful sweet voice and love for music seldom seen in a child so young. The boy plays the violin beautifully now. The girl also shows

no small executive ability. I am glad so worthy people have the home, Alma concluded.

The grand house seemed so empty, quiet, almost lonely after the Dubens and children went away, but they found something to do in every room to make them look natural with what they could get. Mr. Hampton said his pocket-book was too lean to furnish the house from the stores. He had bought a great pile of beautiful cherry and maple lumber of Doctor Duben that had been drying since the year he came there, and was in excellent condition to make into furniture. He told his wife of it, and she said we might have some made here. I know a man who works by day's work in Philadelphia who would be glad to come here and make them by contract, if he can move his family with him. I give you the right to get them made any way you can; here is room enough for several families. I was out today looking into empty houses, smoky and dirty. I shall only keep one colored family—Hepburns. The school-room will be a good finishing shop and there is a large light room in the packing house to work in, though full of peanuts now, but we will begin cleaning them tomorrow. Then I will write to him, said Mrs. Hampton. Yes, do so, I shall be glad to see something moving about. Not many weeks after that there was something moving about for the cabinetmaker and family came and went to work, but his wife and children were homesick. They had never before been outside of city limits and felt lost. The man only thought of a good job to make money, so he worked for nearly a year and heard complaint every day. Then one day there was quarreling and the wife and children went back to the city, but the man stayed to finish the job, and when finished he went to his family, but was not welcome. He stayed a few days and it grew worse every day. He gave them what money he had and came back to work. He was gloomy and sad, but thought perhaps time would come when they would want him, but the time has not come yet, and he is becoming a hermit, but he is not alone. There are little houses here and there in the woods where some old Union soldier lives alone, away from family and friends preferring these vast solitudes to the busy haunts of

men. The only place they visit is the postoffice and grocery store. The pension is the only friend they seem to have or care for. They keep a few fowls, a pig, some an ox or mule, but most have nothing but an old gun. They are intelligent, take many newspapers and when aroused can talk intelligently on politics at least, on the subject of religion they say very little, but when speaking of social evils they get excited and exaggerate, but perhaps they have had trials which have sent them into exile.

When the people at Crystal Springs found that they no longer had the foreign born philanthropist in the neighborhood they thought perhaps things would go back again to dancing and frivolous sports as before they came there, but no one seemed in any hurry to begin. The new minister on the circuit was a married man, sober, quiet and not at all eloquent, and everybody was so sleepy that they could not wake up enough to sing a hymn, but seemed to groan on one side of the congregation and squeal it out on the other, and not one dared to touch the organ for fear that would add to the groaning and squealing. The village blacksmith thought he would wake them up, so he told the people he would hold prayer meetings and hoped they would help pray every Sunday night, but when the meeting began they could not pray. The sense of the ludicrous was too strong, so they could do nothing but laugh inside while their faces were rigid, or bowed down to rest and relax the muscles in the public organ of intelligence, out of sight or there might have been an ignominious exposure of levity, which no one would be guilty of; but the novelty soon wore off and they absented themselves, and the honest blacksmith prayed to empty pews. The young people of Crystal Springs were not fond of learning so they dropped out of what had been hoped to establish—a reading circle, and nothing more was heard on the subject.

Mr. Hampton did not wish to push himself on to the community but quietly waited for a time, when his services should be needed, and before anyone was thinking of death the unbidden guest came calling around among the best, and carried them from time into eternity. One of the most promising young ladies of the village was taken sick of

diphtheria, and before any of her young friends knew of her illness she had passed through the portal death, which admits the soul into spirit realms. There were other cases, but they were called—died of grip—three to be buried the same day, but many miles apart as burial grounds are on farms, where their grand parents were interred many years ago, and though in some instances the spot is hard to find, yet it is the place among brush and briars, and an all-day drive through rain and slush as that day was.

Mr. Hampton was asked to speak at the house, as there was a funeral at the church in the morning and one in the evening at two o'clock, and they must go over ten miles in the rain. I will come to the house and hold service, but cannot go to the grave, was Mr. Hampton's promise.

After a short invocation, Mr. Hampton spoke like the following: Dear friends, I sympathize with you deeply in your loss; so is life here; when we think we are in the midst of it, we are in death. But it is not so great a loss when we remember how soon we shall come after, to greet and be greeted by loving friends, for we hope to recognize one another as the disciples of Jesus recognized their master when he appeared before them. His birth, life and death are the great lessons we must learn, as examples for our life, death and resurrection, or they would never have been given to us. Our bodies are only the garment in which the soul is dressed while it is being developed or prepared for higher uses in the next state of spiritual development. The period of infancy of obedience, in swaddling cloths while the natural organs are growing around the little germ of divinity, is laid low, helpless, but at the head of the beast of the stall; protected from harm by domestic animal virtues, in the manger.

The form lying here cold and lifeless is not your daughter, sister, friend. She is safe among those gone before her to spirit realms. A little carelessness, or heedlessness of the laws of health, or ignorance of those laws brought disease of the tissues rending the beautiful garment beyond the possibility of repair, and the soul could not be dressed in it any longer. The soul must arise from it, in its spiritual body right here; she needs no other; it is

etherial and bright but corresponds to this. She may be here among us now, though we see her not, with our dull eyes, but remember what Jesus said to Thomas. There is great comfort in believing, though not being clear sighted, we hope to see when the veil is lifted. If her spiritual faculties were well developed and her moral sense pure, and the will good, she will soon be bright in shining garments, often coming as a ministering angel. You will not see her with your natural eyes, but with the eyes of the spirit. The disciples of Jesus did not see him glorified, they saw him materialized, to correspond to their state of intelligence. They could not see spiritual objects with natural organs of vision, any more than we can today, but with hope, faith and charity ever guiding our faltering steps. Then individuality will be less, as we get nearer to the end of the working period, or the six days of manhood's creation. If we make good use of our week, it will enable us to look back at ourselves, seeing the selfishness which has made our burden heavy, retarding our spiritual development. This sight is the dawning of the sabbath of life. Jesus said, you must love one another even as I have loved you. That is, so much, that we could give our life for the enlightenment of the human race, or do good without hope of recompense. Every day has its labors in the battle for existence, but we often make them harder by our follies in one way or another, which we look back to with regret in days to come.

Jesus taught spiritual truth, and his life corresponds to truth, or the bread of life; the meat and drink spiritually corresponds to love, of all good in and through all things, natural and spiritual, as love to the neighbor. No matter who they are, good or bad, they belong in the family of the first born; erring mortals like ourselves, in higher or lower degree of moral or spiritual development. Like the master we must serve, if we shall enter, as good and faithful servants into the joys of our Lord. The life which has risen from this lovely form has not ceased to act, think, enjoy, learn. No, she has just entered upon the studies which we shall also begin when our time comes, and perhaps she will then be able to teach us many of the mysteries of spirit life

and its attendant happiness. What a consolation to know that there is not one soul lost of all which is issued; every one fills his place in the perfect whole, in all is symmetry, beauty, perfection. Time is ever chiseling, polishing and perfecting. Its eternal work must be glorious to behold. We are as clay in the potter's hand; he made us for use, and we should be happy in the sphere assigned us until wanted for other uses in other spheres. How blessed to know that we all are parts of some division, of muscle, or portion in some tissue, in the body of the Grand man. That our life is but the influx from that great life. That consciousness of individual existence is given to every particle of organic life, yet all belong to one symmetrical harmonious whole. One grand unimaginable life, which we call God, and know no more. Dear friends, let us strive to live so that good spirits shall love to hover around us with their blessed presence, preventing evil from coming near us. Hover so near us that we can feel their sweet influence for good in our daily life, causing it to be like those, whose angels always see the face of our father who is in heaven; not in the sky, but in the spiritual heaven or divine mind. Weep not for loved ones who are gone before us to spirit life. We have not lost them but they have gained immortality. They are there ready to receive us when the portals open to us when our life's sun is set here, and we fall asleep and are borne into peaceful happy homes in the land of the blessed.

After singing a hymn and the last look at the remains, and helping to lift it into the wagon, Mr. Hampton went home through a cold, drizzling rain. He was well protected from the wet, but feeling sorry for those who must face it without cover, for many miles over muddy roads. How backward, how slow to think people are here, thought Mr. Hampton. The woods around the church could be a beautiful spot for a cemetery. There are noble beeches, willow, oaks, holly and cedars, and scrub pines. The bushes and vines could be cleared away, and it would be a park to gladden the heart of the passerby, but no one has even the power to suggest an improvement. It is true as my wife says, the brain has been starved too long and has shrunk

up. There is no brain food in corn, water and bacon, with now and then a rabbit or squirrel. The orchards are all neglected, and few new ones are planted as they ought to be, there is no prospect for fruit. The children are few, but those few are puny, ill-kept and gloomy and look as if they had never had enough to eat in their lives.

When he came home he heard voices talking in the parlor, and saw wraps hung up in the hall. He went to his room to lay off his, and make himself presentable. In the parlor he found friends from his childhood's home, which took all gloomy thoughts out of his mind and home for a week at least. Mr. and Mrs. Guilford were easy-going, jovial persons, little past middle age. They have raised and married off their children; are in comfortable circumstances. They were both schoolmates and neighbor playmates in childhood with Teddie Hampton. Now they had come to have a good time with him and his young and beautiful wife.

They came from Newport News, where they had been visiting friends who were established in business there, and doing remarkably well in that new and thriving place. They do things at lightning speed there, said Mr. Guilford, nothing like us old fogies. They advertise in every paper, east, north and south, perhaps west, too. People flock there and stay—not as they do out here, where they come, clear, build, plant, cultivate, and just when they are ready to have some good from their labor and expense, they are tired and leave never to return, letting all their trouble go for nothing.

No, they can stay there because it belongs to a great monopoly and they can get steady work. And property is bound to rise in value as the place grows. Perhaps we had better sell out and buy in Newport News? Every one to their notion, said Mr. Hampton, but I think we can do as well to hold our property where it is. I care little about booming places. I like to live where I will not be disturbed by strikes. Advertising, too, can be overdone, and when the disappointed people go away, they frighten everybody away who had contemplated settling in the booming place, and all the circulars they can send to such places will not

bring a permanent settler. You know that if I go and find out a fraud and tell you, you will believe my word and the circulars are waste paper, that is the way with booming. I talked to a man the other day who works at Portsmouth. He said: Many have like myself been lured here by misrepresentations, and all of these people are working hard to get money to buy tickets to go home, and all wishing that those cursed lying scamps were in state's prison or in hell. He asked me if I had ever been in Claremont in Surry. He said he had bought land there some years ago, but there was nothing to do, so he was obliged to leave there or starve as the land brought him nothing; it was worth nothing, not even the tax money, but I told him not to undervalue it, for land in our climate would some day rank with the best. You know it is not stony, it is not sand but clay which has been exhausted growing wood and must have time to be ready for the plow. It must have the plant food applied until it can have grass to turn in, or other crops for it is barren of certain properties which have been taken up by trees. It must be brought into a state of fertility, and then cultivated right before it can give anything to pay for the labor, but as soon as it can produce a green crop it should be turned in and more sown until it is in condition to grow cereal, or vegetables in paying quantities and marketable quality. The time will soon come when you will wish you had more land along James river, and you will lose nothing by enriching your land, even though it is a swamp it will be valuable for some use, and will sell better than some hill-side land. I told him I had lately bought a large farm and expected it to feed me without my personal labor, but I shall see to it that it is improving and not left bare to wash and bleach. We have no snows to cover our land here, so we must blanket it with a mat of grass, such as orchard, clover, vetches, red top, blue grass, and several kinds of beans which grow on poor soil, and if not left to ripen seed, they take little from the soil, but much from the atmosphere, and when turned in at the right time improve the soil greatly. I took notice of farming in several countries in Europe, India, China, Japan and Turkish states, and set it down in my memory, should I ever become a farmer I would have

quite an education in the science of agriculture or horticulture.

We need intelligent immigrants here, but I do not approve of inducing them to come here by misrepresentation, because they cannot stay if they have no way of support, and they give the country a bad name. The land agents do exaggerate and that drives more away than the gain they get by it, and they, also have to live and learn. But land is land, and it will speak to the intelligent seeker after good peaceful homes in a mild healthful climate; a language which the wise always understand and the fools heed not, so that in time this part of the great union will be full of good and beautiful homes. I may not live to see it, but I feel like it is to be, nor do I think that the race problem will frighten them away. I think the races will learn to live together amicably. If Virginians had done more to get immigrants long ago they would have had greater wealth; other states have advertised, spending much money, and have filled up and are prospering greatly, where there are greater drawbacks, said Mrs. Guilford. O yes, but Virginians are proud, they do not want to beg people to buy their lands—so they keep them until they are sold under the hammer; rather than work a little harder and spend a little money in advertising their land for sale themselves, and not give so great a per cent to agents. I mean truthful advertisements. I have more land than I want, and have been thinking to try it in that way myself, said Mr. Guilford. O yes, that was the way this place sold some years ago, when it was falling into decay, and the owners could not run it themselves.

“That puts me in mind of a little rhyme by our neighbor, Claus Blunderbus, said Mrs. Hampton. Read it, said Mrs. Guilford. Well, here it is:

UNIVERSAL ADVICE.

Advertise justly, wisely, and well,
What it will bring you, time will soon tell
The good and useful as well as gold,
The oil of gladness bought and sold,
Advertise for wisdom, truth and love.
They are commodities, sent from above,

Pearls of the mind when on the string
Glisten! aye, sparkle where e'er gold is king,
Wisdom's more precious than much fine gold,
Truth of more value than rubies, we're told,
Love is beginning and end of all things.
'Tis life itself, the blessed in paradise sings.
Advertise truly each gem you've in store,
If others have better, let them advertise more.
The flowers of Eden are blooming there yet,
The sun of righteousness never shall set.
You'll gather a harvest whatever it be,
Whether of sorrow, or gold in great glee,
Certain! whether in time or eternity.
Trees that are growing may sometime bear fruit,
Voices be musical that long have been mute.
If bereavements come like shadows of night
Dress thyself plainly in garb of white.
Hope is arrayed in garments of light,
Memory also in raiment as bright.
Remorse or repentance, stuffed in a sack
Demoniac sorrow should ever be black.

Then advertise justly, yes advertise well,
The scales are now moving. Time will soon tell
Who for a penny his birthright will sell—
To heavenly happiness; and accept of hell.

The gun spreads its shots, but some hit hard, said Mr. Guilford. Yes, said Mr. Hampton, I remember once when I was young; I happened to read an advertisement promising to send a certain copy of a masterpiece by a favorite artist, for one dollar. I sent my dollar and waited patiently, and at last a roll came, and I imagined it had come. I left my work to look at my cheap work of art, eagerly tearing open the cover; shocked to find some poor woodcuts on cardboard, and one colored engraving on cloth called, "The last soul in hell." They were so shockingly ugly that I cast them away; but have seen them on other people's walls, frightfully ugly to my mind, highly prized by others. So it is with books, novels for instance, Cooper's,

Collins's, and many others. How do you like Haggard's works? asked Mr. Guilford. I have not read them thoroughly, but from what I have seen of them they are built like plays upon the past, but in it all is the inside play of the present. In "She" for instance, he seems to teach the old theory of transmigration of souls, and goes far away to find it. Old philosophy as well as theology get burned up by our Electricity. The same can be seen in his social teachings in the rest of his stories; except in the story, "Eric Brighteyes," he overdid the murdering for the mere sport of it, which is not a true play on the northern character. I hope if ever he builds more romances, he will be able to find characters in our own time, and among civilized people worthy to have word pictures taken of their good and evil character, as well as their personal beauty. I think it is waste of time to read anything which teaches society no good lessons; there are always plenty of evil ones in every day life, without teaching them with evil romancing. There are men and women writers who spend their whole time on mean, low-lived word pictures, very degrading to weak-minded youths of both sexes. If those writers cannot see their evils, and do something to undo the evil, I fear they have lowered themselves so that the misrepresenting spirit will follow them into spirit existence, and cloud their sphere of usefulness there.

Have you become a spiritualist? asked Mr. Guilford. Yes, I have become a spiritualist. I have found spiritual truth, the kernel of natural truth; a man will get to it by study and application; "it was hard work to get it cleaned and stored in my mental store house, but I feel well repaid now for my pains. I need no magnetism or other sciences to help me, I can do it without them. The will and understanding work well together, so does reason and conscience. I can use the scriptures now, not as worship; or an object to worship, but as a storehouse of truths, some are literal, some spiritual; much is allegorical or symbolical. Inspiration is from the source of life or God, to man in all ages, and the record of such inspiration is human agency of information from man to man concerning this inspiration. It was all the telegraphy they had, and it sufficed for those

times. We have our new dispensation, with sciences from the world of spirits, or from the powers of the air, which man has learned to control to serve him, man has not yet learned how far he can go into the supernatural or spiritual, but he is trying hard to throw off old dead theories, by putting new practical live ones by the side of them, thus forcing the dead weights from their accustomed highly respected places in the human mind. The new theories are not much studied yet, but are growing rapidly in favor with God and man. God in our time is not a tyrant, or a person at all, but an all-pervading principle or life force through nature, in which we live, move and have our being, extending even beyond physical life into that beyond, yet it is not outside of nature but in the heart of it, or divine nature. We must become one with it, or our sympathies cannot be in harmony with the new order of things, and will suffer with spiritual disease, beside the physical decay natural to our progress into spiritual existence. Our moral sense of right has been perverted by false doctrines and it is hard to overcome our prejudices, but when the will and understanding are healthy, they soon start up the hill of science on the road to where wisdom dwelleth.

I don't call that spiritualism; you say nothing about knocking, rapping, writing, or any outlandish performances, to get speeches from familiar spirits, said Mrs. Guilford. I should call your ideas "New Christianity," said her husband. I suppose you have studied the science of correspondences by Emanuel Swedenborg? Yes, said Mr. Hampton, I have read some of his works, but it takes patience and a love of study to get well acquainted with them; had I not read what I did read of them, I would not have left the church as I did, and traveled in heathen countries; you can remember how prejudiced we were against other countries who were not as we thought, "God's children" because not Christians. The thought that they were as dear to the Infinite Father as we are, had never before come before my mind, and it began changing my religious faith; becoming broader, deeper, higher. I lost my best friend, my life's companion, who often used to tell me; we were only the youngest child in God's grand family, and that we ought to

remember the rest, as well as our heavenly father remembered them. I see now how ignorant we are, and how selfish.

There was a few moments' silence. Mr. Guilford broke it by asking Mr. Hampton if he remembered their neighbor, Reynolds? Yes, said Mr. Hampton. They had two bright boys and a beautiful baby girl. Yes, said Mr. Guilford. The boys were not old enough to serve in the war; they were sent out west to an uncle who educated them, and they are now well established in business there. I spoke to them when here last year to look after their estate, of which the old people have a life lease; but left it during the rebellion; going into some kind of mercantile business in a suburban village or town near Baltimore, Md., because they should find more congenial society for Bessie, who had grown more beautiful with her years. She was carefully educated, and her parents and friends had great hopes for her future. Bessie had an aunt living in Washington, D. C., where she visited often; her aunt being a society lady, introduced Bessie into the best society circles, where she was much courted because of her beauty. But she had made her choice, so she cared not for their attentions. The young man she loved had plenty of money, moved in the best society. They often attended theatre together, and all her friends expected to be invited to their wedding soon. One night in the winter they did not return from the theatre as usual. The troubled aunt waited in vain, she sent messengers to their friends, asking for her. Sent a telegram to the parents; they had not seen nor heard from her. The young man had also disappeared, so the papers said it was an elopement, but her parents did not believe it; they employed detectives, but they failed to find them.

The public had forgotten them, as we forget a shower as soon as the sun shines. Years went and no word came to let them know if Bessie lived, so they mourned her as dead. One day about five years ago I picked up a paper and looked at a column of inquiries, or wanted—If anyone knows where any one of the Reynolds of Mossy Brook farm, Virginia, can be found, please write the information to Adaline Powers, and a reward is insured. No. — —

St., Philadelphia. I cut the little notice out of the paper, wrote to Mr. Reynolds, inclosing it, and he wrote to the lady. She sent the description. The next train took them there, where they found Bessie in a hospital. She did not seem to know them at first, but when they asked her if she wanted to go home to Mossy Brook farm? she answered yes. I want to see mama, papa, Hal and Frank. She wept and smiled like April showers when they told her she could go home to Mossy Brook farm with mama and papa. Her mother embraced her, calling her poor darling little Bessie. She mended rapidly, and she was taken home; but she had forgotten her music, and seldom talked; it seemed very laborious, almost made her sick to say only a few words. The old gentleman went to see his place—Mossy Brook farm. The negroes had left, carrying doors and windows with them. The outhouses and huts were all gone, pines had overgrown the orchard and fields, the well caved and was full of rubbish, the chimney picked down and carted away; but the old trees were there, so was the brook, the spring and the little fish pond, with its mossy banks.

I will have it all built up as it was, said the old man. The boys will help me. We were all glad to help what we could, and the new home is much like the old, only the windows are different in style, and doors higher and narrower, so are the porches. The young pines were cleaned out of the old orchard, and everything was done to make it as it was, a ram was laid to bring the spring water up to the house, so they had no need of a well. Last year the boys came home to visit, and all were very happy. Bessie had pictures of her brothers and their families, but she wanted to see the boys who are now westerners. They had a pleasant time fishing, hunting, boating and visiting around.

One day they took Bessie with them to the little fish pond; hung up a hammock for her, helped her out of the carriage to the hammock, where she rested under the grand old beeches. It was a beautiful day. The birds sang, the fish darted in the clear water—Bessie lay resting and looking happier than her brothers had seen her look—she raised up in the hammock and said, Boys, I want to tell you a terrible dream I had. I have tried to think how it could have

been any other way. I was in Washington—went to the theatre; entered a carriage and rode by the side of my lover. I know no more for I must have slept—I don't know how long. I dreamed I was on a ship in a storm and was drowned, but I woke very sick. I was in a place where people were wild, wicked, crazy. They swore, screamed and fought; I was their servant a long time. One night they turned me out. It was cold, I could scarcely breathe, the street was dark, snow fell. I stumbled, fell and could not rise. I slept again, and woke in a large white room where there was many beds. I tried to speak but could not. I heard nothing only when my mouth was open. I was moved to another place where I learned to talk with my fingers, and to see and understand when they talked to me with their fingers. A bad man came and took me away, I know not where, locked me in a room, and knocked and abused me, starved and drugged me. The negro woman forgot to lock the door, I ran out and ran till I fell and went to sleep, and waked up in the hospital where mama and papa found me. I can see what is to come next, but I am so tired I don't care. I have thought it over. I must have been drugged to keep me asleep; I know nothing what happened, only like a dream.

I wanted to tell you as a warning, don't let your girls go to city balls among strangers; go with your girls to the theatres yourselves, never let them go with anyone who you do not know personally, promise me you will look to your girls' company yourselves. Your sons too must be taught to be good, honest, truthful men who would not stain their bright soul with an evil thought or deed. How glorious must a perfect human life be; man and woman alike in Godlike perfection. Children of Infinite love.

Yes, dear sister, said Hal. If we strive to overcome evil in ourselves and live good lives because we love good in our fellow mortals, as in all things in nature, our will becomes good, and our hands will perform all that is useful, causing happiness at home and joy in the heart. The light from the sun of righteousness will illumine the mind and ere long the germ of perfection will be warmed, nourished and watered by divine wisdom and truth, until sometime in

the eternal future we shall attain perfection. Be ye perfect even as your father in heaven is perfect.

Frank could think of nothing but the story of her life, saying, Your dream was the nightmare of crime. You were not drugged, you were under hypnotic power; a force in nature which can be used for base purposes. O! how much evil there is among scientific explorers, and many are sacrificed on their altars. You are right, sister, we must watch our dear ones; we must guard their lives so that they cannot become sacrifices to any science injurious to the human race. I am certain that it has been in use for ages in priestcraft, witchcraft, sorcery and magic of many kinds, and though useful in competent and conscientious hands, is dangerous in an unskilled or evil-minded practitioner's hands. It can cause catalepsy and other affections of the will, memory and understanding. It is a scientific phenomenon in natural forces as true as the Copernican theory of outside force. Clairvoyance and telepathy are natural to some people. There is nothing supernatural but that which causes nature with all the phenomena and laws which the human mind is seeking to learn and turn into use for the good of humanity. There are now and then martyrs, crushed by the wheels of progress. Now, who will be healed of their wounds on the immortal side of life, and stand ready to turn the weighty wheels? The essence of life is not yet understood, but we call it Infinite love or God, which signifies Good, but beyond nature no one has been. The universe is too great for human thought to contemplate, or imagination portray. Let us be content with the hope that love is heaven's gate.

We must leave Maple Ridge and our good friends there, to look into a pleasant room in one of the finest streets in the city of Philadelphia. It is spring time; every object looks new, bright, lovely. William and Alma Alvin occupy the room, together with a rosy chubby girl baby four or five weeks old. They are contemplating a journey to Washington, where they are invited to make a visit to their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, and then continue their journey home to Glenwood farm. William never looked better or more manly; a soft, brown, curling beard, several inches

long, covered his handsome chin, extending in narrow strips to his ears, almost meeting the curls on his noble brow like an oval frame, soft, silky, beautiful. Neither had Alma been more beautiful than now, in her maternal loveliness, like a white lily in full bloom, her hair glistening like burnished gold in the spring sunshine.

The doctor, his wife and aunt Bremer enter, to talk and enjoy the society of their beloved children. How we shall miss you, said Mrs. Duben. Yes, said the doctor, though we should miss you more if that little "miss" had made more noise, she is a sleepy head. When is she ever awake? Once in two hours she wakes to eat and goes to sleep immediately, said Alma. She is a wise child; she will have good strong eyes if she sleeps well, and all other organs will grow and strengthen, and I hope some day to look on a bright and lovely granddaughter. Have you decided what name she shall have? asked Mrs. Bremer. Yes, we have been talking of calling her Virginia, said Alma, but it matters not so much about the name of a girl as a boy. O yes it does, said William. One sex is as necessary in life as the other, and their names should be as well chosen.

A few days after the above scene they were on their way to Washington where they remained several days, and had an enjoyable time at home and abroad, but William began to be anxious to be at home at his work, which he had neglected a whole year. Home, sweet home. Father, mother and some of the neighbors met them at the landing. Smiles and tears were beautifully blended while being embraced and congratulated; one old man came close to William, tapping him lightly on the back of the head, saying, I reckon there are many landscape and other pictures stored away in this fine cabinet? I hope to get a glimpse of some of them. I hope to gratify you, answered William, shaking the old man's hand.

William found everyone glad to see them, and many were the callers at Glenwood farm. Mr. Hampton and wife were there to receive them when they came home, and spoke fitting congratulations. Members of the Alliance came to get him to lecture for them, hoping to get up an interest in

new agriculture, and he promised to speak for them as soon as he had seen how his own farming was prospering.

In the barnyard he was greeted by his favorite horses who held out their right forefoot to be taken; nodding the head and speaking horse language, so good and true. The colored stable boys also showed respect by holding their hats and showing fine rows of pearly teeth, and William spoke to each, shook them by the hand, and patted their woolly heads.

The house became filled with young people at night to welcome them home, and get a good look at the little Miss Alvin. Alma placed the little lady in grandpa's arms, saying, Father, will you present our darling to them? We cannot spare her, said he, smiling. O, I did not mean to give her; only let them see her. I believe you are a little proud of her, all of you, said grandma. Yes, even grandma is proud of her granddaughter, said grandpa, as he turned toward the portier with the child, whose head rested on his bosom. The chatter of many mouths ceased in a moment, and all eyes turned toward the picture which presented itself in the arched opening in the wall, with the rich dark drapery as background. The old gentleman stood in the center, and William back of his right shoulder, his hands on the back of Alma's chair, while grandma sat on the left in an easy chair. When the curtain was drawn back, the old gentleman spoke thus: Ladies and gentlemen, Let me present to you the evening and morning of the first day of the creation of humanity. Is it a pleasant picture? Beautiful, lovely, grand, superb, came the exclamations from all. When all had become quiet again, he addressed them, saying, Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to present to you our granddaughter, Virginia Alvin; then stepping forward so that each one of the party could see and touch the child if they wished, and then he gave her to Alma, to be cared for in some quiet place. While the people enjoyed themselves with dancing and games; like children they play for hours, joking and laughing the while. A splendid supper was prepared of the best the country could afford, so that everyone had all they could eat and drink, but the story tellers were gone, and some of them spoke of it.

The young men came around William several times, asking him to speak for them at a picnic planned by them on a certain day in June. The place of meeting to be under some grand old oaks and beeches near the Court House. He consented to do as they desired, though he had much to attend to at home, but he would speak only as the thoughts came to him, as he had no time to prepare an address on any certain subject that required study, during haying and harvest.

Harold and sister came home to spend the vacation at Maple Ridge. Both had grown physically and mentally, so that their mother shed tears of joy, mingled with regret that they were no longer children. Harold's room was the one which for years had been Mr. Krantz's room, and there were still many things to remind him of other days. Pictures, books, violin, and easel. One evening he sat in the old reclining chair before the fireplace, thinking of his dear old friend who had taught him so many lessons while sitting in this chair. "I wonder if his hopes of continuation of life has been realized." O, how I wish I could know, he said to himself; while the yellow and red fluttered and flamed, he unconsciously closed his eyes, and sleep took possession and he was in the land of dreams. He thought he was in a boat in a dense fog without an oar or sail, hopeless adrift on an unknown sea. O God! where am I? O, teach me what to do to get safe to land. The same moment the well-remembered voice of the dear old friend sounded clear in his ear, saying, Harold, my boy, fear not, but calmly float with the tide until the vapor is lifted. See, I am here.

He awoke and looked toward where the voice sounded, but saw nothing but a light, a little larger than the form of a person, and it quickly passed into shadow. He thought it belonged to the dream, but it gave him great satisfaction when thinking of it. His sister called and asked if he was asleep, adding, You did not mind the supper bell. He ran down stairs, passed his sister in the hall, arriving in the dining room before her, then looking back to the door as if he expected someone besides his sister to enter; on seeing her alone, he begged pardon for not coming sooner. After supper when all were sitting in the library, they were talking

of the wonderful thick fog, when the atmosphere is so cool, almost to freezing. Harold then told that he lighted the fire, and sat by it and slept; he then told them what we already know.

The summer passed pleasantly to all at Maple Ridge, for they all joined in the work as well as rural sport. The farmers' picnic was the first place they visited after their arrival, and there they met many good friends and acquaintances. Don't be bashful, sister, but make yourself at home with all, said Harold.

Let us take a look at the crowd under the grand old trees. Everyone was respectably dressed, and some thought they were very well dressed, so much so that their manner betrayed the feeling of pride, others seemed ashamed of their appearance, though well dressed. Many rode in dung carts drawn by oxen, mostly single, some yoked; some after big-bellied mules whose sides were so worn that there was scarce any hair except that left on the rawhide harness. The horses looked starved, tired, lame, sore, but not many blind. Only few had a comfortable carriage, and the reason why so few, is that such cannot pass under the branches of trees along the roads. The people are well favored, many pretty, but their voices highly pitched; but articulation faint, especially by women many of whom use snuff in their mouths, and their faces powdered, some painted. Very few fleshy persons of either sex, none over medium height, women rather larger than men; the reason why men are small is the tobacco habit begun when children, as well as by pickling themselves by the use of whiskey. All appeared kind and pleasant. The young people think of nothing but dancing. A few middle aged people came to hear something new and sensible, as well as something to eat. They came to have a good time generally, thought Harold.

Dear reader, I shall try to give you a true picture of rural life. I can only picture what my eyes have seen, and ears heard. I cannot give it any coloring or artistic embellishments but a plain homely sketch.

The trees were the only grand things to be seen; their language was peaceful and eloquent. The wind softly whisperlike, stir the leaves. The arching branches bow as though

conscious of some creature present who had power to cause their destruction. There was not much grass at their feet, though midsummer, because cattle and swine took their siesta under their protecting arms. Clumps of bushes had been removed, leaving sharp stubble. Board benches were laid where the noonday sun drew the resin to the surface like strings of pearls. Dust and flies flew around. The noonday sun shone with a fervor so great that everything, even the atmosphere, seemed to tremble. But a cool puff of wind now and then gave life to the languid scene. Mornin'! said a man who seemed to be in a hurry—coming up to a group of jolly young people; breaking their fun. Do you see that post with the holes in it, in the clump of bushes? Wall! I laid awake last night wondering if it was still there. Lord! that's the whipping post; bushes never grew there when I was a boy. The white sandy road curved around great stumps, some sawed off, some higher than a man, burned, some rotted off; the old tree trunks on the ground rotted and burned leaving grotesque black knots on the skeleton of what once was a beautiful tree.

In the distance are seen some great chimneys, gray roofs with patches of bright green moss between dormer windows. One of the houses was where court convened once a month. Jus look at that rig! Lahd, doan it look grand? said a large woman pointing up the road; that's the only rich man in the county; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin first; ole lady and gentleman nex; an law me, if that ain't young Beverly and sister with a white pony rig. How nice to be rich, said another. A cloud of dust closed eyes and mouths for a while, and when gone, there was a shout at seeing a white-covered carry-all filled with merchandise from Crystal Springs. Everyone looked and wondered, while things were being unloaded and a fine white tent was put up trimmed with red and blue. I reckon it is something to eat and drink for the grand folks, said some. To dance in; no, to play cards and bet in, said others. Harold came, looked at the benches, and then at the people, saying, Good morning to you all. I am glad you have come to have a good time. Let us all go at it, to make it a grand success. First let us gather leaves and green boughs to cover the benches, set

posts to lay branches on where there is no shade so we can sit with comfort. "Hurrah for Harold Beverly," shouted some. Who is to pay for it, said some? The Farmers' Alliance, shouted someone. Not much, answered another.

In the meantime Harold and some young men with him covered the boards, and made a bower of branches, which made the women look pleased. The men stood and chewed and joked one another, laughing, showing yellow teeth. The carry-all was placed close to the seats near the speaker's stand, and a man from within blew a horn, at the sound of which the people came, taking seats on the cushions of green leaves, exclaiming, "We'll be full of ticks and jiggers before the speaking is done." Give 'em plenty of lard oil when you get home, said someone. The crowd was getting quiet. Toot, toot, toot, sounds the horn, and the next moment there were strains of music issuing from the carry-all, several kinds of instrumental as well as vocal, sounds rich, harmonious and sweet. The Star Spangled Banner, the words of which could be heard as plainly as if spoken, not sung. At the same time a silken flag fluttered out at the end of the carry-all—old, torn and stained. The crowd could not hold their peace, but yelled so that the trees trembled, and seemed to join in a chorus. When silence was restored, William began talking to them, and while the speech lasted, colored people were setting posts and laying on boards for tables, building fires, setting dishes, cooking, and warming cooked vegetables, meats, and steaming bread, chatting, laughing, with mouths full of something good, playing like children, tossing white balls to one another, and all who could read, now understood what the tent contained. "A cool lemon drink, free for all," was the sign above the entrance. The water just arrived from the spring close by. Nurses took their charges in to be refreshed by the cool drink, and candy which was sold cheap. Colored children crowded the doorway, almost naked, with happy smiling faces held up pennies for a stick of candy. Slices of frosted cake or cookies were bought by little ragged children of both colors, but the expression of the white children was sad when compared with that of colored children; few of whom were black.

When the speaking was at an end, the crowd scattered around to where their critters were left grazing among azalia, laurel, and other shrubs too numerous to name, but soon found their way back and took places at the tables, where the pork, cabbage, green beans, peas, corn, onions, beef, fish and fowls of many kinds were heated and dished out to the waiting crowd standing in long rows around the square of boards in which flitted colored waiters dressed to suit the occasion, serving everyone as well as the one who paid them for it. Everyone seemed satisfied and happy. What comfort is there in eating while standing? said a lady looking on. Why don't you spread papers and cloth on a smooth place and get down around it and rest while eating? O, answered one at the table, we will have enough forest parasites with us home in our clothing without getting down among them.

A booth for dancers was well patronized. The dancers had scarce time to eat because haunted by the music; so the merry feet went round for hours, and we must leave them at their sport, turning back to let the reader see and hear the other side of the rural scene.

Harold and Mary slyly entered the carry-all, with a few others who were good singers and musicians, and organ and several violins were there for their use, and an old soldier held the flag behind the organ. A strip of white cloth hid them from view.

William Alvin stood with his back to an old oak tree, looking at the people, and when the waves of sound had ceased he began thus:

Dear Friends and Neighbors, I have tried to learn something of the ways of the world, and have come back to you with the knowledge never fully obtained from books. I examined and questioned into things, which often caused laughter and words of derision, but I cared not because I had my mind on gaining information on varied subjects, for the use of others as well as myself, and my patriotism grew apace so that now my native land seems dearer because of its freedom of speech, press and religion. Political freedom; Democracy or Republican is the same now, and we will soon need a new party. Not a prohibition party, but an abolition

party. A controlling medium so that there shall be no more swindling schemes in or out of government office; and the abolition of the banking system, and adoption of a Government bank; in each state a branch of the general Government bank, issuing and lending direct to the people on land security, which can never impoverish the Government, yet helping and encouraging the small land holder to cultivate and live from the products of the soil which he loves to till. Our country is best, youngest, yet well advanced in all modern improvements and sciences. Yes, with all our mistakes in the methods of government, we have today the finest country on earth. Why need we care to rehearse ancient or historic glory? Such does not help to feed the poor in any country; individual moral worth is the greatest glory of the human race. The golden rule is the best law in any country; self-government makes the common man a statesman, contentment is the best philosophy; righteous practices and principles in life are the best theology or religion. I have looked upon the great works of art and architecture, built by bigots and fanatics, who worshipped a person like themselves, and ruled the laborers like slaves, and received all the glory and praise themselves when the work was finished. Tyrants in and out of church have ruled the nations for ages with red hot irons of persecution, dwarfing the intellect, patriotism, and the moral sense of right. Every nation in Europe has some reminder of the Roman yoke and inquisition too brutal to read of, too horrible to behold. Few see it now. Shall we let its hellish roots be planted in our virgin soil, the poisonous tree which has defiled the moral atmosphere of almost every country on this beautiful verdant sphere? Our government sees no harm in letting them get their hands into our common school system, tearing it to pieces, and that is not all, they hold in their organization the greatest untaxed wealth in our land. It is a dangerous monopoly, because it is held in the name of Christian religion which our constitution and laws cannot touch. I had not taken time to think of church and state as a power together, but my eyes have seen and my reason perceives what a stupendous power it has been in all the nations of Europe.

We are talking of the money power and laying all the trouble to that organization, but it cannot do our nation so much harm as the church can do, by plotting against our public school system. Education is meted out by the church in nearly all countries in Europe, and though all are obliged to learn the creed and church history, the common people have very meager knowledge of the sciences or natural philosophy, physiology, or the higher branches of mathematics.

Our public schools should be free from religious bias, but the moral faculties should be cultivated to the highest degree of perfection, which can be accomplished in our public schools if it is encouraged and kept progressing as has been done the last quarter of the century, and each year some new and better methods of teaching the common branches of study, with less labor and more pleasure and profit is eargerly sought after and when found is adopted by our teachers' institutes. Morally the teacher of today is far above the teacher of half a century ago, though not half so religious as far as prayer and faith go; but charity, patience and patriotism have grown and will ere long claim brotherhood with the whole human family, working steadily for the advancement and welfare of all. Co-operation is taking the place of competition. The old maxim, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is dying a natural death. Co-operation when once rightly understood will be hailed as an advance guard to protect the interests of every industry. Education in every branch of science, industry and art, will help in bringing light on the subject to the vast crowd of toilers who are now doing all in their power toward creating millionaires. I say education will help remove many social evils, which if not removed will prove the ruin of our form of government. Co-operation is an appeal to the law of honesty and truth in the human soul, which is of the most vital importance in building and governing a free people with progressive tendencies. Church rule has not succeeded in making man wise, truthful or virtuous after ruling the religious faculties for so many centuries, because it taught what was not strictly true. Let us build on a foundation of love toward our

fellow mortals; the temple of truth, with wisdom as its light, with all the sciences as its workmen.

The church is the only untaxed aristocrat in our country. The transportation companies can be looked after and governed. Banking system and capital monopolist can be forced by judiciously executed laws to give tax according to value as well as income, and serve to keep the national balances in their correct position, but the church cannot be taxed even though it should acquire one-fourth of all the real estate in the country because of the name of the combination or organization of religious capital. You know dear friends that I am not an enemy to the church as a divine institution, but as an aristocratic real estate monopoly. I am, because I see what power it can wield when time for action comes. Its agents have been begging from the poor as well as the rich for centuries, and now the church horse is well harnessed and hitched to the car, ready for action when the right driver comes. Bigotry and superstition go hand in hand with ignorance, pride, hypocrisy and vice. Education is the only helping hand to lift us above their darkness, into moral, mental and spiritual light and freedom. The common school system is the best organized educator in the world; let's do all we can to keep it free from religious forms or dogmatic creeds. Custom has enough bias in that direction, but let the common school be free. Every family in our land can have their rules, their faith at their will, but let the common school be free forever. Of all countries on earth there is none so blessed with schools as the United States of North America, said a gentleman of renown in England. I have traveled in every civilized country on this globe to see how the masses were progressing, and I found none so far advanced in knowledge as the people of your country.

I was glad, yes, proud to hear it. It is the free school system that has caused so many northern peasant families to leave their much loved rural homes in the fatherland that their sons and daughters might drink freely from the fount of learning free from class bondage and unbiased by creed; the same with artisan or mechanic classes that are intelligent enough to read newspapers, and have the means

to secure pass and tickets to the land where knowledge is not a forbidden luxury to the poor. The free, or public schools of all other countries are controlled by the clergy or government officers whose rules are not the law of kindness, like the people's free school of our land. Let the rich have the universities and endowed schools and welcome. Our common school can be improved so as to contain all the advantages necessary for common people. Mercantile, military, scientific or theoretic, with common morality, honesty and patriotism as supplement, Freedom and Peace its attendant blessings.

I hope you do all in your power to become enlightened on all subjects which are calculated to help you physically, morally and spiritually. It generally follows in this life that if a person seek for knowledge the door to where wisdom dwelleth will open if he knocks *hard* enough. By doing little mental labor, or study and thought, there are many hours of hard physical labor saved. Education is not always attained while at school, but often gathered like flowers and pearls along the highway of life; pleasures like flowers fade in our hands, pearls, or wisdom grow brighter by constant sunlight and use.

Let us take another look at Glenwood farm and those whose home it is. The farm is just like itself; everything in perfect order—out doors as in. The sitting room is warm and cheerful. Father and Mother Alvin are resting in easy chairs after the self-imposed labor of love in the early morning. Little Virgie is on a couch crowing as if trying to sing with a chubby fist at her mouth, and feet high as she could raise them. The flowers in the porch never looked more beautiful. The windows were open so that the perfume from carnations and roses came in, making it seem like May in the sunny room. Mrs. Alvin speaks. A beautiful day to come up the river. I know Delia enjoys it, if her health is as good as formerly. Randolph, too, loves the river. Yes, said Mr. Alvin, I believe Randolph enjoyed the night on the bay, because it was calm, clear and moonlight; he has fine perceptive faculties, quick and appreciative, of a poetic turn, and if cultivation of the finer

sentiments had come in youth he might have become something to the world; but as he is now he is far above the majority; has good judgment, and a good heart. We loved him even when most of his faculties seemed to lie dormant. Yes, and he was worthy of our love as well as Delia.

The young mother comes for the child, and in a little while comes in, dressed herself as well as the child ready for the reception, and there is joy in anticipation, and the next day was Thanksgiving day. Glenwood farm was situated quite a distance from the river so that it was necessary to start early to be there in time to meet them. William and a colored man therefore went, each with his team. I would not have them wait a moment in that dismal place, he said as he went out, and he was there in time, so was his man, and the horses had a few minutes to rest.

William jumped from the carriage, stepped to the horses' heads, patted and spoke to them, put his head against each one's face, rubbing them with his hand along the back and under the harness; he loved his faithful servants and would not hurt them for anything, but to save the life of the dear ones at home. Delia, Randolph, Mr. Hampton or father and Mother Duben, he thought as he stroked and patted. The old steamer was in sight and it seemed as though the horses saw it coming nearer, and heard it puff. As soon as it stopped at the pier William and his man walked down to meet them and take their trunks to the wagon. Their greeting was affectionate and joyous like brothers and sisters. Delia walked to the carriage leading Kendall, a very promising child. Delia noticed the changes, cypress trees all gone, the grand columnar pines all gone, nothing but sprouts and bushes she said regretfully; but the air is laden with the resinous odor the same as of yore, and when the young trees have grown a century perhaps they will look like the old trees, but the great stumps will be gone long before the young trees can attain such proportions.

The few places inhabited along the road were worse looking then when last they saw them, and only negroes were seen. Randolph asked if there were any new white neighbors on these clearings? No, said William. The great

lumber company owns most of the land, and they don't care whether people live here or not, so long as the stockholders get dividends enough to suit them. They have sold some swamp land for one dollar per acre, I have been told by some colored men who worked for the company. Of course it would be desirable to have good white neighbors, but I will not advise any one to come in the woods to live and raise a family, even if they have means to live well, because it is inconvenient in a great many ways, but I can put up with inconvenience for the pleasure of living with my parents, and making life pleasant for them in their declining years; and there is a great deal of difference between living on an old improved farm and stump land, where no machinery can be used. I would starve if I should attempt such a thing.

The old people came out as well as Alma to greet and bid them welcome. Dinner was ready, so each one made a hasty toilet and went down to dinner. The men went out after dinner to show Randolph how fine all the live stock was, and it took hours. The women went through the house, showing new acquisitions and improvements. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Hampton were there at dinner, but went home in the moonlight, because there was sickness among their colored help, and the animals might be neglected, but William promised to come and bring their guests with him, which he did the next Sunday, and they remained several days.

When they came back they went to see the old homestead—Tipsico, or as it is now called "The Spring Mill Farm." William had not been there since he came home, so it seemed quite an adventure. The house looked like itself, but the barns had lost their doors, and the servants' houses had lost both windows and doors; tool house and wood house gone entirely. There was no one to tell them anything, so they went to the house and knocked at the front door. No answer, at the side door, they shook the door hard. Then they heard some one move about, and soon open the back door, asking, Who's there? I can't see good, who's there? Randolph knew the voice and answered, "It's your Mars Randolph," Uncle Billy. Can you

hear good? De Lohd God o' Abham, Isak and Jacup; bwess my soul! De Lohd hiself sent you, he said, and sank down on the door sill so weak he could say no more. It seemed as though he had fainted, but soon gasped or sobbed and tried to look up, rubbed his eyes on skinny bare arms. They looked through the house and found not a morsel of food. The poor blind man had been deserted; left to die alone. They looked at one another and at the wretched man wringing his hands and praying softly, too weak to speak aloud. I will ride to the nearest hut and summon help, said William. You can find something to take water with, to try if he can swallow. On the road he met two colored men with lunch and axes; he told them they must go in and give the old man the best they had if he was alive when they got there, and rode on to get some one to go there and care for the man. They did not want to, but he said they must, and he would pay them.

Randolph had built a fire, helped the poor man to it; gave him water, took a rag and rubbed his cold hands and feet. The colored men came in and gave of their food and coffee to soak it in, and he ate some. Poor Uncle Billy was never very smart, but he could not help it; his eyes were always weak, but he could see to chop wood and hoe cloudy days when young, but now he was useless, none could afford to feed him. The country had enough to feed without him, so some one had brought him to his old home to die, but he did not die then, for kind neighbors provided for him. When William returned they rode down to the spring, alighted and went into the mill where in childhood each one had played. It was the place where Randolph had wasted so much precious time. There were holes in the roof where the sun's rays made bright pictures on the rotten floor, some one had been patching the wheel where portions had rotted away. Both stood silent a little while, and went out. Randolph looked sad as he raised his eyes to look up at the steep hill, where he had graded the earth and planted trees and vines. Where were they now? Great holes large enough to bury a hundred men had washed out in so short a time. How could it be? Let us go, he said, and went back to the house. On the way he said, I wish

I had not seen it. I loved it so well. It is dead. I must bury it out of my life or die with it. Thank God, I do not need it.

It is but the display of a bone of the broken skeleton of our loved institution. Patriotism has another definition now. Freedom is no longer an image representing power or will, nor the gigantic tree spreading its protecting branches over the nation, but the sunlight of human existence. When they neared the house they saw a woman riding in a cart after a poor little steer, coming toward the house with what looked like bedding. They went in to see how the old negro was and bid him farewell. They gave the woman instructions and money and bid good day, and cantered toward Glenwood farm, but when they came near where the road crossed the boggy track, they saw a gathering of colored men and boys sprawling on a pile of bark and chips, and an old negro sitting on a stump looking toward them. The old man rose, stepped forward saying, Mars Randolph, I blief, how ah yo? I'm tolible, thank yo sah. He rattled it out while taking off his hat, showing his white wool, smiling, showing his discolored teeth, curving the wrinkles on his black face, and eyes full of tears. Good evening, glad to see you, Uncle Cy. You are rather thin in flesh, getting old, said Randolph. Yes sah. I kaint wuk much, my back hurts, sah, but my boys heah, sah, dey can do de wuk. Randolph reached them his hand one after another, speaking their names until he had reached the patriarchal number, and then had to be informed by some of the elder brothers, saying, Sister Nannie's oldest second and third, and Abbie is in her fourteenth year and nussin her fust chile. Milly and Tilly at service in de city, all raisin chillon. O, How many of you are married? asked Randolph. O'ny Ike, an he doan stay wid his o'man, answered the old man. What is the matter, Ike? asked Randolph. Cause de chillon be too bright, and o'man too sassy. Is that all? asked Randolph. Yes, sah, dat am 'nough, "when you know dey be none o' your'n." Too bad, said Randolph and then he bid them farewell, cantering along as before, neither spoke for a few minutes, and then as giving vent to some feeling of disgust he broke the silence with a sound like, whew! William

looked at him, and saw in his face what the word implied, when he said, "There was a stench from the rotten carcass of our loved institution;" what is it coming to, or where will it end? O, said William, wisdom never slumbers, and time is eternal. I look on satisfied that all will be right when the right time comes.

I had a conversation with a colored sage a few days ago on the race problem, and he said that his race was increasing at a wonderful rate; largely mixed, and attaining knowledge so fast that they will soon cope with their white brothers, especially in the art of war, for they are a young race full of natural endurance, and they will fight for and take for themselves the southern states, and no human power can take it from them. We may not live to see it, but come it must, for there is every indication that such is the solution of the race problem as seen by the wise ones of our colored citizens and the whites are hastening the time as much as they can, because of indolence and ignorance they are losing power, and they are not friendly to immigration. I know of several families of good moral people, who bought large tracts of wild land, cleared, fenced, and built comfortable homes and lived there until their orchards and vineyards bore fruit, when they were notified that sixty of the neighbors had voted them a nuisance, and gave them ninety days to leave the neighborhood, and the only reason they gave for such acts was that first, they would not attend any church, nor help defray expenses of such, and had built wire fence around their fields and pastures. You remember the Huflander place? Yes, answered Randolph, that place was bought by such a family, who were driven away, and now that fine place is a ruin, and the farm running to pine. I know of several other families who were not freethinkers, yet were persecuted by unthrifty old fossils until they were forced to leave their homes to the depredation of those who can live on what they can pick up in the forests without labor.

Yes, said Randolph, it is the white people themselves who set examples, and the blacks follow them. They have no more sense than to think it right, to take anything that they see which is not in use, and make use of it for them-

selves. I was shocked to see my loved home a ruin so soon. Have you heard the reason why it was vacated and abandoned? No other than we knew of before you sold; that the land cannot produce enough to pay tillage, and too far from market so that no one will undertake the restoration, because there is enough land that does not wash away as that does, and the firm has taken their capital back twice from the wood already sold from it, and there is more to ship. That is the way we let our homes be desecrated; destroyed. Can we blame others for doing what we have done? I said, I must bury it out of my life; so Old Tipsico, farewell. Sunshine and rain will cleanse and wash every remembrance from the face of the earth, leaving no mark of mine. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein, said William as they forded the pebbly brook near Glenwood farm house.

What do you mean by repeating that old saying? asked Randolph. That neither of us have any credit for planning for ourselves; neither you nor I would have made our environment as it is, yet we know it is better than we could have made it. You are happier than you were in your rural state; as I am happier in mine than I would have been in any other vocation. We may plan and perform as from ourselves, yet there is a greater intelligence which governs even in minute details; biologically as well as teleologically, but whether we study nature or theories we will never attain divine wisdom here. Our progress has been slow; being born in the house of bread or natural *truth*, and even *that* has been perverted or defiled by filthy superstition, so that it is more like a cave or stable than a light and comfortable dwelling for the God part, or soul, in the house of bread. We are wrapped about by a network of false theories and dogmas; laid among straw and husks fit only for the animal plane, yet by diligent search we have found some grains of spiritual truth which have caused our growth. Neither life's sunshine or storms have harmed us while preparing the soil, planting, cultivating or harvesting; no flood of doctrine submerged us, while cleaning, grinding, working into loaves, baking or eating. No, we have searched for truth by the light of reason aided by the

warmth of love, and have tasted the sweetness of the bread of life; are we able to turn water into wine? See spiritual good in that which is natural good; drinking the good wine; finding enjoyment in the contemplation of divine or spiritual good or truth? How much missionary work is needed in society? Not church missionary work, but a work of reform of life, thought and feeling toward the neighbor, to love our enemies, to foster a forgiving spirit that can see a brother and sister in every human soul.

O, how I wish we could serve our country by changing from a competitive system of commerce to a co-operative system, a great step up toward human perfection. Father and I have been talking or arguing over such things lately. Many are thinking and speaking of such and kindred subjects. I, too, begin to understand a little of what you call spiritual subjects, or that it is desirable that society be elevated above the idea of self-serfdom into a fraternal interest in one another as citizens or members of a great and glorious family, whose chief glory consists in its universal law of kindness—not in its golden calf which so many worship, said Mr. Elliott. I wish we could learn how to co-operate in agriculture, so as to help one another and make life more comfortable and pleasant, bearing one another's burdens, by planning labor right to do the greatest good. The subject needs agitation, said William.

They were dismounting near the horse barn, when they saw the Hampton carriage in front of the carriage house, and each knew there were visitors in the house; they made haste to enter, like school boys—as eager to see and hear, and were made glad by more visitors than were expected. Mr. and Mrs. Hampton had brought with them their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hepbourn of Washington, D. C. They were friends of Mrs. Elliott's from New England, spending their winter south of Mason and Dixon's line, calling Washington home for the present; they had been members of the congregation which John Alvin served so long, being therefore old friends.

When Randolph and William came in Mr. Hepbourn was speaking of the slow progress the towns were making around here, saying that it was phenomenal. I cannot

understand why people should choose to go west onto arid plains, where trees cannot grow for lack of moisture, leaving this natural paradise to wild beasts and the negroes. Look at Claremont in Surry. What efforts have been made in every conceivable manner to make a town or colony these many years, and it's a mere hamlet yet.

We have relatives in Claremont who expect us to visit them next, said Mrs. Hepbourn. What is the place like? asked Delia, looking at Mrs. Hepbourn for a description. It is not like any other place I have seen, but the people are like so many in other newly settled towns—jealous, envious and selfish in many ways, but there is a better element growing up, and some time society will be what it should be; then Claremont will be one of the finest towns in this part of the world because of its beautiful location. The old homestead and grounds are grand. The land lies high and far into the river giving an extended view up and down the majestic stream. When you come gliding down the broad—sometimes almost red—water with green and yellow banks, look south among trees, vines and shrubbery in green grass. There stands the old house with many broad white chimneys and steep roof black with age, lighted by many dormer windows.

One mile southeast from the mansion, a pretty road with here and there a fine home among orchards and vineyards, is the pretty little town of Claremont, with its one street running east and west, along which there are two hotels. Three stores of general merchandise and one of groceries and hardware, one meat market and two saloons, one printing office, postoffice and library, and some residences; two picturesque little houses of worship stand back from the main thoroughfare, among bushes and briars—one north, one south. The music of the worshippers can be heard along the street and from one to the other summer evenings. The school house is not picturesque as a house, but because it stands cornerwise in an avenue, and if its windows were not so uncommonly high it might be mistaken for a livery stable; yet it is more comfortable and more pleasant than the little school houses on the prairies in my childhood days, because roomy and light; its inmates

happier as children than their parents were. Can they afford a graded school? asked Delia. No, but the house was built to worship in when land sharks were booming among pines, briers and swamps, and many have been there looking for land they paid for by installments and learned a lesson never to be forgotten. The place has thereby become notorious. But it has some good citizens, both white and colored.

I was told by a colored preacher the last time I was there that they had a brother traveling in England soliciting aid to endow a college for colored people in the vicinity of Claremont; a laudable enterprise, if they make the right use of the wisdom attained. Industry, frugality and contentment generally advertise themselves by substantial homes with comforts and conveniences.

The mail was brought in. A letter from father and mother Duben was read to the company, who were all glad to know that the old people are in good health, contemplating a ride down south to visit their children. Also a letter from Switzerland, telling of a christening of a first-born son, William Alvin De Mercëis, with many other accounts both pleasant and instructive.

People who think that everything in the United States is all right, and Europe all wrong, should go to the poor little Republic in the stony heart of Europe and learn many lessons as I did, said William. It might make us a happier if not a greater nation, by adopting some of their laws and living up to them as they do.

There was also a letter from friends west, who went there during the civil war, who then were pioneers on the prairies, now surrounded by great cities on every side, while we are pioneering in the woods yet—"though here, abode the first white men." Strange, is it not? asked Mr. Alvin, when we have such fine conditions, climate, soil, wood, navigation; yet no one seems to care for it. We have done nothing to encourage immigration, and as long as we are satisfied with it, it is all right. I shall make no haste to destroy the grand trees which I call mine; another generation will appreciate their stately beauty and their use, more than we do, said Mr. Hampton. The south has

not welcomed white working people because they might compete with them in wealth and social standing, though some times they also are seen when soiled by honest toil. The South has yet a hard lesson to learn—"The love of use," said Mr. Hepbourn.

The time was very pleasantly spent from one farm house to the other, and a few visits were made to neighbors who loved them as neighbors should love one another while life lasts. At last the day came when friends must part. The Sunday before their departure was spent at Maple Ridge. The whole house was beautifully decorated. The Dubens, with Harold Beverly and sister, had arrived the day before to remain at home to rest from their studies, and to keep house while father and mother go to visit in the cities with their friends. The minister and family residing at Crystal Springs, a young physician and wife lately moved there, was also invited and were presented to the company. With Mr. Golding, Harold and Mary were good musicians, so were all the younger members of the social circle, and delighted the older people with beautiful songs until noon, when dinner was served. At two o'clock the bell called in all who wished to come up to the hall to Sunday meditation and songs.

The subject of conversation was chosen by acclamation, and each one was free to say something on the subject chosen, the words being, "The New Age, or Dispensation."

The reader must remember that the speakers are not scholars, but readers and practical thinkers, therefore the sentences are short and plain. Doctor Duben arose and said:

Dear Friends: I am glad to be with you once more; glad also, that I have lived to see the New Age which has come with its light and glory, not to us alone, but to all people on this planet. God said let there be light, and there was light. Mankind has been permitted to understand and make use of metals and fluids in such a way that it causes light, bright, clear and beautiful. The same carries sounds or written intelligence; brought about by the study and application of combinations of natural elements or forces, on

the natural plane. Why should we not have light on the moral and spiritual plane? Old theology is like the tallow candle, it has served its time; no snuffing will ever make it the light we need. Materialism with its personal triune God is dying a natural death, so will also belief in the atoning sacrifice, for it is revolting to pure unbiased reason or enlightened intelligence, nor is it promotive of works of righteousness. Out from these clouds has emerged the New Age or dispensation with its sunshine of love, without which truth would be but a skeleton. Love is infinite, it is life itself; without it all the beauty, harmony or grandeur would be darkness and death, natural and spiritual, without that infinite Good which no human mind comprehends, we could not exist, but thank God, we know we are conscious organic atoms from His thought, or spirit of His spirit though but a spark, yet we must be of use or would not live, individually or socially. The church feels the pulse beats of the New Age, and ere long will burst the old bondage to creeds, coming into the sunny freedom of the great family of regenerated or perfected man.

Mr. John Alvin then said: The New Age is not understood by the great, rich, or powerful yet, but let us hope that their minds will soon be illuminated so that they may do that which is for the best and help to relieve the suffering multitudes who are compelled to move along with its rapid motion or motive power, wounded and struggling in their blindness. The New Age has brought with it great changes to society everywhere; it being a scientific age has brought with it such disturbing elements in the laboring classes, mostly caused by over-production of manufactured articles of every description far beyond domestic consumption or mercantile needs, causing panics and useless strikes. We hope relief will come teaching both employer and employed how to be patient students of this difficult social science, and as there has been some one to solve intricate problems in the past, so also will such come, in God's own time and way.

William Alvin then spoke as follows: The watchwords of the age are, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Competition is the first selfish principle which we must fight

and kill; it has been a murderer from the day Cain killed his brother because he could not compete with him. It has caused estrangement in families and nations causing bloody wars and feuds; schools uphold and practice it though it causes enmity for life in innumerable instances. There is nothing good in it, and the New Age will be its death warrant because it is in opposition to love to the neighbor or brotherly love. The love of use, not for self, but for the brother, is becoming natural in the mind of the growing race, which is the result of freedom of thought and speech. The only creed of the New Age is—Love. Jesus said: Love the Lord thy God with all thy might, and thy neighbor as thy self. Our love of Infinite Good cannot be measured but the love of the neighbor can be measured by the love of self; if our love is only for self we are worse than the brute. The Lord's prayer teaches us not to pray for ourselves, "but for us," the brotherhood of humanity; it is entirely unselfish. Religion cannot be abstracted from nature any more than soul and body can act apart during animal existence.

The New Age has within itself a new church—a church whose place of worship is in the soul. The laws of the new church are indelibly stamped on the pages of the clean, natural mind of civilized and enlightened humanity. Co-operation will naturally follow on the highway to social reform; it will have difficulties of many kinds because of bigoted fossils casting their shadows in the way; or of religious and political lions whose fierce roaring will frighten away the dependent and timid searcher after peace and good will to men. These obstacles will retard the progress of reform, but it will ultimately succeed. New Christianity is not from outward forms or laws, but from inward conviction and understanding of divine truth from the illumination of the spiritual fire on love's altar, and Time Eternal is not measured by generations of man, but by evolution and development of spiritual light and force.

The M. E. Minister then rose and said: I do not understand what is your definition of the words—the New Age, or dispensation, unless you believe that Jesus Christ has come to us as was promised while on earth, and we

should have greater evidence if it were so; he would be seen by every one; coming just as he ascended through the clouds of heaven. I believe in the promises, and I believe the creed of Church of Christ, and cannot understand why you should criticise or denounce it. It has been the hope and comfort of millions of souls who would have perished without it; and the world would have been barbarians to-day but for the power of the gospel, and no organization can exist without a form a creed and by-laws, and more, it was instituted, consecrated and sanctified by the apostles and the fathers of the Christian faith. I therefore cannot content myself until I hear the reason why you are not friends of the Church of Christ.

Mr. Hampton then answered thus: We are of the New Church which is growing within the bosom of the old church; we see the coming of the Lord in the spirit of the age as well as in the advancement of knowledge both spiritual and scientific; we feel it in our love toward every good in nature as in the works of man, not in building houses of worship, or organizing societies for that purpose, but in building pure and lovely characters; temples of good, not built by man and money, but by the great architect, whose home is the universe of matter and mind. The church as it is, was our cradle, its songs are our cradle songs; we love them. The confession of faith is all right to those who are in the material church and need sacrifice for sin, but we must work as the master did, and if necessary we must be willing to give ourselves as sacrifice for good, even as he. The lesson he came to teach was love and humility, usefulness, faithfulness to every duty. He came as an example to show a pure life, a sad death and a glorious resurrection, and has fulfilled his promises; he has been with the good—the pure in heart until now, and will be until the end of the age. He has come to us in the clouds of our understanding while we were members of the material church; now he is with us in spirit and truth, not as a man but a principle, a love toward the neighbor, which is the whole family of man, as though they were our brothers, a love toward nature and all life in it, because in all has the infinite Creator revealed to us his harmonious thought,

for in every organism is intelligence. Life has a more exalted, nobler meaning than it seemed to have while we lived by the faith of the old church, because we are no more bound to the material or dead letter, but are as free as the air we breathe or the blessed light we enjoy. You perceive then that the New Age is manifested by a state of mind, not by outward appearance, but within the soul. It is a spiritual age, the same spirit is perfecting all, enlightening all, the spirit of love and truth.

There was a few moments' silence, which was broken with music and songs, during which, the nurses brought up the children—the M. E. preacher's child and physician's infant, Kendall Elliott and Virginia Alvin. Harold and Mary were busy with music and song. Kendall saw and heard what he thought they were doing and went to help them sing, which caused merriment so they could scarce finish their songs. Mr. Elliott whispered something to Harold and Mary, who arranged the nurses with the children, standing, holding them in their arms, and then Harold and Mary seated themselves close together holding Kendall between them. Mr. Elliott then looked toward those waiting for something, they knew not what, when he raised his hand as if pointing to the group, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, behold a true picture of a small portion of the New Age;" with a bow to the group, who smiled and moved away, while the remainder of the audience applauded.

When the visits at Maple Ridge and Glenwood farm were ended, Mr. and Mrs. Hampton went with the departing guests, and remained in Claremont until the boat came down from Richmond next day. Mrs. Elliott thought the landing place ill-chosen and pitied the poor isolated people, but Mrs. Hepbourn said that many people need to be put into such a place to keep them out of mischief. Mr. Hampton said the place is held back by an evil or antagonistic spirit, which must be conquered and driven out of the place before any good can be accomplished. The ladies rode around to see the place. The gentlemen walked and talked and when tired spent a pleasant evening and night with their friends, and host and family.

Rural life has its charms as well as labors, and if young people are brought up to take an interest in its duties, they will love to perform any work, because of the pleasure of seeing everything in good condition and order. They will love domestic animals and study their natures, and attend to their wants. Harold loved every living animal on the place, and they seemed to know it and appreciated it. His sister was more timid, not daring to approach to pet them as her brother did, but loved to see him do so. We venture to predict that he will be successful in any business he may engage in, and will live a happy life. Mary will be a good, sensible woman, loved and cherished for her many virtues. Kendall Elliott is too young to show his abilities mentally, but is now a promising child. Virginia Alvin is a charming little lady, smiling and nodding to every one. We leave them happy in their beautiful rural homes in the fragrant woods, hoping that their lives may continue thus, while life lasts this side the river, which bears every weary wanderer to a haven of rest.

The elder characters of our story have established themselves among our most beloved friends and neighbors, and we are loth to leave them, but changes are inevitable. We must therefore bid them all a kind farewell, while each one of us goes gliding down the ebbing tide of life toward the evergreen shore of the land of the blessed.

